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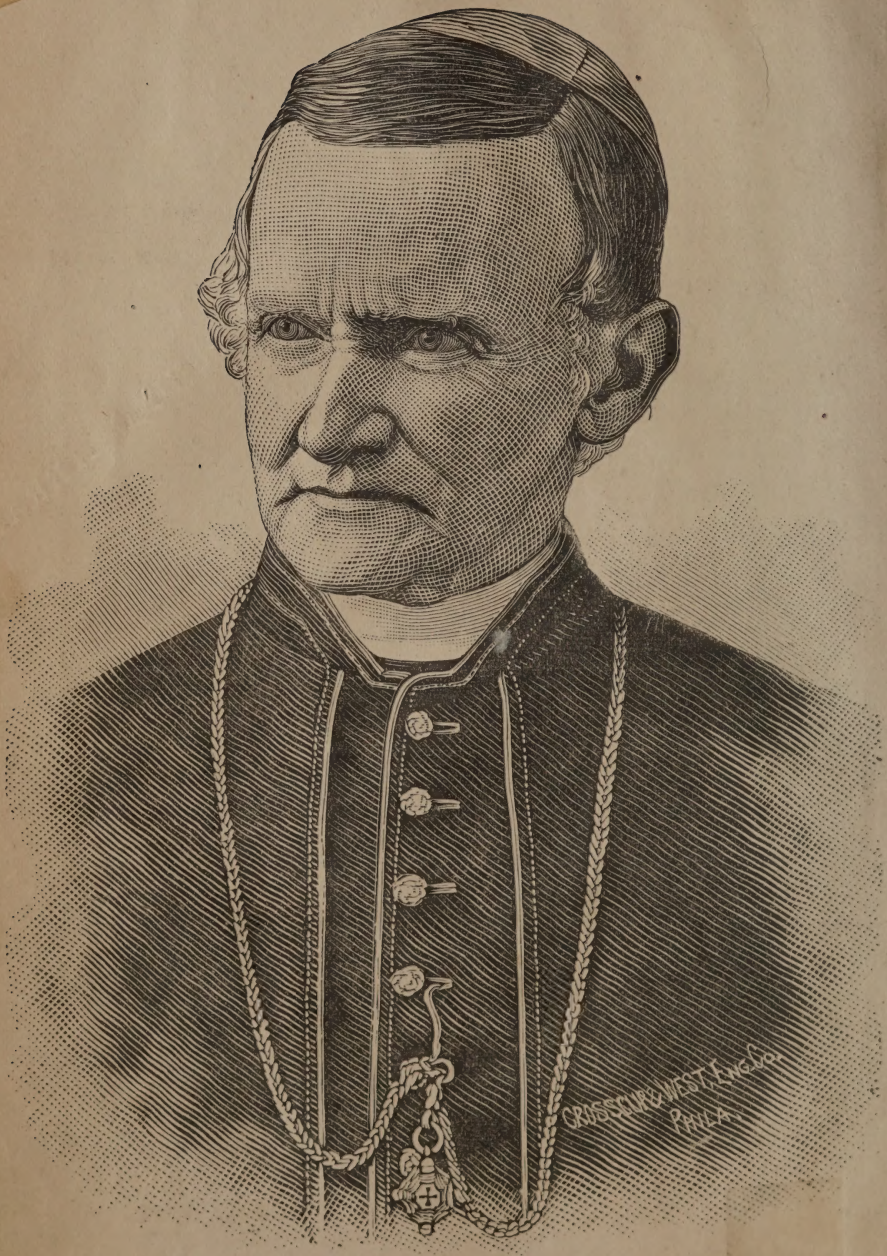

His Eminence John Cardinal McCloskey.

See page 18.

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AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VOLUME.

VOL. XV.

JANUARY, 1886, TO JULY, 1886.

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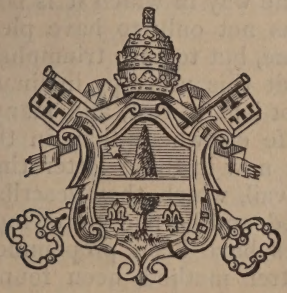
"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*



Encyclical Letter

OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD LEO XIII., BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE,

CONCERNING THE CHRISTIAN CONSTITUTION OF STATES.

TO ALL THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD, IN THE GRACE AND COMMUNION OF THE APOSTLIC SEE,

LEO PP XIII.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

THE work of a merciful God, the Church looks essentially, and from the very nature of her being, to the salvation of souls and the winning for them of happiness in heaven, nevertheless, she also secures even in this world, advantages so many and so great that she could not do more, even if she had been founded primarily and specially to secure prosperity in this life which is worked out upon earth. In truth, wherever the Church has set her foot she has at once changed the aspect of affairs, colored the manners of the people as with new virtues and a refinement unknown before — as many people as have accepted this have been distinguished for their gentleness, their justice, and the

glory of their deeds. But the accusation is an old one, and not of recent date, that the Church is incompatible with the welfare of the commonwealth, and incapable of contributing to those things, whether useful or ornamental, which, naturally and of its own will, every rightly-constituted State eagerly strives for. We know that on this ground, in the very beginnings of the Church, the Christians, from the same perversity of view, were persecuted and constantly held up to hatred and contempt, so that they were styled the enemies of the Empire. And at that time it was generally popular to attribute to Christianity the responsibility for the evils beneath which the State was beaten down, when in reality, God, the avenger of crimes, was requiring a just punishment from the guilty. The wickedness of this calumny, not without cause, fired the genius and sharpened the pen of Augustine, who, especially in his *Civitate Dei*, set forth so clearly the efficacy of Christian wisdom, and the way in which it is bound up with well-being of States, that he seems not only to have pleaded the cause of the Christians of his own time, but to have triumphantly refuted these false charges for all time. But this unhappy inclination to complaints and false accusations was not laid to rest, and many have thought well to seek a system of civil life elsewhere than in the doctrines which the Church approves. And now in these latter times a new law, as they call it, has begun to prevail, which they describe as the outcome of a world now fully developed, and born of a growing liberty. But although many hazardous schemes have been propounded by many, it is clear that never has any better method been found for establishing and ruling the State than that which is the natural result of the teaching of the Gospel. We deem it, therefore, of the greatest moment, and especially suitable to our Apostolic function, to compare with Christian doctrine the new opinions concerning the State, by which method we trust that, truth being thus presented, the causes of error and doubt will be removed, so that each may easily see by those supreme commandments for living, what things he ought to follow, and whom he ought to obey.

It is not a very difficult matter to set forth what form and appearance the State should have if Christian philosophy governed the commonwealth. By nature it is implanted in man that he should live in civil society, for since he cannot attain in solitude the necessary means of civilized life, it is a Divine provision that he comes into existence adapted for taking part in the union and assembling of men, both in the Family and in the State, which alone can supply adequate facilities for *the perfecting of life*. But since no society can hold together unless some person is over all, impelling individuals by efficient and similar motives to pursue the common advantage, it is brought about that authority whereby it may be ruled is indispensable to a civilized community, which authority, as well as society, can have no other source than nature, and consequently God Himself. And thence it follows that by its very nature there can be no public power except from God alone. For God alone is the most true and supreme Lord of the world, Whom necessarily all things, whatever they be, must be subservient to and obey, so that whoever possess the right of governing, can

receive that from no other source than from that supreme chief of all, God. "*There is no power except from God.*" (Rom. xiii. 1.) But the right of ruling is not necessarily conjoined with any special form of commonwealth, but may rightly assume this or that form, provided that it promotes utility and the common good. But whatever be the kind of commonwealth, rulers ought to keep in view God, the Supreme Governor of the world, and to set Him before themselves as an example and a law in the administration of the State. For as God, in things which are and which are seen, has produced secondary causes, wherein the Divine nature and course of action can be perceived, and which conduce to that end to which the universal course of the world is directed, so in civil society He has willed that there should be a government which should be carried on by men who should reflect towards mankind an image as it were of Divine power and Divine providence. The rule of the government, therefore, should be just and not that of a master but rather that of a father, because the power of God over men is most just and allied with a father's goodness. Moreover, it is to be carried on with a view to the advantage of the citizens, because they who are over others are over them for this cause alone, that they may see to the interests of the State. And in no way is it to be allowed that the civil authority should be subservient merely to the advantage of one or of a few, since it was established for the common good of all. But if they who are over the State should lapse into unjust rule; if they should err through arrogance or pride; if their measures should be injurious to the people, let them know that hereafter an account must be rendered to God, and that so much the stricter in proportion as they are intrusted with more sacred functions, or have obtained a higher grade of dignity, "*The mighty shall be mightily tormented.*" (Wisd. vi. 7.)

Thus truly the majesty of rule will be attended with an honorable and willing regard on the part of the citizens; for when once they have been brought to conclude that they who rule are strong only with the authority given by God, they will feel that those duties are due and just, that they should be obedient to their rulers, and pay to them respect and fidelity, with somewhat of the same affection as that of children to their parents. "*Let every soul be subject to higher powers.*" (Rom. xiii. 1.)

Indeed, to contemn lawful authority, in whatever person it is vested, is as unlawful as it is to resist the Divine will; and whoever resists that, rushes voluntarily to his destruction. "*He who resists the power, resists the ordinance of God; and they who resist, purchase to themselves damnation.*" (Rom. xiii. 2.) Wherefore to cast away obedience, and by popular violence to incite the country to sedition, is treason, not only against man, but against God.

It is clear that a State constituted on this basis is altogether bound to satisfy, by the public profession of religion, the very many and great duties which bring it into relation with God. Nature and reason which commands every man individually to serve God holily and religiously, because we belong to Him and coming from Him must return to Him, binds by the same law the civil community. For men living together in society are no less under the power of God than are

individuals; and society owes as much gratitude as individuals do to God, Who is its author, its preserver, and the beneficent source of the innumerable blessings which it has received. And therefore as it is not lawful for anybody to neglect his duties towards God, and as it is the first duty to embrace in mind and in conduct religion — not such as each may choose, but such as God commands — in the same manner States cannot, without a crime, act as though God did not exist, or cast off the care of religion as alien to them or useless or out of several kinds of religion adopt indifferently which they please; but they are absolutely bound, in the worship of the Deity to adopt that use and manner in which God Himself has shown that He wills to be adored. Therefore among rulers the name of God must be holy, and it must be reckoned among the first of their duties to favor religion, protect it, and cover it with the authority of the laws, and not to institute or decree anything which is incompatible with its security. They owe this also to the citizens over whom they rule. For all of us men are born and brought up for a certain supreme and final good in heaven, beyond this frail and short life, and to this end all efforts are to be referred. And because upon it depends the full and perfect happiness of men, therefore, to attain this end which has been mentioned, is of as much interest as is conceivable to every individual man. It is necessary then that a civil society, born for the common advantage, in the guardianship of the prosperity of the commonwealth, should so advance the interests of the citizens that in holding up and acquiring that highest and inconvertible good which they spontaneously seek, it should not only never import anything disadvantageous, but should give all the opportunities in its power. The chief of these is that attention should be paid to a holy and inviolate preservation of religion, by the duties of which man is united to God.

Now which the true religion is may be easily discovered by any one who will view the matter with a careful and unbiassed judgment; for there are proofs of great number and splendor, as for example, the truth of prophecy, the abundance of miracles, the extremely rapid spread of the faith, even in the midst of its enemies and in spite of the greatest hindrances, the testimony of the martyrs, and the like, from which it is evident that that is the only true religion which Jesus Christ instituted Himself and then entrusted to His Church to defend and to spread.

For the only begotten Son of God set up a society on earth which is called the Church, and to it He transferred that most glorious and divine office, which He had received from His Father, to be perpetuated forever. "*As the Father hath sent Me, even so I send you.*" (John xx. 21.) "*Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.*" (Matt. xxviii. 20.) Therefore as Jesus Christ came into the world, "*that men might have life and have it more abundantly*" (John x. 10), so also the Church has for its aim and end the eternal salvation of souls; and for this cause it is so constituted as to embrace the whole human race without any limit or circumscription either of time or place. "*Preach ye the Gospel to every creature.*" (Mark xvi. 15.) Over this immense multitude of men God Himself has set rulers with power to govern

them; and He has willed that one should be head of them all, and the chief and unerring teacher of truth, and to him He has given the keys of the kingdom of heaven. "*To thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven.*" (Matt. xvi. 19.) "*Feed My lambs, feed My sheep.*" (John xxi. 16, 17.) "*I have prayed for thee that thy faith may not fail.*" (Luke xxii. 32.) This society, though it be composed of men just as civil society is, yet because of the end that it has in view, and the means by which it tends to it, is supernatural and spiritual; and, therefore, is distinguished from civil society and differs from it; and — a fact of the highest moment — is a society perfect in its kind and in its rights, possessing in and by itself, by the will and beneficence of its Founder, all the appliances that are necessary for its preservation and action. Just as the end, at which the Church aims, is by far the noblest of ends, so its power is the most exalted of all powers, and cannot be held to be either inferior to the civil power or in any way subject to it. In truth Jesus Christ gave His Apostles unfettered commissions over all sacred things, with the power of establishing laws properly so-called, and the double right of judging and punishing which follows from it: "*All power has been given to Me in heaven and on earth; going, therefore, teach all nations; . . . teaching them to keep whatsoever I have commanded you.*" (Matt. xxviii. 18, 19, 20.) And in another place He says: "*If he will not hear, tell it to the Church*" (Matt. xviii. 17); and again: "*Ready to punish all disobedience*" (2 Cor. x. 6); and once more: "*I shall act with more severity, according to the powers which our Lord has given me unto edification and not unto destruction.*" (2 Cor. xiii. 10.)

So then it is not the State but the Church that ought to be men's guide to heaven; and it is to her that God has assigned the office of watching and legislating for all that concerns religion, of teaching all nations; of extending, as far as may be, the borders of Christianity; and, in a word, of administering its affairs without let or hinderance, according to her own judgment. Now this authority, which pertains absolutely to the Church herself, and is part of her manifest rights, and which has long been opposed by a philosophy subservient to princes, she has never ceased to claim for herself and to exercise publicly: the Apostles themselves being the first of all to maintain it, when, being forbidden by the readers of the Synagogue to preach the Gospel, they boldly answered, "*We must obey God rather than men.*" (Acts v. 29.) This same authority the holy Fathers of the Church have been careful to maintain by weighty reasonings as occasions have arisen; and the Roman Pontiffs have never ceased to defend it with inflexible constancy. Nay, more, princes and civil governors themselves have approved it in theory and in fact; for in the making of compacts, in the transaction of business, in sending and receiving embassies, and in the interchange of other offices, it has been their custom to act with the Church as with a supreme and legitimate power. And we may be sure that it is not without the singular providence of God that this power of the Church was defended by the Civil Power as the best defence of its own liberty.

God, then, has divided the charge of the human race between two

powers, *viz.*, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine, and the other over human things. Each is the greatest in its own kind: each has certain limits within which it is restricted, and those limits defined by the nature and proximate cause of each; so that there is, as we may say, a world marked off as a field for the proper action of each. But forasmuch as each has dominion over the same subjects, since it might come to pass that one and the same thing, though in different ways, still one and the same, might pertain to the right and the tribunal of both, therefore God, Who foreseeth all things, and Who has established both powers, must needs have arranged the course of each in right relation to one another, and in due order. *"For the powers that are ordained by God."* (Rom. xiii. 1.) And if this were not so, causes of rivalries and dangerous disputes would be constantly arising; and man would often have to stop in anxiety and doubt, like a traveller with two roads before him, not knowing what he ought to do, with two powers commanding contrary things, whose authority however, he cannot refuse without neglect of duty. But it would be most repugnant, so to think, of the wisdom and goodness of God, Who, even in physical things, though they are of a far lower order, has yet so attempered and combined together the forces and causes of nature in an orderly manner and with a sort of wonderful harmony, that none of them is a hindrance to the rest, and all of them most fitly and aptly combine for the great end of the universe. So, then, there must needs be a certain orderly connection between these two powers, which may not unfairly be compared to the union with which soul and body are united in man. What the nature of that union is, and what its extent, cannot otherwise be determined than, as we have said, by having regard to the nature of each power, and by taking account of the relative excellence and nobility of their ends; for one of them has for its proximate and chief aim the care of the goods of this world, the other the attainment of the goods of heaven that are eternal. Whatsoever, therefore, in human affairs is in any manner sacred; whatsoever pertains to the salvation of souls or the worship of God, whether it be so in its own nature, or on the other hand, is held to be so for the sake of the end to which it is referred, all this is in the power and subject to the free disposition of the Church: but all other things which are embraced in the civil and political order, are rightly subject to the civil authority, since Jesus Christ has commanded that what is Cæsar's is to be paid to Cæsar, and what is God's to God. Sometimes, however, circumstances arise when another method of concord is available for peace and liberty; we mean when princes and the Roman Pontiff come to an understanding concerning any particular matter. In such circumstances the Church gives singular proof of her maternal good-will, and is accustomed to exhibit the highest possible degree of generosity and indulgence.

Such, then, as we have indicated in brief, is the Christian order of civil society; no rash or merely fanciful fiction, but deduced from principles of the highest truth and moment, which are confirmed by the natural reason itself.

Now such a constitution of the State contains nothing that can be

thought either unworthy of the majesty of princes or unbecoming; and so far is it from lessening its imperial rights, that it rather adds stability and grandeur to them. For, if it be more deeply considered, such a constitution has a great perfection which all others lack, and from it various excellent fruits would accrue, if each party would only keep its own place, and discharge with integrity that office and work to which it was appointed. For in truth in this constitution of the State, which we have above described, divine and human affairs are properly divided; the rights of citizens are completely defended by divine, natural, and human law; and the limitations of the several offices are at once wisely laid down, and the keeping of them most opportunely secured. All men know that in their doubtful and laborious journey to the everlasting city they have at hand guides to teach them how to set forth, helpers to show them how to reach their journey's end, whom they may safely follow; and at the same time they know that they have others whose business it is to take care of their security and their fortunes, to obtain for them, or to secure to them, all those other goods which are essential to the life of a community. Domestic society obtains that firmness and solidity which it requires in the sanctity of marriage, one and indissoluble; the rights and duties of husband and wife are ordered with wise justice and equity; the due honor is secured to the woman; the authority of the man is conformed to the example of the authority of God; the authority of the father is tempered as becomes the dignity of the wife and offspring, and the best possible provision is made for the guardianship, the true good, and the education of the children.

In the domain of political and civil affairs the laws aim at the common good, and are not guided by the deceptive wishes and judgments of the multitude, but by truth and justice. The authority of the rulers puts on a certain garb of sanctity greater than what pertains to man, and it is restrained from declining from justice, and passing over just limits in the exercise of power. The obedience of citizens has honor and dignity as companions, because it is not the servitude of men to men, but obedience to the will of God exercising His sovereignty by means of men. And this being recognised and admitted, it is understood that it is a matter of justice that the dignity of rulers should be respected, that the public authority should be constantly and faithfully obeyed, that no act of sedition should be committed, and that the civil order of the State should be kept intact. In the same way mutual charity and kindness and liberality are seen to be virtues. The man who is at once a citizen and a Christian is no longer the victim of contending parties and incompatible obligations; and, finally, those very abundant good things with which the Christian religion of its own accord fills up even the mortal life of men, are acquired for the community and civil society, so that it appears to be said with the fullest truth: "The state of the commonwealth depends on the religion with which God is worshipped, and between the one and the other there is a close relation and connection." (*Sacr. Imp. ad Cyrillum Alexandr, et Episcopus metrop. ef Labbeum Collect Conc.*, T. iii.) Admirably, as he is accustomed, did Augustine in many places dilate on the power of those good things, but especially when

he addresses the Catholic Church in these words: "Thou treatest boys as boys, youths with strength, old men calmly, according as is not only the age of the body, but also of the mind of each. Women thou subjectest to their husbands in chaste and faithful obedience, not for the satisfaction of lust, but for the propagation of offspring, and participation in the affairs of the family. Thou settest husbands over their spouses, not that they may trifle with the weaker sex, but in accordance with the laws of true affection. Thou subjectest sons to their parents in a kind of free servitude, and settest parents over their sons in a benignant rule. . . . Thou joinest together, not merely in society, but in a kind of fraternity, citizens with citizens, peoples with peoples, and in fact the whole race of men by a remembrance of their parentage. Thou teachest kings to look for the interests of their peoples. Thou admonishest peoples to submit themselves to their kings. With all care thou teachest to whom honor is due, to whom affection, to whom reverence, to whom fear, to whom consolation, to whom admonition, to whom exhortation, to whom discipline, to whom reproach, to whom punishment, showing how all of these are not suitable to all, but yet to all affection is due, and wrong to none." (*De Moribus Eccl. Cath.*, cap. xxx., n. 63.) And in another place, speaking in blame of certain political pseudo-philosophers, he observes: "They who say that the doctrine of Christ is hurtful to the State, should produce an army of soldiers such as the doctrine of Christ has commanded them to be, such governors of provinces, such husbands, such wives, such parents, such sons, such masters, such slaves, such kings, such judges, and such payers and collectors of taxes due, such as the Christian doctrine would have them. And then let them dare to say that such a state of things is hurtful to the State. Nay, rather they could not hesitate to confess that it is a great salvation to the State if there is due obedience to this doctrine." (*Epist.* cxxxviii., al. 5, *ad Marcellinum*, cap. ii., 15.)

There was once a time when the philosophy of the Gospel governed States; then it was that that power and divine virtue of Christian wisdom had penetrated into the laws, institutions and manners of peoples — indeed into all the ranks and relations of the State; when the religion instituted by Jesus Christ, firmly established in that degree of dignity which was befitting, flourished everywhere, in the favor of rulers and under the due protection of magistrates; when the priesthood and the government were united by concord and a friendly interchange of offices. And the State composed in that fashion produced, in the opinion of all, more excellent fruits, the memory of which still flourishes, and will flourish, attested by innumerable monuments which can neither be destroyed nor obscured by any art of the adversary. If Christian Europe subdued barbarous peoples, and transferred them from a savage to a civilized state, from superstition to the truth; if she victoriously repelled the invasions of the Mohammedans; if civilization retained the chief power, and accustomed herself to afford others a leader and mistress in everything that adorns humanity; if she has granted to the peoples true and manifold liberty; if she has most wisely established many institutions for the solace of wretched-

ness, beyond controversy is it very greatly due to religion under whose auspices such great undertakings were commenced, and with whose aid they were perfected. Truly the same excellent state of things would have continued, if the agreement of the two powers had continued, and greater things might rightfully have been expected, if there had been obedience to the authority, the sway, the counsels of the Church, characterized by greater faithfulness and perseverance, for that is to be regarded as a perpetual law which Ivo of Chartres wrote to Pope Paschal II.: "When the kingdom and the priesthood are agreed between themselves, the world is well ruled, the Church flourishes and bears fruit. But when they are at variance, not only does what is little not increase, but even what is great falls into miserable decay." (*Ep.* ccxxxviiii.)

But that dreadful and deplorable zeal for revolution which was aroused in the sixteenth century, after the Christian religion had been thrown into confusion, by a certain natural course proceeded to philosophy, and from philosophy pervaded all ranks of the community. As it were, from this spring came those more recent propositions of unbridled liberty which obviously were first thought out and then openly proclaimed in the terrible disturbances in the present century; and thence came the principles and foundations of the new law, which was unknown before, and is out of harmony, not only with Christian, but, in more than one respect, with natural law. Of those principles the chief is that one which proclaims that all men, as by birth and nature they are alike, so in very deed in their actions of life are they equal and each is so master of himself that in no way does he come under the authority of another; that it is for him freely to think on whatever subject he likes, to act as he pleases; that no one else has a right of ruling over others. In a society founded upon these principles, government is only the will of the people, which as it is under the power of itself alone, so is alone its own proper sovereign. Moreover, it chooses to whom it may entrust itself, but in such a way that it transfers, not so much the right, as the function of the government which is to be exercised in its name. God is passed over in silence, as if either there were no God, or as if He cared nothing for human society, or as if men, whether as individuals or in society, owed nothing to God, or as if there could be any government of which the whole cause and power and authority did not reside in God Himself. In which way, as is seen, a State is nothing else but a multitude, as the mistress and governor of itself. And since the people is said to contain in itself the fountain of all rights and of all power, it will follow that the State deems itself bound by no kind of duty towards God; that no religion should be publicly professed; nor ought there to be any inquiry which of many is alone true; nor ought one to be preferred to the rest; nor ought one to be specially favored, but to each alike equal rights ought to be assigned, with the sole end that the social order incurs no injury from them It is a part of this theory that all questions concerning religion are to be referred to private judgment; that to every one it is allowed to follow which he prefers, or none at all, if he approves of none. Hence these consequences naturally

arise; the judgment of each conscience is without regard to law; opinions as free as possible are expressed concerning worshipping or not worshipping God; and there is unbounded license of thinking and publishing.

These foundations of the State being admitted, which at the time are in such general favor, it easily appears into how unfavorable a position the Church is driven. For when the conduct of affairs is in accordance with the doctrines of this kind, to the Catholic name is assigned an equal position with, or even an inferior position to that of alien societies in the State; no regard is paid to ecclesiastical laws; and the Church, which, by the command and mandate of Jesus Christ, ought to teach all nations, finds itself forbidden in any way to interfere in the instruction of the people. Concerning those things which are of mixed jurisdiction, the rulers of the civil power lay down the law at their own pleasure, and in this manner haughtily set aside the most sacred laws of the Church. Wherefore they bring under their own jurisdiction the marriages of Christians, deciding even concerning the marriage bond, concerning the unity, and the stability of marriage. They take possession of the goods of the clergy because they deny that the Church can hold property. Finally, they so act with regard to the Church that both the nature and the rights of a perfect society being removed, they clearly hold it to be like the other associations which the State contains, and on that account, if she possesses any legitimate means of acting, she is said to possess that by the concession and gift of the rulers of the State. But if in any State the Church retains her own right, with the approval of the civil laws, and any agreement is publicly made between the two powers, in the beginning they cry out that the interests of the Church must be severed from those of the State, and they do this with the intent that it may be possible to act against their pledged faith with impunity, and to have the final decision over everything, all obstacles having been removed. But when the Church cannot bear that patiently, nor indeed is able to desert its greatest and most sacred duties, and, above all, requires that faith be wholly and entirely observed with it, contests often arise between the sacred and the civil power, of which the result is commonly that the one who is the weaker yields to the stronger in human resources. So it is the custom and the wish in this state of public affairs, which is now affected by many, either to expel the Church altogether, or to keep it bound and restricted as to its rule. Public acts in a great measure are framed with this design. Laws, the administration of States, the teaching of youth unaccompanied by religion, the spoliation and destruction of religious orders, the overturning of the civil principality of the Roman Pontiffs, all have regard to this end; to emasculate Christian institutes, to narrow the liberty of the Catholic Church, and to diminish her other rights.

Natural reason itself convinces us that such opinions about the ruling of a State are very widely removed from the truth. Nature herself bears witness that all power of whatever kind ultimately emanates from God, that greatest and most august fountain. Popular rule, however, which without any regard to God is said to be naturally in the

multitude, though it may excellently avail to supply the fires of many blandishments and excitements of many forms of covetousness, yet rests on no probable reason, nor can have sufficient strength to ensure public security and the quiet permanence of order. Verily things under the auspices of these doctrines have come to such a pass that many sanction this as a law in civil jurisprudence, to wit, that sedition may rightly be raised. For the idea prevails that princes are really nothing but delegates to express the popular will; and so necessarily all things become alike, are changeable at the popular nod, and a certain fear of public disturbance is forever hanging over our heads.

But to think with regard to religion, that there is no difference between unlike and contrary forms, clearly will have this issue — an unwillingness to test any one form in theory and practice. And this, if indeed it differs from atheism in name, is in fact the same thing. Men who really believe in the existence of God, if they are to be consistent and not ridiculous, will, of necessity, understand that the different methods of divine worship involving dissimilarity and conflict, even on the most important points, cannot be all equally probable, equally good, and equally accepted by God. And thus that faculty of thinking whatever you like and expressing whatever you like to think in writing, without any thought of moderation, is not of its own nature, indeed, a good in which human society may rightly rejoice, but, on the contrary, a fount and origin of many ills.

Liberty, in so far as it is a virtue perfecting man, should be occupied with that which is true and that which is good; but the foundation of that which is true and that which is good cannot be changed at the pleasure of man, but remains ever the same, nor indeed is it less unchangeable than nature herself. If the mind assent to false opinions, if the will choose for itself evil, and apply itself thereto, neither attains its perfection, but both fall from their natural dignity, and both lapse by degrees into corruption. Whatever things, therefore, are contrary to virtue and truth, these things it is not right to place in the light before the eyes of men, far less to defend by the favor and tutelage of the laws. A well-spent life is the only path to that heaven whither we all direct our steps; and on this account the State departs from the law and custom of nature if it allows the license of opinions and of deeds to run riot to such a degree as to lead minds astray with impunity from the truth, and hearts from the practice of virtue.

But to exclude the Church which God Himself has constituted from the business of life, from the laws, from the teaching of youth, from domestic society, is a great and pernicious error. A well-regulated State cannot be when religion is taken away; more than needs be, perhaps, is now known of what sort of a thing is in itself, and whither tends that philosophy of life and morals which men call *civil.* The Church of Christ is the true teacher of virtue and guardian of morals; it is that which keeps principles in safety, from which duties are derived, and by proposing most efficacious reasons for an honest life, it bids us not only fly from wicked deeds, but rule the motions of the mind which are contrary to reason when it is not intended to reduce them to action. But to wish the Church in the discharge of its offices to be subject to the

civil power is a great rashness, a great injustice. If this were done order would be disturbed, since things natural would thus be put before those which are above nature ; the multitude of the good whose common life, if there be nothing to hinder it, the Church would make complete, either disappears or at all events is considerably diminished, and besides, a way is opened to enmities and conflicts — how great the evil which they bring upon each order of government the event has too frequently shown.

Such doctrines are not approved by human reason, and are of the greatest gravity as regards civil discipline, the Roman Pontiffs our predecessors — well understanding what the apostolic office required of them — by no means suffered to go forth without condemnation. Thus Gregory XVI., by Encyclical Letter, beginning *Mirare vos*, of August 15, 1832, inveighed with weighty words against those doctrines which were already being preached, namely, that in divine worship no choice should be made ; and that it was right for individuals to judge of religion according to their personal preferences, that each man's conscience was to himself his sole sufficient guide, and that it was lawful to promulgate whatsoever each man might think, and so make a revolution in the State. Concerning the reasons for the separation of Church and State, the same Pontiff speaks thus : Nor can we hope happier results either for religion or the government, from the wishes of those who are eagerly desirous that the Church should be separated from the State, and the mutual good understanding of the sovereign secular power and the sacerdotal authority be broken up. It is evident that these lovers of most shameless liberty dread that concord which has always been fortunate and wholesome, both for sacred and civil interests." To the like effect Pius IX., as opportunity offered, noted many false opinions which had begun to be of great strength, and afterward ordered them to be collected together in order that in so great a conflux of errors Catholics might have something which, without stumbling, they might follow.

From these decisions of the Popes it is clearly to be understood that the origin of public power is to be sought from God Himself and not from the multitude ; that the free play for sedition is repugnant to reason ; that it is a crime for private individuals and a crime for States to observe nowhere the duties of religion or to treat in the same way different kinds of religion ; that the uncontrolled right of thinking and publicly proclaiming one's thoughts is not inherent in the rights of citizens, nor in any sense to be placed among those things which are worthy of favor or patronage. Similarly it ought to be understood that the Church is a society, no less than the State itself, perfect in kind and right, and that those who exercise sovereignty ought not to act so as to compel the Church to become subservient or inferior to themselves, or suffer her to be less free to transact her own affairs or detract aught from the other rights which have been conferred upon her by Jesus Christ. But in matters however in complex jurisdiction, it is in the highest degree in accordance with nature and also with the counsels of God — not that one power should secede from the other, still less come into conflict, but that that harmony and concord should be preserved which is most akin to the foundations of both societies.

These, then, are the things taught by the Catholic Church concerning the constitution and government of the State. Concerning these sayings and decrees, if a man will only judge dispassionately, no form of Government is, *per se*, condemned as long as it has nothing repugnant to Catholic doctrine, and is able, if wisely and justly managed, to preserve the State in the best condition. Nor is it, *per se*, to be condemned whether the people have a greater or less share in the government; for at certain times and with the guarantee of certain laws, such participation may appertain, not only to the usefulness, but even to the duty of the citizens. Moreover, there is no just cause that any one should condemn the Church as being too restricted in gentleness, or inimical to that liberty which is natural and legitimate. In truth the Church judges it not lawful that the various kinds of Divine worship should have the same right as the true religion, still it does not therefore condemn those governors of States, who, for the sake of acquiring some great good, or preventing some great ill, patiently bear with manners and customs so that each kind of religion has its place in the State. Indeed the Church is wont diligently to take heed that no one be compelled against his will to embrace the Catholic Faith, for as Augustine wisely observes: "*Credere non potest homo nisi volens.*" (*Tract.* xxvi., *in Joan.*, n. 2.)

For a similar reason the Church cannot approve of that liberty which generates a contempt of the most sacred laws of God, and puts away the obedience due to legitimate power. For this is license rather than liberty, and is most correctly called by Augustine, "*libertas perditionis*" (*Ep.* cv., *ad Donatistas.* ii., n. 9); by the Apostle Peter, "*a cloak for malice*" (1 Peter ii. 16), indeed, since it is contrary to reason, it is a true servitude, for "*Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.*" (John viii. 34.) On the other hand, that liberty is natural and to be sought, which, if it be considered in relation to the individual, suffers not men to be the slaves of errors and evil desires, the worst of masters; if, in relation to the State, it presides wisely over the citizens, serves the faculty of augmenting public advantages, and defends the public interest from alien rule, this blameless liberty worthy of man the Church approves, above all, and has never ceased striving and contending to keep firm and whole among the people. In very truth, whatever things in the State chiefly avail for the common safety; whatever have been usefully instituted against the license of princes, consulting all the interests of the peeple; whatever forbid the governing authority to invade into municipal or domestic affairs; whatever avail to preserve the dignity and the character of man in preserving the equality of rights in individual citizens, of all these things the monuments, ot former ages witness the Catholic Church to have always been either the author the promoter, or the guardian.

Ever, therefore, consistent with herself, if on the one hand she rejects immoderate liberty, which both in the case of individuals and peoples results in license or in servitude; on the other she willingly and with pleasure embraces those happier circumstances which the age brings; if they truly contain the prosperity of this life, which is as it were a stage in the journey to that other which is to endure everlast-

ingly. Therefore what they say that the Church is jealous of, the more modern political systems repudiate in a mass, and whatever the disposition of these times has brought forth, is an inane and contemptible calumny. The madness of opinion it indeed repudiates; it reproves the wicked plans of sedition, and especially that habit of mind in which the beginnings of a voluntary departing from God are visible; but since every true thing must necessarily proceed from God, whatever of truth is by search attained, the Church acknowledges as a certain token of the Divine mind. And since there is in the world nothing which can take away belief in the doctrines divinely handed down and many things which confirm this, and since every finding of truth may impel man to the knowledge or praise of God Himself, therefore whatever may happen to extend the range of knowledge, the Church will always willingly and joyfully accept; and she will, as is her wont in the case of other departments of knowledge, studiously encourage and promote those also which are concerned with the investigation of nature. In which studies, if the mind finds anything new, the Church is not in opposition; she fights not against the search after more things for the grace and convenience of life — nay, a very foe to inertness and sloth, she earnestly wishes that the talents of men should, by being cultivated and exercised, bear still richer fruits; she affords incitements to every sort of art and craft, and by her own virtue directing by her own perfection all the pursuits of those things to virtue and salvation, she strives to prevent man from turning aside his intelligence and industry from God and heavenly things.

But these things, although full of reasonableness and foresight, are not so well approved of at this time, when States not only refuse to refer to the laws of Christian knowledge, but are seen even to wish to depart each day farther from them. Nevertheless, because truth brought to light is wont of its own accord to spread widely, and by degrees to pervade the minds of men, we, therefore, moved by the consciousness of the greatest, the most holy, that is the Apostolic obligation, which we owe to all the nations, those things which are true, freely, as we ought, we do speak, not that we have no perception of the spirit of the times, or that we think the honest and useful improvements of our age are to be repudiated, but because we would wish the highways of public affairs to be safer from attacks, and their foundations more stable, and that without detriment to the true freedom of the peoples; for amongst men the mother and best guardian of liberty is truth: "*The truth shall make you free.*" (John viii. 32).

Therefore at so critical a juncture of events, Catholic men, if, as it behooves them, they will listen to us, will easily see what are their own and each other's duties in matters of *opinion* as well as of *action.* And in the formation of opinion, whatsoever things the Roman Pontiffs have handed down, or shall hereafter hand down, each and every one is it necessary to hold in firm judgment well understood, and as often as occasion demands openly to declare. Now, especially concerning those things which are called recently-acquired *liberties*, is it proper to stand by the judgment of the Apostolic See, and for each one to hold what she herself holds.

Take care lest some one be deceived by the honest outward appearance of these things; and think of the beginnings from which they are sprung; and by what desires they are sustained and fed in divers places. It is now sufficiently known by experience of what things they are the causes in the State; how indiscriminately they bring forth fruit, of which good men and wise rightly do repent. If there should be in any place a State, either actual or hypothetical, that wantonly and tyrannically wages war upon the Christian name, and it have conferred upon it that character of which we have spoken, it is possible that this may be considered more tolerable; yet the principles upon which it rests are absolutely such that, of themselves they ought to be approved by no man.

Now action may be taken in private and domestic affairs, or in affairs public. In private life, indeed, the first duty is to conform one's life and manners to the precepts of the Gospel, and not to refuse, if Christian virtue demands, something more difficult to bear than usual. Individuals, also, are bound to love the Church as their common mother; to keep her laws obediently; to give her the service of due honor, and to wish her rights respected, and to endeavor that she be fostered and beloved with like piety by those over whom they may exercise authority. It is also of great importance to the public welfare diligently and wisely to give attention to the duties of citizenship; in this regard, most particularly, with that concern which is righteous amongst Christians, to take pains and pass effective measures so that public provision be made for the instruction of youth in religion and true morality, for upon these things depends very much the welfare of every State. Besides, in general, it is useful and honorable to stretch the attention of Catholic men beyond this narrower field, and to embrace every branch of public administration. Generally, we say, because these our precepts reach unto all nations. But it may happen in some particular place, for the most urgent and just reasons, that it is by no means expedient to engage in public affairs, or to take an active part in political functions. But generally, as we have said, to wish to take no part in public affairs would be in that degree vicious, in which it brought to the common weal neither care, nor work; and on this account the more so, because Catholic men are bound by the admonitions of the doctrine which they profess, to do what has to be done with integrity and with faith. If, on the contrary, they were idle, those whose opinions do not, in truth, give any great hope of safety, would easily get possession of the reins of government. This, also, would be attended with danger to the Christian name, because they would become most powerful who are badly disposed towards the Church; and those least powerful who are well disposed. Wherefore, it is evident there is just cause for Catholics to undertake the conduct of public affairs; for they do not assume these responsibilities in order to approve of what is not lawful in the methods of government at this time; but in order that they may turn these very methods, as far as may be, to the unmixed and true public good, holding this purpose in their minds, to infuse into all the veins of the commonwealth the wisdom and virtue of the Catholic religion — the most healthy sap and blood, as it were. It was scarcely done otherwise in the first

ages of the Church. For the manners and desires of the heathen were divergent as widely as possible from the manners and desires of the Gospel; for the Christians had to separate themselves incorrupt in the midst of superstition, and always true to themselves, most cheerfully to enter every walk in life which was open to them. Models of fidelity to their princes, obedient, where lawful, to the sovereign power, they established a wonderful splendor of holiness everywhere; they sought the advantage of their neighbor, and to all others to the wisdom of Christ; bravely prepared to retire from public life, and even to die if they could not retain honors, nor the magistracy, nor the supreme command with unsullied virtue. For which reason Christian customs soon found their way, not only into private houses, but into the camps, into the senate, even into the imperial palace. "We are of yesterday and we fill your everything, cities, islands, castles, municipalities, councils, the very camps, the rank and file of the army, the officerships, the palace, the senate, the forum," (*Tertullian Apol.*, n. 37), so that the Christian faith, when it was unlawful publicly to profess the Gospel, was not like a child crying in his cradle, but grown up and already sufficiently firm, was manifest in a great part of the State.

Now, indeed, in these days it is as well to renew these examples of our forefathers. For Catholics indeed, as many as are worthy of the name, before all things it is necessary to be, and to be willing to be, regarded as most loving sons of the Church; whatsoever is inconsistent with this good report, without hesitation to reject; to use popular institutions as far as honestly can be to the advantage of truth and justice; to labor, that liberty of action shall not transgress the bounds ordained by the law of nature and of God; so to work that the whole of public life shall be transformed into that, as we have called it, a Christian image and likeness. The means to seek these ends can scarcely be laid down upon one uniform plan, since they must suit places and times very different from each other. Nevertheless, in the first place, let concord of wills be preserved, and a likeness of things to be done sought for. And each will be attained the best, if all shall consider the admonitions of the Apostolic See, a law of conduct, and shall obey the Bishops whom "*the Spirit of God has placed to rule the Church of God.*" (Acts xx. 28). The defence of the Catholic name, indeed of necessity demands that in the profession of doctrines which are handed down by the Church the opinion of all shall be one, and the most perfect constancy, and from this point of view take care that no one connives in any degree at false opinions, or resists with greater gentleness than truth will allow. Concerning those things which are matters of opinion, it will be lawful, with moderation and with a desire of investigating the truth, without injurious suspicions and mutual incriminations. For which purpose, lest the agreement of minds be broken by temerity of accusation, let all understand: that the integrity of the Catholic profession can by no means be reconciled with opinions approaching towards *naturalism* or *rationalism*, of which the sum total is to uproot Christian institutions altogether, and to establish the supremacy of man, Almighty God being pushed to one side. Likewise, it is unlawful to follow one line of duty in private and another in public, so that the authority of the Church

shall be observed in private, and spurned in public. For this would be to join together things honest and disgraceful, and to make a man fight a battle with himself, when, on the contrary, he ought always to be consistent with himself, and never, in any the least thing or manner of living, decline from Christian virtue. But, if inquiry is made about principles, merely political, concerning the best form of government, of civil regulations of one kind or another, concerning these things, of course, there is room for disagreement without harm. Those whose piety, therefore, is known on other accounts, and whose minds are ready to accept the decrees of the Apostolic See, justice will not allow accounted evil because they differ on these subjects; and much greater is the injury if they are charged with the crime of having violated the Catholic faith, or are suspected, a thing we deplore done, not once only. And let all hold this precept absolutely, who are wont to commit their thoughts to writing, especially the editors of newspapers. In this contention about the highest things, nothing is to be left to intestine conflicts, or the greed of parties, but let all, uniting together, seek the common object of all, to preserve religion and the State.

If, therefore, there have been dissensions, it is right to obliterate them in a certain voluntary forgetfulness; if there has been anything rash, anything injurious, to whomsoever this fault belongs let compensation be made by mutual charity, and especially in obedience to the Apostolic See. In this way Catholics will obtain two things most excellent; one that they will make themselves helps to the Church in preserving and propagating Christian knowledge; the other that they will benefit civil society; of which the safety is gravely compromised by reason of evil doctrines and inordinate desires.

These things, therefore, Venerable Brethren, concerning the Christian constitution of States and the duties of individual citizens, we have dwelt upon; we shall transmit them to all the nations of the Catholic world.

But it behooves us to implore, with most earnest prayers, the heavenly protection, and to beg of Almighty God these things which we desire and strive after for His glory and the salvation of the human race, whose alone it is to illumine the minds and to quicken the wills of men and Himself to lead on to the wished for end. As a pledge of the Divine favors, and in witness of our paternal benevolence to you, Venerable Brethren, to the Clergy, and to all the people committed to your faith and vigilance, we lovingly bestow in the Lord the Apostolic Benediction.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the first day of November, in the year of Our Lord MDCCCLXXXV., of Our Pontificate the Eighth.

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABLE BEDE records: "It was customary for the English of all ranks to retire for study and devotion to Ireland, where they were hospitably received, and supplied gratuitously with food, books and instruction."

His Eminence John Cardinal McCloskey.

ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK, CARDINAL PRIEST OF THE TITLE OF SANCTA MARIA SUPRA MINERVAM.

THE waning days of the year 1885 witnessed the peaceful decline, and the happy Christian death, of one of the most remarkable men of the Irish race in this country. His glorious obsequies in the magnificent Cathedral which he completed and dedicated, produced a deep impression on all classes, nor was there ever witnessed a greater and more unanimous concord than pervaded the tributes of respect from the press and pulpit of the land to this prince of the Catholic Church.

In a modest dwelling on Fort Greene, Brooklyn, fronting the road that led to Newtown Turnpike, John McCloskey was born on the 10th of March, 1810, while deep snow covered the fields far and wide, and ice choked the rapid current of the East River. His father, George McCloskey, had emigrated to this country from the county Derry, some years before, with his wife, and by industry, thrift and uprightness was increasing the little store of means which he had brought to the New World. The boy was not endowed with a rugged frame, and few could promise either mother or child length of days. Yet she lived to behold him a bishop.

Brooklyn was then but a suburb of the little city of New York; it did not number five thousand inhabitants, and the scanty flock of Catholics had neither priest nor shrine. The child of George McCloskey, was taken to St. Peter's Church, New York, to be baptized, by the venerable Jesuit Father Anthony Kohlmann. As he grew up he crossed the East River on Sundays with his parents to attend that same church, then the only one in New York; it has just celebrated the centenary of its organization, as a congregation, and the life of the great Cardinal, which faded away just before that event, covers three quarters of its century.

George McCloskey was one of the few energetic Catholics, who, about 1820, started the movement which led to the erection of St. James on Jay Street, and gave Brooklyn its first Catholic Church and future Cathedral. Meanwhile, his son carefully trained at home, was sent to school at an early age; gentle and delicate, he had neither strength nor inclination for the rough sports of his schoolmates; but was always cheerful and popular, studying hard and winning a high grade in his classes. Till the church in Brooklyn was built, the boy and his mother made their way each Sunday to the riverside to cross by the only conveyance of those days, in order to occupy the pew which the large-hearted George McCloskey had purchased in St. Peter's, for in those days pews were sold and a yearly ground rent paid. When St. Patrick's was opened, an appeal was made to the liberal to take pews in that church also, and again the generous George McCloskey responded to the call, purchasing a pew there also.

This whole-souled Irish-Catholic built great hopes on the talents of his son, and intended to send him to Georgetown College, of which Father Benedict Fenwick, long connected with St. Peter's, had become president. But in the providence of God he was not to see him enter any college; while still in the prime of life, he was seized with illness, which carried him to the grave in 1820. Mrs. McCloskey was left with means which enabled her to carry out the plans of her husband; but as Father Fenwick had left Georgetown, she acted on the advice of friends, and sent her son to the College of Mount St. Mary's, which had been founded near Emmittsburg, by the Rev. John Du Bois, a French priest, who, escaping the horrors of the Revolution in his own country, and the sanguinary tribunals of his old schoolmate, Robespierre, had crossed the Atlantic to be a missionary in America.

Mount St. Mary's College, when young McCloskey entered it after the summer of 1821, consisted of two rows of log buildings; "but such as have often been in this country, the first home of men and institutions destined to greatness and renown." Humble as it was externally, however, the college was no longer an experiment; it had proved its efficiency as an institution of learning. Young McCloskey entered on his studies with his wonted zeal and energy, and learned not only the classics of ancient and modern times, but the great lesson of self-control. Blessed with a wonderfully retentive memory, a logical mind that proceeded slowly, not by impulse, his progress was solid and rapid; his progress in virtue was no less so; every natural tendency to harsh and bitter judgment, or word, was by the principles of religion and faith checked and brought under control. If, in after life, he was regarded universally as mild and gentle, the credit must be given to his religious training, which enabled him to achieve the conquest.

A fine stone college was rising, and with his fellow-students he looked forward with sanguine hope to the rapidly approaching day, when the collegians of Mount St. Mary's were to tread halls worthy of their *Alma Mater*, their faculty and themselves. Its progress was watched with deep interest, when, in the summer of 1824, the students were roused one Sunday night by the cry of fire. An incendiary hand had applied the torch to the new edifice. No appliances were at hand for checking the progress of the flames; professors, seminarians, and collegians labored unremittingly to save their humble log structures destined to be for some time more the scene of their studious hours.

McCloskey joined in the address of sympathy which the pupils of Mount St. Mary's tendered to their venerated president. He beheld the energy and faith of that eminent man in the zeal with which he began the work anew, and completed the building again before the close of another year. Thus the talented young Catholic boy from New York State learned not only the lore found in books, but the great lessons of patience, self-control, correspondence to the will of God. Before he closed his college course, he saw Dr. Du Bois, called away from the institution he had founded to assume, by command of the successor of St. Peter, the administration of the diocese of New York. The good work continued under Rev. Michael De Burgo Egan as President, and John McCloskey was graduated, in 1828, with high honors. At that

time Mount St. Mary's had in the seminary twenty-five or thirty aspirants to the priesthood, and in the college nearly one hundred students. The early graduates of the Mount are the best proof of the thorough literary course followed there, as well as the thorough knowledge and love of the faith inculcated.

Young McCloskey returned to the home of his mother in Westchester County, N. Y., and looked forward to his future career in life. As often happens, a family bias, or wish, rather than the judgment of the young man himself, induces the first step. John McCloskey was to become a lawyer. We are told that he began the study of Coke and Blackstone, of the principles of law and the practice of the courts, in the office of Joseph W. Smith, Esq., of New York. But the active mind was at work solving a great problem. A fellow-student at college, his senior in years, brilliant, poetic, zealous, had resolved to devote his life and talents to the ministry, and had more than once portrayed to young McCloskey the heroism of the priestly life of self-devotion and sacrifice. The words of Charles C. Pise and his example had produced an impression greater than was apparent. McCloskey meditated, prayed and sought the guidance of a wise director. Gradually the conviction became deep and firm that God called him to the ecclesiastical state. He closed the books of human law, renounced the prospects of worldly success, and resolved to prepare by study and seclusion, by prayer and self-mastery, for the awful dignity of the priesthood.

The next year he returned to Emmittsburg to enter the seminary as a candidate for holy orders from the diocese of New York. He was welcomed as one whose solid learning, brilliant eloquence, deep and tender piety, studious habits and zeal made it certain that he must as a priest render essential service to the Church in this country. As a seminarian, and, in conjunction with that character, as professor, he confirmed the high opinion formed of him, and at an early day Bishop Du Bois fixed upon him as one to fill important positions in his diocese.

From the moment that he took possession of his See the Rt. Rev. Dr. Du Bois had labored to give New York an institution like that which he had brought to so successful a condition in Maryland, reckoning as nought the advance of years and the heavy duties of the episcopate. It was not till the spring of 1832, that he was able to purchase a farm at Nyack, in Rockland County, as the site for his seminary and college. To preside over it, he had already selected his seminarian, John McCloskey, whom he summoned from Emmittsburg. The visitation of the cholera, however, prevented the progress of the undertaking, although the school was opened. The corner-stone was laid on the 29th of May, 1833, and the erection of the main building was carried on till the second story was completed, when the bishop appealed to his flock to aid him by their contributions.

On the 24th of January the old Cathedral in New York witnessed the solemn ceremony of an ordination, and the Rev. John McCloskey was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. The young priest was stationed at Nyack; but his eloquent voice was heard and appreciated in the churches of New York City. The first sermon which the young priest preached after his ordination is an index of the piety and devo-

tion which guided him through life. It was on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and was delivered in the church reared in New York in honor of the Mother of God.

In the summer of 1834, the little chapel at Nyack, adjoining the rising college, was ready for dedication; but before the institution could be opened, the virulent declamations of a Brownell had inflamed the minds of the ignorant peasantry in that neighborhood with religious hatred, and the college was denounced as an evil to be prevented. The torch of the incendiary soon laid the edifice in ashes.

The project of a seminary and college was thus indefinitely deferred, although Bishop Du Bois, with characteristic determination, resolved to rebuild the blackened ruins and raise the college anew. So confident was he of success, that he would not appoint Rev. Mr. McCloskey to any parochial charge, reserving him to preside over the diocesan institution on which he had set his heart. In order to fit himself for the position, the young priest begged his bishop to permit him to proceed to Rome in order to follow for two years the thorough course of theological studies in the Gregorian University, thus profitably employing the time that would necessarily be required to fit the institution for the reception of pupils.

As Bishop du Bois saw the wisdom of the suggestion, he consented, and early in 1835 Rev. John McCloskey reached the Eternal City, and enrolled himself among the distinguished pupils like Grazrosi, Perrone, Palma, Finucci, who were then attending the lectures of Perrone, Manera, and their associate professors. One who knew Rome well, and knew the late Cardinal well, wrote: "What advantage the young American priest drew from them has ever since been seen in the remarkable breadth and correctness and lucidity of his decisions in theological matters, whether coming before him in his episcopal duties, or brought up for discussion in the episcopal councils which he has attended. His words, calm and well considered, have ever been listened to with attention, and generally decided the question. But, beyond the mere book learning, so to speak, of ecclesiastical education, he gained a knowledge of the ecclesiastical world, nowhere else attainable than in Rome. Brought in contact with the students of the English College, under Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman, of the Irish College under Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen, of the Propaganda under Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Count de Reisach, of the Roman Seminary, and of other colleges, he came to know many brilliant young students of various nationalities, alike in faith and in fervent piety, yet dissimilar in the peculiar traits of their respective races. He formed friendship with many who have since made their mark in their own countries. The young American priest, so polished and gentlemanly in his address, so modest and retiring, and yet so full of varied learning, so keen of observation, and so ready, when drawn out, with unexpected and plain, common-sense, home thrusts, was fully appreciated among kindred minds of the clergy of Rome, and of other countries visiting Rome. Though avoiding society as far as he could, and something of a recluse, he was welcome in more than one noble Roman palace. But it was especially in the English-speaking circle of Catholic visitors each winter to Rome,

that he was prized. Cardinal Weld, ever an upholder of Americans, anticipated great things yet to be done by this young priest, and loved to present him to the Cliffords, the Shrewsburys, and other noble English-speaking Catholics, as a living refutation of the accounts of Americans and American manners, just given to the English world by Mrs. Trollope."

Among this English-speaking colony in Rome he found abundant occasion for the exercise of his ministry, such was the confidence inspired by his piety and learning. Among those placed under his direction was Mrs. Connolly, an American convert, who, in time, founded in England a teaching community of high order, the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus, which has now many houses in England and the United States.

At the expiration of the time assigned for his studious sojourn in Rome, Rev. Mr. McCloskey left the Eternal City, well fitted, indeed, to assume the directorship of the seminary. He travelled with observant eye through Northern Italy, Austria, Germany and France, then crossed to the British Isles, visiting England and Scotland. His tour enabled him to meet old friends and to win new ones; as well as to learn practically the condition of the church in all parts of Europe.

When he returned to New York in 1838 he found that Bishop Du Bois had, overcome by difficulties and trials, finally abandoned his projected seminary; and now desired to assign him to parochial work. With the well-trained priest to hear was to obey. Yet the position of the bishop was one of difficulty. An uncatholic national feeling had been aroused some years before in New York, assuming under Bishop Connolly all obsequiousness to that prelate and zeal for his honor; under Bishop Du Bois its whole power was wielded against him; and as few of the leaders in the movement were practical Catholics, appeals to their religious sense fell unheeded.

The parish offered to Rev. Mr. McCloskey presented difficulties of its own. The last pastor, his old friend and brother-collegian, Rev. Charles C. Pise, had indiscreetly aroused a deep and bitter feeling against himself, and the hostile party in the congregation was led by a man of learning and real attachment to his religion, though of little self-control. For the Rev. Mr. McCloskey to assume the pastorship of St. Joseph's required no little courage. He was as obnoxious on some grounds as his predecessor, being like him American by birth, trained at Emmittsburg under Bishop Du Bois. In this conjuncture the Rev. John McCloskey displayed what must be recognized as the striking virtue of his character, the highest degree of Christian prudence, and with it and through it, courage, firmness and self-control. He repaired to the post assigned to him by his bishop, and entered upon the discharge of his duties. The Trustees ignored his appointment utterly, made no appropriation for his salary, took no steps to furnish his house, so that he had not even a table to write upon. "But," as His Grace Archbishop Corrigan well says, "the young priest was equal to the emergency. He discharged his duties as sweetly, as if there never had been a suspicion of dissatisfaction; he prepared his sermons as carefully, as if the best audience New York could afford

were there to listen." His parish extended up to the line of Harlem; but he complained neither of his treatment, nor of the labor of the day and the heat; and men ready and anxious to complain, found that they had to do with a priest who gave them not a tittle to bear before the people as a grievance to complain about. The clouds vanished so completely that the people forgot there had ever been any. In a few years one of those who had received him with the greatest distrust, had grown to appreciate him so highly as to address him as a priest "whose unaffected piety as a Christian Divine, splendid talents as an effective preacher, extensive acquirements as an elegant scholar, and dignified, yet amiable, manners as an accomplished gentleman, have long been the admiration, the ornament and the model of his devoted flock."

The project for which Bishop Du Bois had summoned his young seminarian from the Mount was at last carried out in 1841 by the vigorous head and hand of Bishop Hughes. The diocese of New York had its Seminary and College at Fordham. It was a remarkable tribute to the merit and ability of the Rev. John McCloskey, that Bishop Hughes, though the diocese had been joined by many able and learned priests, still turned to him to fill the post for which Bishop Du Bois had selected him when but a seminarian. Yet he was now a parish priest, and the tie between him and his flock had grown so close that both feared that it might be sundered.

He undertook the organization of the Seminary and College, retaining his pastoral charge to the consolation of his flock. The result justified the selection. His power of organization, his knowledge of the wants of the times, of the duties of teacher and pupil, were thorough. The institution was soon in successful operation, and the seminarians were edified by the piety, regularity and unalterable calmness of the Superior, who was always with them at their morning meditation, and always with them at exercises of devotion, his perfect order and system preventing all confusion, foreseeing and providing for all.

After placing the new institutions on a firm basis, he resigned the presidency to other hands, and resumed his duties at St. Joseph, to the delight of his flock. It was, however, really because Bishop Hughes already determined to solicit his elevation to the episcopate, that he might enjoy his aid as coadjutor in directing the affairs of the diocese, which were becoming beyond the power of one man to discharge. In the Fifth Provincial Council, of Baltimore, held in May, 1843, Bishop Hughes laid his wishes before the assembled Fathers, and the appointment of Rev. John McCloskey, as coadjutor of New York, was formally solicited from the Sovereign Pontiff by the Metropolitan of Baltimore and his suffragans. At Rome there was no hesitation in confirming the choice of a clergyman whose merit was so well known, and on the 30th of September, Cardinal Fransoni wrote announcing that the Rev. John McCloskey had been elected by the Holy Father for the See of Axiere, and made coadjutor to the Bishop of New York.

The consecration took place in old St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 10th of March, 1844, and the scene was the grandest ever till then witnessed in New York. The Rt. Rev. John Hughes, Bishop of New York, assisted by Bishop Fenwick, of New York, once administrator of

the diocese, and Bishop Whelan, of Wheeling, consecrated three bishops, the Rt. Rev. Andrew Byrne, Bishop of Little Rock, the Rt. Rev. William Quarter, Bishop of Chicago, and the Rt. Rev. John McCloskey, Bishop of Axiere, and coadjutor of New York.

From the pulpit of the Cathedral, the venerable Dr. Power, addressing the newly consecrated coadjutor, said: "One of you I have known from his boyhood. I have seen the youthful bud of genius unfold itself; and I have seen it also in full expansion; and I thank God I have been spared to behold it now blessing the house of the Lord. Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey! it must be gratifying to you to know, that if the choice of a coadjutor of this diocese had been given to your fellow-laborers in the vineyard, it would certainly have fallen upon you."

It was surely no ordinary merit, that won the Rev. John McCloskey such universal esteem. To have been chosen for the same responsible post by men so different in mind and feelings as Bishops Du Bois and Hughes, to be at once the choice of Bishop Hughes and a body of priests among whom great divisions had existed, and great differences of nationality, education and inclination prevailed, was something wonderful and unparalleled.

His elevation to the episcopate did not withdraw Bishop McCloskey from the church of his affection, that dedicated to the Spouse of Mary. Here his throne was erected, and the congregation rejoiced in the honor and dignity conferred upon him, and through him on their church. He then began the discharge of the episcopal duties devolved upon him by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the See. The earliest was the dedication of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer in New York City. From that we can mark his course confirming in all parts of the diocese, dedicating churches, and ordaining to the priesthood, two of the six first ordained by him on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady in 1844, still surviving hoary with long years of priestly labor, Rev. Sylvester Malone and Rev. George McCloskey. But the weightier and important duties connected with the administration are unrecorded. The most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore in his funeral sermon on Cardinal McCloskey said truly: "The life of the Cardinal has never been written and never can be. And this is true of every Catholic prelate. He can never have his Boswell. The biographer may relate his public and official acts. He may recount the churches he erected, the schools he opened, the institutions of charity and religion which he established; the priests he ordained, the sermons he preached, the sacraments he administered, the laborious visitations he made, but he can know nothing of the private and inner life which is 'hidden with Christ in God.' That is manifest to God's recording angel only. The biographer knows nothing of the bishop's secret and confidential relations with his clergy and people, and even with many who are alien to his faith. He is the daily depository of their cares and anxieties, of their troubles and afflictions, of their trials and temptations. They come to him for counsel in doubt, for spiritual and even temporal assistance. Were a bishop's real life in its outward and inward fulness published, it would be more interesting than a novel."

Even with the aid of so untiring a coadjutor as Dr. McCloskey,

Bishop Hughes found the diocese too large to be administered with the care that all portions required. When the Sixth Provincial Council convened at Baltimore, in May, 1846, which he attended with his coadjutor, he urged a division of his diocese, the necessity of which Bishop McCloskey could attest. New Sees were proposed at Albany and Buffalo. Pius IX., yielding to the request of the Fathers of the Council of Baltimore, erected the dioceses of Albany and Buffalo. Bishop McCloskey was translated from the See of Axiere to that of Albany, and the diocese committed to his care comprised the portion of New York State north of the forty-second degree, and lying east of Cayuga, Tompkins and Tioga counties.

He took possession of his diocese early in the summer, making St. Mary's his pro-cathedral, till the erection of his cathedral, of which he laid the corner-stone soon after his arrival. A visitation of his diocese followed, and then began the work of developing the Catholic interests in the portion of the State. His diocese contained forty-four churches, and about as many clergymen, with but few institutions of education or charity. Its progress was steady, solid and effectual. He added new priests, well chosen and trained, introduced the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Christian Brothers, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. His Cathedral was completed and was recognized as one of the greatest ornaments of the city; but all extravagance was avoided and discouraged. Churches were reared suited to the means of the flock, and the tepid, careless and indifferent were recalled to their Christian duties, till the diocese assumed a new spirit. None but those who lived there, and witnessed the progress, can form a conception of what Bishop McCloskey accomplished while he gave the best period of his life to the diocese of Albany.

More than a hundred churches, and nearly a hundred priests, with schools, academies, hospitals, asylums, were the fruits of the Catholic life aroused by his zeal.

As Bishop of Albany he took part in the Seventh Provincial Council of Baltimore in 1849; the first Plenary Council, in 1852; and the first of New York, 1854. In all these his prudence and wisdom deeply impressed his associates, as many of them have testified. In his diocese his relations to his clergy in his Synod, and in occasional directions, showed a gentle consideration for others, which overcame all obstacles.

On the death of Archbishop Hughes, to whom he had long since been named successor, the voice of the bishops of the Province, as well as the desire of the clergy and people of the diocese, solicited from the Holy See the promotion of Bishop McCloskey, and the successor of St. Peter soon pronounced the definitive word. He returned to New York just as the terrible civil war came to a close; and the paralyzed country could look to its future. Under his impulse the new Cathedral was completed and dedicated with a pomp never yet witnessed in the Western World. The State of New York for some years had suffered from a want of churches; but amid a war draining the wealth and blood of the country, it would have been rash to attempt to erect them when all value were fictitious. Now, under the impulse of the quiet and

retiring Archbishop, old churches were enlarged; new parishes were formed and endowed with churches; schools increased in number and efficacy. While increasing the number of his parochial clergy both in numbers and in the thorough education he so highly esteemed, Archbishop McCloskey gave the religious orders every encouragement, and introduced others. Communities of religious women, for various forms of charity, also found a hearty support from him. In the administration of the diocese, and the direction of these communities, he displayed his wonted wisdom in selecting as his Vicar General, the Rev. William Quinn, whose ability of a remarkable order had already been tested.

Archbishop McCloskey took part in the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, whose acts are such a code of doctrine and discipline. "Of it he was a burning and a shining light," said Archbishop Gibbons. "He was conspicuous alike for his eloquence in the pulpit, and for his wisdom in the council chamber. I well remember the discourse he delivered at the opening session. The clear, silvery tones of his voice, the grace of his gestures and manner, the persuasive eloquence and charm of his words are indelibly imprinted on my memory and imagination. Just before ascending the pulpit, a telegram was handed to him, announcing the destruction by fire of his Cathedral. He did not betray the slightest emotion, notwithstanding the sudden and calamitous news. Next morning I expressed to him my surprise at his imperturbable manner. "The damage," he replied, "is done, and I cannot undo it. We must calmly submit to the will of Providence."

The decrees of the Plenary Council, with those of the Council of New York, were promulgated by him in a Synod held by him at New York, in September, 1868.

The next year he was summoned to attend a General Council at Rome, the first held in the church since the Synod of Trent. The Council of the Vatican had been equalled by but few in the number of bishops, by none in the universality of the representation. Before modern science had facilitated modes of travel and communication, the area including those who attended was comparatively limited. To the Vatican Council, however, they came not from all parts of Europe only, but from Palestine, India and China; from the Moslem States of Africa; the European colonies; the negro kingdoms of the interior; America sent her bishops from Canada and the United States; the Spanish republics, Australia and the islands of the Pacific even had their bishops seated beside those of the most ancient Sees. Here Archbishop McCloskey was a conspicuous figure, respected for learning, experience, the firmness with which he held the opinion he mildly but conclusively advanced. In the committee on discipline his wisdom excited the highest admiration of the presiding cardinal.

When the impious seizure of Rome made the sovereign Pontiff a prisoner in the Vatican, the proceedings of the council were deferred to better days, which the Church still prayfully awaits. Archbishop McCloskey returned to his diocese; but the malaria of the Campagna had affected his health, never rugged, and shattered some years previously

by a railroad accident, on a journey required by his high office. But he resumed his accustomed duties, inspiring good works, or guiding and supporting them like the Catholic Protectory, the Catholic Union of New York, and its branch since developed to such wide-reaching influence, the Xavier Union.

The impression which he had produced at Rome, from his early visit as a young priest to his dignified course in age as a Father of the Council of the Vatican, led to a new and singular honor, in which the whole country shared his honor. In the consistory held March 15, 1875, Pope Pius IX. created Archbishop McCloskey a Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, his title being that of Sancta Maria supra Minervam, the very church from which Rt. Rev. Dr. Concanen was taken to preside over the diocese of New York as its first bishop. The insignia of the high dignity soon reached the city borne by a member of the Pope's noble guard and a Papel Ablegate. The berretta was formerly presented to him in St. Patrick's Cathedral, April 22, 1875. According to usage he soon after visited Rome and took possession of the church from which he derived his title. He was summoned to the conclave held on the death of Pope Pius IX., but arrived only after the election of Pope Leo XIII., to whom he paid homage, receiving from his hands the Cardinal's hat, the last ceremonial connected with his appointment.

After his return he resumed his usual duties, but they soon required the aid of a younger prelate, though all his suffragans were ever ready to relieve their venerated Metropolitan by officiating for him. He finally solicited the appointment of the young but tried Bishop of Newark as his coadjutor, and Bishop Michael Augustine Corrigan was promoted to the titular See of Petra, October 1, 1880. Gradually his health declined and for a time he was dangerously ill; but retirement to Mount St. Vincent's, where in the castellated mansion erected by Forrest, he had the devoted care of the Sisters of Charity, and visits to Newport seemed to revive for a time his waning strength. His mind remained clear, and he continued to direct the affairs of his diocese, convening a Provincial Council, the acts of which were transmitted to Rome. "The Cardinal's fidelity to duty clung to him to the end. He continued to plead for his flock at God's altar, as long as he had power to stand. Even when the effort to say Mass would so fatigue him that he could do nothing else that morning, he continued, at least, on feast days, to offer the Holy Sacrifice. He said his last Mass on the Feast of the Ascension, 1884." At the Plenary Council in Baltimore, at the close of that year, the diocese was represented by his coadjutor.

From the time of his last Mass he was unable to read or write; unable to move a single step without assistance. In this condition he lingered, sinking by a slow and gradual decline, but preserving his serenity and the full possession of his mental faculties. "None of those around him," says Archbishop Corrigan, "ever heard the first syllable of complaint. It was again his service of the Lord, such as our Lord ordained it. To those who sympathized with him in his helplessness, the sweet answer would be made: 'It is God's will. Thy will, O Lord, be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Fulfilling God's will, he

passed away, calmly and in peace, as the whole course of his life had been, and without a struggle; 'the last words he was able to utter, being the Hail Mary.'"

The death of our first American Cardinal, October 10th, 1885, called forth from the press, and from the clergy of other denominations, a uniform expression of deep and touching respect. He had won many moral victories without fighting battles; his victories left no rancor. Everywhere at Catholic altars Masses were offered for the repose of his soul, and when the tidings crossed the Atlantic, the solemn services at Paris and Rome attested the sense of his merit, and of the Church's loss.

His funeral in New York was most imposing. Around the grand Cathedral, as around a fretted rock of marble, surged the waves of people, like a sea. The vast interior was filled, and beneath the groined roof he had reared, lay, in his pontifical vestments,—the hat, insignia of his highest dignity, at his feet,—the mild and gentle and patient Cardinal McCloskey, his life's work well and nobly ended.

The solemn Mass, the deep tones of the organ, the Gregorian notes of the choirs moved all to pray for the soul of one whose life had been given to the service of God. The Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. James Gibbons, pronounced the funeral discourse, and then the body was laid beside those of his predecessors in the crypt beneath.

A month later, and again the *Dies Iræ* resounded through that noble monument of his love for religion. The Month's Mind, that touching tribute which our Church pays her departed, called forth from the Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, who knew him so well and so intimately, words full of touching reminiscences.

Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, S. C., who knew him so intimately, thus described him a few years ago before the hand of disease had changed him. "In personal appearance the Cardinal is about five feet ten inches in height, straight, and thin in person and apparently frail, though his chest is full, and the tones of his voice when preaching are clear and far reaching. His features are regular and finely chiselled. The brow is lofty, the nose thin and straight, the eyes keen, quick and penetrating; the thin lips, even in repose, seeming to preserve the memory of a smile; the whole expression of the countenance, one of serious thought and placid repose. Yet you feel or see indications of activity ready to manifest itself through the brows, the eyes or the lips. In fact his temperament is decidedly nervous; and if you observe the natural promptness and decision of his movements, you might almost think him quick and naturally impetuous. There could be no greater mistake; or, if he is such by natural disposition, this is one of the points where his seminary training has taught him to control and master himself. The forte of his character is his unchanging equanimity. And yet there there must have been in him a wondrous amount of nervous energy to enable him to survive very serious injuries to his frame in early life, and to endure the severe physical labors of an American bishop for thirty years. . . . Piety, learning, experience, zeal—every bishop should have these as a matter of course. He has more. In address, gentle, frank and winning, he at once puts you at ease, and

makes you feel you are speaking to a father or a friend in whom you may unreservedly confide. Soft and delicate in manners as a lady, none could ever presume in his presence to say a word or do an act tinged with rudeness, still less indelicacy. Kind and patient with all who come to him, he is especially considerate with his clergy. To them he is just in his decisions, wise in his counsels and exhortations, ever anxious to aid them in their difficulties. Tender and lenient as a mother to those who wish to do right, and to correct evil, he is inflexible when a principle is at stake, and can be stern when the offender is obdurate. Notoriety and display are supremely distasteful to him. He would have his work done, and thoroughly done, and his own name or his part in it never mentioned. He studiously avoids coming before the public, save in his ecclesiastical functions, or where a sense of duty drives him to it. He prefers to work quietly and industriously in the sphere of his duties. Here, he is unflagging, so ordering matters that work never accumulates on his hands through his own neglect."

The Pope and the Mikado.

THE following is the text of the letter addressed by His Holiness to the Mikado of Japan: —

To the Illustrious and Most Mighty Emperor of All Japan, LEO PP. XIII., greeting.

August Emperor:

Though separated from each other by a vast intervening expanse of space, we are none the less fully aware here of your pre-eminent, anxious care in promoting all that is for the good of Japan. In truth, the measures Your Imperial Majesty has taken for the increase of civilization, and especially for the moral culture of your people, call for the praise and approval of all who desire the welfare of nations and that interchange of benefits which are the natural fruit of a more refined culture,— the more so that, with greater moral polish, the minds of men are more fitted to imbibe wisdom and to embrace the light of truth. For these reasons we beg of you that you will graciously be pleased to accept this visible expression of our good-will with the same sincerity with which it is tendered.

The very reason, indeed, which has moved us to despatch this letter to Your Majesty, has been our wish of publicly expressing the pleasure of our heart. For the favors which have been vouchsafed to every missionary and Christian, we are truly beholden to you. By their own testimony we have been made acquainted with your grace and goodness to both priests and laymen. Nothing truly, in your power, could be more praiseworthy as a matter of justice or more beneficent to the common weal, inasmuch as you will find the Catholic

religion a powerful auxiliary in maintaining the stability of your Empire.

For all dominion is founded on justice, and of justice there is not a principle which is not laid down in the precepts of Christianity. And thus, all they who bear the name of Christian, are above all enjoined,—not through fear of punishments, but by the voice of religion,—to reverence the kingly sway, to obey the laws, and not to seek for ought in public affairs save that which is peaceful and upright. We most earnestly beseech you, therefore, to grant the utmost freedom in your power to all Christians, and to deign, as heretofore, to protect their institutions with your patronage and favor. We, on our part, shall suppliantly beseech God, the author of all good, that he may grant your beneficial undertakings their wished-for outcome, and may bestow upon Your Majesty, and the whole realm of Japan, blessings and favors increasing day by day.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the twelfth day of May, 1885, in the eighth year of Our Pontificate.

Order of the Buried Alive.

THE order of the Buried Alive in Rome, the Convent of the Sepolte Vivo, is a remnant of the Middle Ages in the life of to-day. *The London Queen's* correspondent had the privilege of an entrance within, one after another, of the five iron doors, and talking with the Mother Superior through the thick swathing of a woollen veil, but ordinary communication with the convent is carried on through the "barrel," which fills an opening in the wall. Over the barrel is written: "Who will live contented within these walls, let her leave at the gate every earthly care." You knock at the barrel, which turns slowly around till it shows a section like that of an orange from which one of the quarters has been cut.

You speak to the invisible sister, who asks your will; and she answers you in good Italian and cultivated intonation. You hear the voice quite distinctly, but as if it was far, far away. She is really separated from you by a slender slice of wood, but she is absolutely invisible. Not the smallest ray of light, nor the smallest chink is visible between you and her. Sound travels through the barrel, but sight is absolutely excluded. These nuns live on charity, keeping two Lents in the year—one from November to Christmas, the other the ordinary Lent of Catholic Christendom. Living, therefore, on charity, they may eat whatever is given to them, saving always "flesh meat" during the fasting time.

If you take them a cake or a loaf of bread, a roll of chocolate bonbons, a basket of eggs, it is all good for them. They must be absolutely without food for twenty-four hours before they may ask help from the outside world; and when they have looked starvation in the face, then they may ring a bell, which means: "Help us! we are famishing!"

Perhaps you take them nothing eatable, but you place on the edge of the cut orange, by which you sit, some money, demanding in return their "cartolini," or little papers.

The barrel turns slowly round, then back again, and you find on the ledge, where you had laid your lire, a paper of "cartolini." These are very small, thin, light-printed slips, neatly folded in tiny packets, three to each packet, which, if you swallow in faith, will cure you of all disease. After your talk is ended, the barrel turns around once more and presents its face as of an immovable and impenetrable-looking barrier. One of the pretty traditions of Rome is, that each sister has her day, when she throws a flower over the convent wall as a sign to her watching friends that she is still alive. When she has been gathered to the majority, the flower is not thrown, and the veil has fallen forever.

Harvard College and the Catholic Theory of Education.

SLOWLY, but with unmistakable certainty, the logic of the Catholic teaching regarding true education is forcing itself upon non-Catholic minds. Day by day some prominent Protestant comes boldly to the front and declares his belief that education must be based upon religion. One of the latest accessions to this correct theory is President Eliot, of Harvard College, who declared at a recent meeting of Boston school-teachers that, —

"The great problem is that of combining religions with secular education. This was no problem sixty or seventy years ago, for then our people were homogeneous. Now, the population is heterogeneous. Religious teaching can best be combined with secular teaching and followed in countries of heterogeneous population, like Germany, Austria, France and Belgium, where the government pays for the instruction, and the religious teachers belonging to different denominations are admitted to the public schools at fixed times. That is the only way out of the difficulty. . . . I see, growing up on every side, parochial schools — that is, Catholic schools — which take large numbers of children out of the public schools of the city. That is a great misfortune, and the remedy is to admit religious instructors to teach these children in the public schools. This is what is done in Europe. And all those who are strongly interested in the successful maintenance of our public school system will urge the adoption of the method I have described for religious education."

These are strong words, and coming from such a source cannot fail to have their legitimate result. The fearlessness and sincerity of President Eliot in thus stating his position on this most important subject merits the appreciation of every American, Catholic or Protestant.

We add in connection with the above, the remarks of the *Christian Advocate*, a Protestant paper published at San Francisco, Cal.: —

"The course which the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, in this country, are taking in regard to the education of children is, from their stand-point, worthy of praise. They see that in order to keep their children under the rule of the Church, they must

keep them from the public schools, where they think Protestant influence predominates. Therefore they are providing for them in their parochial schools and academies at an extra expense that does credit to their zeal and devotion. Their plans are broad, deep and far-reaching, and they are a unit in the prosecution of them. They are loyal to their convictions, making everything subservient to the interests of their religion. Understanding, as they do, the importance of moulding character in the formative period, they look diligently after the religious culture of their children. In all this they are deserving of commendation, and Protestants may receive valuable hints from them of tenacity of grip and self-denying devotion to their faith.

An Affecting Incident at Sea.

SELDOM have passengers by our great Atlantic steamers witnessed so solemn and impressive a scene as that at which it fell to the lot of the passengers in the outward voyage of the Inman liner, "City of Chester," to assist. It appears that one of the passengers was a Mr. John Enright, a native of Kerry, who, having amassed a fortune in America, had gone to Ireland to take out with him to his home in St. Louis three young nieces who had recently become orphans. During the passage Mr. Enright died from an affection of the heart; and the three little orphans were left once more without a protector. Fortunately there were amongst the passengers the Rev. Father Tobin, of the Cathedral, St. Louis; the Rev. Father Henry, of the Church of St. Laurence O'Toole, St. Louis; and the Rev. Father Clarkson, of New York. Father Henry was the Celebrant of the Mass of Requiem; and Colonel Mapleson and his London Opera Company, who were also on board, volunteered their services for the choir. They chanted, with devotional effect, the *De Profundis* and the *Miserere;* and Madame Marie Roze sang, "Oh, rest in the Lord," from "Elijah." The bell of the ship was then tolled; and a procession was formed, headed by Captain Condron, of the "City of Chester." The coffin, which was enveloped in the American flag, was borne to the side of the ship, from which it was gently lowered into the sea. The passengers paid every attention to the orphans during the remainder of the voyage, at the termination of which they were forwarded to the residence of their late uncle in St. Louis.

Sing, Sing for Christmas.

SING, sing for Christmas! Welcome happy day!
For Christ is born our Saviour, to take our sins away;
Sing, sing a joyful song, loud and clear to-day,
To praise our Lord and Saviour, who in the manger lay.

Sing, sing for Christmas! Echo, earth! and cry
Of worship, honor, glory, and praise to God on high;
Sing, sing the joyful song; let it never cease;
Of glory in the highest, on earth good-will to man.

Dead Man's Island.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DOOMED NATION.

A passion of anger and despair swept over Ireland when it was at last announced that Crowe had sold the pass. For some days the people were in the same dazed and helpless condition of mind that followed the potato blight of '46. In that terrible year one of the strange and most universally observed phenomena was that the people looked, for days after the advent of the blight that brought the certainty of hunger and death, silent and motionless and apathetic. And so it was now, when there came a blight, less quickly, but as surely, destructive of national life and hope. There was a dread presentiment that this was a blow from which the nation was not destined to recover for many a long day, and though they could not reason about it, the people had the instinctive feeling that the rule of the landlord was now fixed more tightly than ever, and that emancipation was postponed to a day beyond that of the present generation.

The landlords appreciated the situation with the same instinctive readiness and perception. At once the pause which had come in the work of eviction was broken, the plague raged immediately with a fierceness that seemed to have gained more hellish energy and more devilish cruelty from its temporary abatement. The roads were thick with troops of people rushing wildly from their homes and fleeing from their native country as from a land cursed alike by God and by man. Mat Blake, passing along from Dublin to Ballybay, was almost driven to insanity by the sights he saw at the different sections along the way.

Every station was besieged by vast crowds of the emigrants and their friends. There are few sights so touching as the sight of the parting of Irish families at a railway station. The ties of family are closer and more affectionate than anybody can appreciate who has not lived the life of an Irish home. The children grow up in a dependence on their parents that may well seem slavery to other peoples. The grown son is still the "boy" years after he has attained manhood's years, the daughter remains a little girl, whom her mother has the right to chide and direct and control in every action. Such ties beget helplessness as well as affection, and the Irish peasant still regards many things as worse than death, which, by peoples of less ardent religious faith, are regarded more philosophically.

When Mat looked at the simple faces of those poor girls, at the bewildered look in the countenances of the young men, and thought of

how ignorant and helpless these people were, he could understand the almost insane anguish of their parents as they saw them embark on an ocean so dark and tempestuous and remote as the crowded cities of America, and Mat could penetrate down into the minds of his people and see with the lightning flash of sympathy the dread spectre that tortured the minds, filled the eyes, and darkened the brows of the Irish parents.

Station after station, it was always the same sight. The parting relatives were locked in each other's arms; they wept and cried aloud, and swayed in their grief.

"Cheer up, father; God is good."

"Ah, Paddie, my darlint, I'll never see ye agin."

"Oh mother, dear, don't fret."

"May God and His Blessed Mother in heaven protect my poor girl."

Then more kisses through the carriage windows.

The guards and porters frantically called upon the people to stand back; they clung on, careless of danger to life and limb; and as the black, hideous, relentless monster shot away they rushed along the line; they passed into the fields, and waved handkerchiefs, and shouted the names of the parting child or sister or brother; until at last the distance swallowed up the train and its occupants, and then they returned to homes from which forever afterwards the light had passed away.

Such were the scenes which Mat saw, and when he got to Ballybay station there was that look on his face which to any keen observer would have revealed much in the Irish character and afforded the key to many startling episodes in Irish history. It was a look at once of infinite rage and infinite despair; it spoke of wrong — hated, gigantic, at once intolerable and insurmountable. One sees a similar impress in the faces of Irishmen in Massachusetts, though the climate of America has reduced the large, loose frame to the thin build of the new country, and has bleached the ruddy complexion of Ireland to a sickly white or an ugly yellow; it is the look one can detect in the faces of the men who dream of death in the midst of slain foes and wrecked palaces; it blazes in the eyes of Healy, as with sacrilegious hand he smites the venerable front of the mother of Parliaments.

Mat had come to Ireland for the Easter recess; he had drawn out of the savings bank a few pounds of the money he had placed there for the furnishing of the house which he destined for Mary and Betty Cunningham. He longed to have a share in punishing the perjured traitor who had betrayed the country. The sights he had seen along the route satisfied him as to the temper of the people, and he entered Ballybay secure in the hope that if the traitor had been raised by the town to the opportunity of deceiving the people, he would be cast into the dust by the same hand.

He had not been long in the town when he found that he had wholly misconceived its spirit. The one feeling that seemed to dominate all others, was that the acceptance by Crowe of office meant another election; and another election meant another shower of gold.

In his father's house he found assembled his father and mother,

and Tom Flaherty and Mary. They were discussing the election, of course, and this was how they discussed it.

"I always thought Crowe was a smart fellow," said Fleming. "There's one thing certain; he'll have plenty of money now, and as I have always said, 'I'm a Protestant,'" and then Mat repeated his characteristic saying.

"Do you mean to say," said Mat, with a face fierce with rage and surprise, "that you'd vote again for Crowe, after his treason?"

"And why shouldn't he vote for him?" asked Mat's mother, in a voice almost as fierce as his own. "Isn't he a Government man, and doesn't every one know that the people who can do anything for themselves or anybody else in Ireland are Government men?"

Mat, fond as he was of his mother, felt almost as if he could have killed her at that moment; he could not speak for a few minutes for rage. At last he almost shrieked, "If there was any decency in Ballybay Crowe would never leave the town alive."

"Ah! the crachure!" said Tom Flaherty.

"Ah! the crachure! Why shouldn't he look out for himself; shure, isn't that what we're all trying to do? God bless us."

Mary glanced uneasily at Mat, but he refused to look at her; she seemed for a moment spoiled in his eyes by her kinship with this polluted and degraded creature. His father gave him a wistful glance, but said nothing. Whenever there was a tempest between his wife and his son he remained silent.

And so this was how Ballybay regarded the great betrayal! Mat felt inclined to throw himself into the Shannon, and have done with life as quickly as he was losing hope and faith.

He took a look once more at the bare and squalid streets and gloomy people; and then at the frowning castle and the passing regiment of the English garrison; and he despaired of his country.

But he had come to help in the fight against Crowe; and after the involuntary tribute of this brief interval of despondency, he at once set to work. After many disappointments he found a few men who shared his views of the situation, and a committee was formed to go out and ask Captain Ponsonby to stand once more; for though Mat hated the politics of Ponsonby, he thought any stick was good enough to beat the foul traitor with. Captain Ponsonby consented, and so the contest was started. The *Nation* newspaper sent down several of its staff; the old Tenant Right Party held meetings, asked that Ballybay should do its duty, and save the whole country from the awful calamity of triumphant treason. Everything was thus arranged for a struggle with Crowe that would test all his powers, backed though he was by the money and the influence of the Government.

Mat's speeches, the articles in the newspapers, and the vigorous efforts of the few honest men in the town, had at last roused Ballybay until it began to share some of the profound horror and indignation which the action of Crowe had provoked throughout the country generally. There was but one more thing necessary, and the defeat of Crowe was certain; if the bishop joined in the opposition, there was no possibility of his winning.

All Ireland waited in painful tension to see what the verdict of the bishop would be. Mat heard it before anybody else, for a young curate who lived in the College House with the bishop, and was a fierce Nationalist, gave Mat a daily bulletin; the bishop resolved to support the Solicitor-General.

At first nobody would believe the tale; but the next day it was put beyond all doubt, and Mat was almost suffocated by his own wrath as he saw the "Seraph," with his divine face, arm in arm with the perjured ruffian that had brought sorrow to so many thousands of homes.

Mat fought on, but it was no longer with any strong hope of winning. His face grew darker every day, and the lines became drawn about his eyes, for there was another struggle going on in his mind at this moment, as well as the political contest in which he was engaged.

The reader may remember the monitor of the school in which Mat was a pupil when the eviction of the widow Cunningham took place. The monitor was now the teacher of the National School, and Mat and he had begun to have many colloquies.

Michael Reed was regarded as a very sardonic and disagreeable person by most of the people of Ballybay. His hatchet face seemed appropriate to a man who never seemed to agree with the opinion of anybody else, who sneered, it was thought, all round, who laughed when other people wept, and who derided the moments of exultant hope. He had always been among those who hated and distrusted Crowe, and Mat, who was intolerant himself, rather avoided him, while he still had faith in the traitor. But the wreck of all his illusions sent him repentant to Reed, and they had many conversations, in which Mat found himself listening willingly and after a while even greedily, to ideas that a short time before he would have been himself the first to denounce as folly and madness.

The idea of Reed was that the only way to work out the freedom of Ireland was by force of arms. Mat at first was inclined to laugh at the idea; but an impressionable and vehement nature such as his was ill calculated to cope for a lengthened time with a nature precise, cold, and stubborn like that of Reed. Strength of will and tenacity of opinion make their way against better judgment, especially if there can be no doubt of the sincerity of the man of such a temper, and the rigid eye, the proud air, and the whole attitude of Reed spoke, and spoke truly, of a life of absolute purity, and of a fanaticism of Spartan endurance.

There was one consequence of the acceptance of the ideas of Reed, and from this, with all his devotion and rage and sorrow for the pitiable condition of his country, Mat still shrank. A revolutionary could not marry or be engaged to marry; for what man had the right to tie to his dark and uncertain fate the life of a woman — perhaps of children?

The defeat of Crowe would once more restore faith to the people in constitutional resources, and would save them from the cynicism and apathy which might require a revolutionary movement to rouse them once more to hope and action. And thus in fighting against Crowe,

Mat now felt as if he were fighting not merely for his country, but for his own dear life.

Then if Crowe were defeated, Mat could return to his work in London, and resume his efforts in carrying out the sacred purpose of raising his father and mother from poverty; for of marriage he could not think unless he were in a position to help his father and mother more than he had done hitherto. If he ever dared to think of marriage otherwise, there came before him the gaunt image of his mother pointing to her faded and ragged workbox with its awful pawn-tickets and bank bills.

It was while he was in the midst of this fierce and agonizing struggle that Mat was called hurriedly one day to the house of Mary, by the news that Mrs. Flaherty had been taken very ill, and was supposed to be dying.

Mat came to the house, endeared to him by so many memories and hopes, trembling, and with a cold feeling about his heart. Why was it that he started back with a pang when he saw Cosgrave in the house before him? Why at that moment did there rush again over his whole soul that awful image which swept over him before? Why in imagination did he stand at night on a wild heath, shivering and alone?

"What brought Cosgrave here?" he asked of Mary sharply.

"Oh!" said Mary, "he came to tell us that he had been made a J. P."

"So he has attained his pitiful ambition," said Mat sharply. "It's through sneaks like him that scoundrels like Crowe are able to betray the country."

"Oh, never mind the low creature," said Mary, with a look of infinite contempt, that Mat was surprised to find very soothing.

He went up stairs. A look at the face of Mrs. Flaherty showed him at once that the alarm was not a false one — she was evidently dying.

There was the old look of patient affection in her tender face, and there was another look, too, which Mat could not misunderstand. It was a look of wistful appeal, half-uttered question, of a fond but tremulous hope.

And it added to the misery of that dark hour that Mat could say nothing, and that he had to let that true and deeply-loved soul pass out of life with its greatest fear unsatisfied, and its brightest hope unassured. For Mat could not utter a decisive word.

Between him and the speech there stood two shadows, potent, dark, and resistless — his mother pointing to her work-box, and Reed pointing to a revolver.

Mary stood beside the bed tearless.

"Doesn't Mary bear up well?" said Mat in surprise to her blubbering father.

"Mary doesn't cry," said her father; "she frets," and in these words Mat thought the whole character of the girl was summed up.

Mrs. Flaherty died on Thursday; the polling was on the following day. Mat was still under the impression of the dark and painful scene when the new excitement came. He hoped against hope to the

last, went about the town like one insane, and spoke in his passion of country even to O'Flynn, the pawn-broker, and of honor to Mat Fleming, and then waited at the closing hour to hear the result. The result was: —

Crowe	125
Ponsonby	112

Mat turned pale, and almost fell, his head swam, his heart seemed for a moment to have stopped. He would not yet acknowledge it in so many words; but the sentence still kept ringing in his ears, "Thy doom is sealed, thy doom is sealed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE STORY OF BETTY CUNNINGHAM.

The disaster which swept over all Ireland through the final success of the treachery of Crowe raged soon after in Ballybay. The town had been reduced by successive misfortunes to a condition so abject that one calamity was sufficient to completely submerge the greater portion of its inhabitants. Mr. Anthony Cosgrave, J. P., signalized the event by driving out the few tenants who still remained on the properties he had bought. He turned all his land into pasture, for this was the prosperous era of the graziers, and cattle were rapidly transformed into gold. Other landlords pursued similar courses, and within a couple of years, ten thousand people had been swept from the neighborhood around.

The calamity reached down to the very lowest stratum, and touched depths so profound as the fortunes of the widow Cunningham and her daughter Betty.

It had now become habitual for the widow and her daughter to remain for a couple of days with barely any food. One night they were sitting opposite each other on the bare floor of the railway arch in which they had for several years found refuge, staring at each other with the blank, wild gaze of hunger. There was a terrible pang at the heart of the mother on this night of nights. Throughout all her long years of struggle two great thoughts still remained burning in her soul, and in spite of poverty and hunger that soul still remained afire. One was vengeance on Cosgrave for the long train of woes through which she herself had passed, and the other was the protection of her child.

With that profound reverence for female honor which is still one of the best characteristics of the Irish poor, she had seen the growth of her beautiful daughter with a love mixed with terror, and guarded her child as the tigress watches by her lair. Her own life had long since ceased to be dear to her. She walked for hours through the streets, she pleaded for custom, she smiled under insult, she bore rain and hail and snow, in hope of the fulfilment of this great passionate purpose — to keep her daughter pure.

The misery of the last six months had been aggravated by the dread, growing in intensity with every hour, that all this endurance would be in vain, that behind the wolf of hunger there stalked the more cruel wolf of lust, and that her daughter was doomed. On this subject not a word passed between the two women, for the delicacy of feeling which marks even the humblest grade of Irish life sealed their lips; but the dread was always there in the mother's heart, pursuing her as a nightmare through the long watches of the darkness, and haunting her every moment as wearily she carried her basket through the streets in the day.

"Buy a few apples, yer honor, for God's sake," she often said to a passer-by, in a tone that might have struck one as menacing, or at least as entirely disproportionate to the urgency of the appeal; but in every such prayer for pence the mother felt that she was crying for her child, and her child's soul, and her accents came from the very anguish of her mother's heart.

On this night — it was about a month after the election of Crowe — the two sat together, buried in their own sad thoughts. They were suddenly aroused by the floor becoming inundated, and at once knew what to expect. The Shannon periodically rose above its banks outside Ballybay, and then its waters overspread the "Big Meadows," and the railway arch underneath which the widow and her daughter had taken refuge was, as will be remembered, close to these Meadows.

They rose and rushed from the spot. They were now absolutely homeless, without even a place on which to lay their heads. They went further on to another railway arch, and at last slept. When the mother awoke in the morning she was alone.

At this period a Ballybay landlord, afterwards destined to figure largely in the social life of Ireland, had just come of age. Thomas McNaghten was perhaps the handsomest Irishman of his day; tall, broad-shouldered, muscular. He had a physique as splendid as that of the race of peasants from whom his father sprang; while from the gentler race of his mother he derived features of exquisite delicacy and the complexion of a lily-like pink and white. He afterwards ran a career of mad dissipation that made his name a by-word even among the reckless and debauched class to which he belonged, and died a paralytic before he was forty. But at the period of our story, he was still in the full strength and the first flush of manhood. He had cast his eyes on Betty Cunningham, and had held out to her bribes that seemed to unfold to the girl visions of untold wealth. The innate purity of the maiden had hitherto been proof against the direct influences of poverty and wretchedness and the advances of her tempter. But at last the combined intensities of hunger and despair became his allies.

Three weeks after her desertion of her mother Betty Cunningham was drunk in one of the public-houses, which were frequented by the soldiers quartered in Ballybay. The fatal progress of the Irish girl who has fallen is more rapid than in any other country. Society, always cruel to its hapless victims and its outcasts, in Ireland is fanatically and barbarously savage. Betty was driven out from every house! People

shuddered as she passed. She lay under hedges, her bed was often in the snow. To Ballybay she was as much an object of loathing and of horror as though she were some wild beast that men might lawfully destroy.

The girl herself had no compensation for all this dread outlawry. The Traviatas of other lands are painted for us in gilded saloons, with costly wines in golden goblets, and noble lovers sighing for their smiles. But Betty, outcast, hungry, and houseless, had not one second's enjoyment of life. The faith in which she had been trained still held its grip upon her, and neither vice nor drink nor human cruelty could relax its grasp. She was a sinner against Heaven's most sacred law; and after brief life came death, and after death eternal torment. Pursued by this ever-present spectre she drank and drank, and awoke more wretched than ever, and then she drank again.

She would sometimes seek refuge from her burning shame and from her tortured soul in fierce revolt. She rolled in mad delirium through the streets, yelled the blasphemies in the shuddering ears of Ballybay, fought the police who came to arrest her, developed, in short, into a raging demon. Her face became bloated, her expression horrible to witness. One day, as she passed through the streets in one of these frenzies, she met Mat Blake. She shivered in every limb, and a pang, as from the thrust of a dagger, passed through her heart. But she attempted all the more to steel her nerves, and to harden her face. She raised her eyes and glared, but the eyes fell, and she slunk away.

And thus it was that Mat saw, for the first time since his return to Ballybay, the gentle, timid, lovely girl who had once willingly stood between him and death.

A few minutes afterwards, Betty's mother appeared. Her features bore the traces of the deepest grief that had yet assailed her. All pride had gone from that once imperious face; she was a stooped, shame-faced, old woman. As Mat looked at her there rushed before his memory the many momentous hours of his life with which that face was bound up, his days of childhood in her prosperous home, his association with her daughter, and the glad hours during the first election of Crowe, when life was still full of glorious hope, and she had dashed the glad vision with the first breath of suspicion and anticipated evil.

They looked at each other silently for a moment, and then she shook her head, and with a look of infinite grief in her eyes, said to him —

"Ah, Master Mat, it was the hunger did it; it was the hunger did it."

By a trick of memory Mat recollected that these were the words he had heard on that day, long ago, when Betty had rescued Mary and himself from the enraged bull.

One thing Mat had noticed as Betty Cunningham had passed; it was that amid the wreck of her beauty one feature still remained as strangely witching as ever. The soft eyes had not lost their delicacy of hue, nor had the evil passions of her soul deprived them of their gentle look. Those who mentioned her, and she was not an uncommon topic among the men of the town, still spoke of Betty's beautiful eyes.

At last there came a temporary change in her fate. A branch of the Mary Magdalene Asylum was established in Ballybay for the rescue of fallen women, and she was one of the first to enter. But her temper, spoiled by excesses and disappointment, fretted under the restraint. She quarrelled with the nuns, and one night she fled. Then the revival in all its fierce vigilance of the old spectre of eternal punishment made her more infuriate than ever. She drank more deeply, cursed more fiercely, was oftener in the police-cell, and Ballybay loathed her more than ever.

One morning — it was a Christmas morning — Mat was walking with his father in the "Big Meadows." Snow had fallen heavily the night before; and as they passed a bush, they saw the impress of a woman's form; it was evident that an unhappy being had there spent her Christmas Eve.

"My God!" said Mat, "a woman has slept there."

Mat's father was the kindest and most humane being in all the world, but "Serve the wretch right!" was his comment.

Her story wound up in a tragic climax. One night she made more violent resistance than ever to the attempts of the police to arrest her, and when she was at last captured, she was torn and bleeding. They put her into a cell by herself; she could be heard pacing up and down with the infuriate step of a caged tiger. The policeman on duty afterwards told how he had heard her muttering to herself, and that he thought he caught the words, "These eyes! These eyes! They have undone me! They have undone me!" Soon afterwards he heard a wild, unearthly shriek that froze his blood. He rushed into the cell, and there, horrible, bleeding. . . . But I dare not describe the sight.

. . . . . .

Betty Cunningham was taken once more into the Mary Magdalene Asylum. Her voice was trained, and after some years she sang in the choir. A strong hush always came over the chapel when her voice was heard. People still told in whispers the terrible story of the blind lay sister; and Mat, sitting in the chapel years afterwards, was carried over the whole history of her career and his own and that of Ballybay generally as he listened to her rich contralto singing second to the rest. He had always thought that there was something wondrously pathetic, at least in sacred music, in the voice that sings seconds, and the impression was confirmed as he listened to the blind girl's accompaniment to the other voices; low when they were loud, sad when they were triumphant, following painfully their quicker steps with that ever plaintive protest and soft wail — fit image of life, where our highest joys are dogged by sorrow's quick and inevitable step.

Conclusion next month.

CHARITY'S mantle is often made of gauze.

Alone.

"Canst thou watch one hour with me?"
How long since fell these words from Thee?
Before Thy blood-wept vigil in dark Gethsemane,
How many since to Thee have bent the knee?
And yet too few, for here, O Lord! art Thou;
Deserted? No! for angels crowding to Thee bring
Sweet, holy homage to their God, their King.
While — as Thy chosen ones forgetful slumbered —
Thy people passeth on the road unnumbered,
With never a thought of Thee, O God, beside.
'Tis well, O Lord! 'tis well for human kind,
Thy love is ever wondrous, great and wide,
Thy heart with golden mercies ever glowing,
Thy reaping not always Thy people's sowing.

DESMOND.

A Midnight Mass.

From the French of Abel d'Avrecourt, by Th. Xr. K.

In the height of the Reign of Terror, my grandmother, then a young girl, was living in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. There was a void around her and her mother; their friends, their relatives, the head of the family himself, had left France. Mansions were left desolate or else were invaded by new owners. They themselves had abandoned their rich dwellings for a plain lodging-house, where they lived waiting for better times, carefully hiding their names, which might have compromised them in those days. The churches, diverted from their purpose, were used as shops or manufactories. All outward practice of religion had ceased.

Nevertheless back of a sabot-maker's shop in the Rue Saint-Dominique, an old priest who had taken up his father's humble trade, used to gather some of the faithful together for prayer; but precaution had to be observed, for the hunt was close, and the humble temple was exactly next door to the dwelling of one of the members of the revolutionary government, who was an implacable enemy of religion.

It was then a cold December night; midnight Mass was being celebrated in honor of the festival of Christmas. The shop was carefully closed, while the incense was smoking in the little room back of it. A huge chest of drawers on which a clean, white cloth had been spread, served as altar. The priestly ornaments had been taken from their hiding-place, and the little assembly, composed of women and a few men, was in pious recollection, when a knock at the door, like that of the faithful, attracted attention.

One of the worshippers opened the door; a man hesitatingly entered. The face was one to which all were unaccustomed in that place. To some, alas! it was a face too well known; it was that of the man who had in the public councils shown himself so bitter against gatherings of the faithful, and whose presence, for that reason, was more than ever to be dreaded at such a moment.

Nevertheless the majesty of the sacrifice was not disturbed, but fear had seized on all the attendants; did not each of them have reason to fear for himself, for his family, and for the good old pastor, in even greater danger than his flock?

With severe, but calm, cold air, the member of the convention remained standing until the end of Mass and communion, and the farther the ceremony progressed, the more agitated were all hearts in the expectation of an event which could not but too well be foreseen.

When all was over, in fact, when the lights were hardly extinguished, the congregation cautiously slipped out one by one; then the stranger approached the priest who had recognized him, but who remained stoically calm. "Citizen priest," he said, "I have something to say to thee."

"Speak, my brother; how can I be of service to you?"

"It's a favor I must ask of thee, and I feel how ridiculous I am. The red is coming up into my face and I daren't say any more."

"My bearing and my ministry nevertheless are not of the kind to disturb you, and if any feeling of piety leads you to me—"

"Eh? That's exactly what it isn't. I don't know anything about religion; I don't want to know anything about it; I belong to those who have helped to destroy yours; but, for my misfortune, I have a daughter—"

"I don't see any misfortune in that," the priest interrupted.

"Wait, citizen, thou shalt see. We people, men of principles, we are the victims of our children; inflexible towards all in the maintenance of the ideas which we have formed for ourselves, we hesitate and we became children before the prayers and the tears of our children. I have then a daughter whom I have reared to be an honest woman and a true citizeness. I thought I had formed her to my image, and here I was grossly deceived.

"A solemn moment is approaching for her. With the new year, she marries a good young fellow, whom I myself selected for her husband. Everything was going right; the two children loved each other,—at least I thought so,—and everything was ready for the ceremony at the commune, when, this evening, my daughter threw herself at my feet, begging me to postpone her marriage.

"Surprised at first, I lifted her to her feet.

"'What! you don't love your intended?' I asked her.

"'Yes, father,' she replied, 'but I don't want to get married yet.'

"Pressed with questions on this strange caprice, she finally confessed her girlish idea. She wanted to wait, hoping that a day would come when she could get married, and have her union blessed in the church. My first burst of anger having passed, I cannot tell you all the fine reasons she gave me to obtain from me a thing so contrary to

my rule of conduct. The marriage of her dead mother had been performed in the church; her memory required that pious action; she would not think herself married if it was not at the foot of the altar; she would prefer to remain single the rest of her days.

"She said so much, mingling her entreaties and tears with it all, that she vanquished me. She even showed me the retreat which a few days ago I would not have discovered with impunity to you all. I have come to seek thee out, and now I ask thee: Thou hast before thee thy persecutor: wilt thou bless according to thy rite, the marriage of his daughter?"

The worthy priest replied:—

"My ministry knows neither rancor nor exclusion; I am glad, besides, for what you ask of me; only one thing grieves me, and that is that the father should be hostile to his daughter's design."

"Thou mistakest: I understand all sentiments. That of a girl who wants to be married as her mother was, seems to me to be deserving of respect, and just now, I saw, there is something touching which I cannot explain in your ceremonies, and it has made me better understand her thought."

A few days later the same back shop contained a few intimate and conciliating friends who were attending a wedding. We need not say that from that day, whether through change of principles or through gratitude, the member of the revolutionary government was secretly the protector of the little church which could live on in peace, unknown to its persecutors.

The Hero of Lepanto.

Part II.

"Every nation," it has been said, "makes most account of its own, and cares little for the heroes of other nations. Don John of Austria, as defender of Christendom, was the hero of all nations." He was the hero of "the battle of Lepanto which," as Alison remarks, "arrested forever the danger of Mahometan invasion in the south of Europe." As De Bonald adds, it was from that battle, that the decline of the Turkish power dates. "It cost the Turks more than the mere loss of ships and of men; they lost that moral force which is the mainstay of conquering nations."

It is not necessary in this sketch of the life of Don John to enter into any details about the tedious negotiations which preceded the coalition of the naval forces of Spain, Venice, and the Pope. Suffice it to say, that repulsed from Malta by the heroism of the Knights of St. John, the Turks next turned their naval armaments against Cyprus, then held by the Venetians. Menaced in one of her most valuable possessions, the Republic of Venice, too long the half-hearted ally of the

Turks, turned in her distress, for help to the Vatican and to the Escorial. St. Pius V. sat in the See of Peter. He turned no deaf ear to an appeal that seemed likely to bring about what the Roman Pontiffs had long desired — a new crusade against the Turks. Philip the Second, ever wary, ever dilatory, more able than the Pope to assist Venice, was less ready to do so. Spain would willingly have done what she could to destroy the Turkish power, but her monarch was not sorry to humble Venice, even to the profit of the infidel. So diplomatic delays and underhand intrigues delayed the relief of Cyprus, and the standard of the Sultan soon was hoisted over the walls of Famagusta — to remain there until replaced in our times — thanks to the wisdom of a great statesman — by the "meteor flag of England."

The terror caused by the fall of Cyprus, brought about after many negotiations, a league between the Republic, the Papacy, and the Spanish monarchy. A mighty naval armament was to be gathered together, and its commander was to be Don John of Austria. His success in subduing the Moriscoes naturally designated him, in spite of his extreme youth, for this high command. His operations, indeed, had been so far chiefly on land, but in the sixteenth century, a man might one day command a squadron of cavalry and on the next, a squadron of galleys. General and admiral were convertible terms. There was, indeed, some division of labor. Sailors navigated and soldiers fought the ship. And, as there is more resemblance between the row-galleys of Don John's epoch and the steam driven vessels of our times than there is between these and the ships which Nelson and Collingwood led to victory, perhaps we shall return to the old state of things and again send our soldiers to sea!

To return, however, to our hero, who has meanwhile subdued the Moriscoes and returned to Madrid before setting out to take command of the great fleet at Messina. One, however, there was who did not return with the Prince to Madrid, one who was no longer to be his "guide, philosopher, and friend." The faithful Quijada had been struck by a musket-ball in a fight at Seron, in which Don John himself, in rallying his troops, had a narrow escape. After a week of suffering, the brave knight expired in the arms of his foster-son, February 24, 1570. "We may piously trust," says the chronicler,* "that the soul of Don Luis rose up to heaven with the sweet incense which burned on the altars of St. Jerome at Caniles; for he spent his life, and finally lost it, in fighting like a valiant soldier of the faith."

Before relating the episodes of the great victory of Lepanto, it will not be inopportune to glance at one of the great evils, that of slavery, which the Turkish power entailed on so many thousands of Christians. Nowadays, thousands of travellers pass freely, to and fro, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Suez Canal, and from one part of the Mediterranean to another. Our markets are supplied with fruits and vegetables from Algiers. Our Sovereign has no fears, except as to sanitary arrangements, when she sojourns on the northern shores of the Mediterranean. A cruise in an unarmed yacht on its waters is the

*Hita, "Guerras de Granada," quoted by Prescott, "Philip" II., III., 133.

pleasantest of pastimes. It is, therefore, hard for us to conceive what three centuries, nay, even three generations since, were the fears of those who dwelt along the coast of Southern France, of Spain, and of Italy, or, who, as pilgrims, merchants, or sailors navigated the blue waters of the inland sea. Every year, even after the battle of Lepanto, and still more before it, the corsairs of the northern coasts of Africa scoured the Mediterranean and carried into captivity hundreds of Christians, of all ages, nations, and of both sexes, from vessels they encountered or from villages along the shores of France, Italy, or Spain. Hence it is, that to this day, those shores are studded with the ruins of castles and forts, erected as defences against those corsairs. So great was, however, their boldness that even as late as the seventeenth century, Algerian pirates ventured as far as "the chops of the Channel."

When we read the annals of those religious orders devoted to the redemption of captives, we can more fully realize the terrible extent to which the Christian slave trade was carried by the infidels. As Englishmen, we do well to cherish the memory of Wilberforce. As Catholics we should not forget the religious men who risked all, slavery, disease, and death, to rescue Christians from the chains of slavery. Let us recall to mind a few facts about them. One single house of the Trinitarians, that of Toledo, during the first four centuries of its existence, ransomed one hundred and twenty-four thousand Christian slaves. The Order of Mercy, during a similar period, procured freedom for nearly five hundred thousand slaves. As to the number of slaves in captivity at one time, it may be mentioned that Charles the Fifth released thirty thousand by his expedition against Tunis, and about half as many were set free by the battle of Lepanto. It was estimated that in the Regency of Algiers, there was an average of thirty thousand slaves detained there. As late as 1767, in Algiers itself, there were two thousand Christians in chains. Of such slaves many were women, many mere boys and girls. And as late as 1816, Lord Exmouth, after the bombardment of Algiers, set many Christian slaves free. It is, as we said, hard to realize that in times almost within the memory of living men, Christians toiled in chains for the infidel, in the way some may have seen depicted by pictures in the Louvre. Similar pictures are kept in the old church of St. Giles, at Bruges, where a confraternity existed for the redemption of captives. This association is still represented in the parochial processions, by a group of children. Some are dressed as white-robed Trinitarians, leading those they have redeemed from slavery. Others are gorgeously attired as Turkish slave owners; others represent Turkish guards, leading Christian slaves, coarsely garbed and bound with chains. Happily Lepanto made such sights as these the processions of Bruges commemorate, of less frequent occurrence, until at length they have been relegated to pageantry, and the once powerful Turk is simply suffered to linger on European soil, because the jealousies of Christian nations will not allow of his expulsion.

Salamis, Actium, Lepanto and Trafalgar are the four greatest naval battles of history and of these Lepanto was perhaps the greatest. Salamis turned back the invasion of the East; Actium created the

Roman empire; Trafalgar was the first heavy blow dealt against a despotism that threatened to strangle Europe. Lepanto, however, saved Europe from a worse fate — the domination of the Turk. The name of this great victory is derived from the picturesque town, with its mediæval defences still left, of Naupaktos which the modern Greek designates as Epokte, and the Italian as Lepanto. The engagement, however, was in reality fought at the entrance of the Gulf of Patras, ten leagues westward from the town.

The facts of the fight of the seventh of October — a Sunday — of the year 1571, are so well-known, that we need merely recall to the memory of our readers the leading features of the contest. Spain, Venice, Genoa, Malta, and the Papal States were represented there, but "the meteor flag of England" was not unfurled in sight of the Turkish, nor were the fleurs-de-lys to be seen on the standards that gaily floated from the mast-heads of the great Christian armada. England, alas! was in the clutches of a wretched woman, and France was on the eve of a St. Bartholomew's Massacre, and for all that France and England cared, at that time, Europe might have become Mahommedan.

Don John led the centre of the long line — three miles in length — of galleys, while on his right, Doria the great Genoese admiral, from whose masts waved the cross of St. George; and on the left, the brave Barbarigo, the Venetian, his flank protected by the coast commanded. Against the wind, the sun shooting its bright rays against the ships, the Turkish fleet, in half-moon formation, two hundred and fifty great galleys and many smaller craft, carrying one hundred and twenty thousand men, slowly advanced "in battle's magnificently stern array." The brave Ali Pacha led the van.

As the hostile fleets met, the two admirals exchanged shots. At noon, the Christians, among whom was one of the greatest soldiers and one of the ablest authors of that age — Farnese and Cervantes — knelt to receive absolution from their chaplains, and then rose up to fight. In many a quiet village away in the Appenines, or in the Sierras of more distant Spain, the Angelus was ringing, and many a heartfelt prayer was aiding the Christian cause, then a wild cry arose from the Moslem fleet and "from mouth to mouth" of the cannon the "volley'd thunder flew." The combat deepened and became hand to hand. The two admirals ships grappled together in a deadly struggle. Don John, foremost in the fray, was slightly wounded. At a third attempt, Ali Pacha's galley was boarded, captured, himself slain, and the Standard of the Cross replaced the Crescent. Victory! Victory! was the cry from one Christian ship to another. In less than four hours, the Turkish ships were scattered, sunk, or burning, until darkness and storm drove Don John to seek shelter in port, and hid the wreckage with which man had strewn the sea. The Christian loss was eight thousand, the Turkish four or five times greater. Don John hastened to console and comfort his wounded. Did he not, perchance, visit, on his bed of suffering, the immortal Cervantes? After the wounded, he turned to his prisoners, whom he treated with a generosity to which the sixteenth century was little accustomed.

One there was, let us not forget it, who not bodily present, had a

lion's share in the victory. A second Moses, with uplifted hands, St. Pius V., had prayed God and Our Lady, to aid Don John's arms. "The night before the battle, and the day itself, aged as he was, and broken with disease, the Saint had passed in the Vatican in fasting and prayer. All through the Holy City the monasteries and the colleges were in prayer too. As the evening advanced, the Pontifical treasurer asked an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff on an important matter. Pius was in his bedroom, and began to converse with him; when suddenly he stopped the conversation, left him, threw open the window, and gazed up into heaven. Then closing it again, he looked gravely at his official, and said, "This is no time for business; go, return thanks to the Lord God. In this very hour our fleet has engaged the Turkish, and is victorious." As the treasurer went out, he saw him fall on his knees before the altar in thankfulness and joy."

The great writer, from whom we have taken the above account of St. Pius the Fifth's supernatural knowledge of the victory, remarks "that the victories gained over the Turks since are but the complements and the reverberations of the overthrow at Lepanto."

Here we may take leave of the hero of Lepanto, leaving him in the midst of his glory, receiving the thanks of Christendom, from the lips of a Saint—its Supreme Pontiff. We need not follow Don John of Austria on his expedition against Tunis—a barren conquest his too imaginative mind dreamed of converting into a great African empire. Nor need we follow him when he goes, disguised as a Moorish page, accompanied by a single cavalier, to undertake the bootless task of pacifying the revolted Netherlands. The incidents and intrigues of this task rather belong to the history of the Low Countries than to the story of our hero. In the midst of them, worn out by too ardent a spirit, or stricken by an epidemic, Don John expired, in his camp near Namur, at the early age of thirty-two, on October 1, 1578. The task of saving a part of the revolted provinces to the Spanish crown, he left to the strong arm and genius of his cousin Alexander Farnese.

Don John's desire was to be buried beside his father in Spain. His body, says Strada, was dismembered and secretly carried across France, onwards to Madrid, where it was, as it were, reconstructed and decked with armor to be shown to Philip, who might well weep at such ghastly display. The heart of the hero is kept, to this day, behind the high altar of the Cathedral of Namur.

Generous, high-spirited, courageous, he was a true knight-errant, the "last Crusader whom the annals of chivalry were to know; the man who had humbled the crescent as it had not been humbled since the days of the Tancreds, the Baldwins, the Plantagenets." Endowed with a brilliant imagination, he dreamed of founding an African empire, and it faded away as the mirage of some oasis amid the deserts of the dark continent. With his sword, he thought to free, some day, Mary Queen of Scots, from her prison, and to place her on the throne held by Elizabeth. But the object of his ravings died on the scaffold, while he himself passed away, leaving behind him little more for history to record than that he was the brilliant young soldier—the Hero of Lepanto.

W. C. R. in *Catholic Progress*

The Church and Progress.

ONE of the favorite mottoes of revolutionists consists in the formula, "The Catholic Church is opposed to the progress of the age;" and the general tone of the day's literature, apt in adopting popular cries, criticises the Church as the arch-opponent of every effort of the human intellect. The foundation of this charge may be broadly rested on two counts, radically differing in their nature, and which I may be allowed to state thus: First, there is a large class nowadays, and this genus is always especially rampant and noisy, that uses the current shibboleths, "Civilization," "Liberty," "Equality," "Fraternity," etc., either with sinister designs beneath them, or, if dupes,—and it amounts to the same in the long run,—then without at all knowing what those words mean. With that large vision that usually characterizes her in matters even not of faith, and which makes her hated by political quacks and mad sciolists, the Church detects the real objects and aims of these innovators, and is not afraid of facing obloquy by condemning them in spite of their false banners. For this attitude we have no excuse to offer; we glory in it, and regard it as a sign of that innate divine energy and life imparted to her by the source of all life and power. The second count on which this charge is based may be found in the utterance of private Catholics, or in that of prelates and bodies, in the latter of whom is lodged a power that extorts obedience, it is true, and ought always to be treated with respect, but which can claim to act in no infallible manner, and which, in pronouncing on matters outside the domain of faith, must rest upon the suggestions of reason and external evidence alone. For instance, Catholics are often confronted with extracts from this or that author, or the pronouncements of this or that provincial council, and asked to say whether, after that, the Church may pretend not to be opposed to the natural aspirations of man? These objectors do not, or will not, see that the Church, by enlarging the domain of her teaching to cover all things with the mantle of infallibility, would most effectually crush the action of the human intellect, which was meant for use, not rust, which must be allowed something to act upon, and which in independent action is bound to rush into a variety of differences according to the bent of the individual mind. However, to answer thus merely opens up a multitude of questions, and launches one into a sea of chaos, across which he will have to sail without chart or compass. Accordingly, I usually answer that these various utterances of individuals and provincial bodies are not infallible; that the only utterance absolutely binding on the conscience of the Catholic is that of a general council with the Pope at its head, or that of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra;* and that all the other acts of men or bodies, high or low, are subject in their degrees to human infirmity, though we are to receive them with respect and judicious obedience, and that at most they are but temporary in time and limited in space.

No idea could be more extravagant or more unjust than that usually entertained by Protestants on our doctrine of the Pope's infalli-

bility. They imagine that a Catholic dares not utter a word upon any subject until the Pope has spoken. Or, if they advance beyond this, that he dares not say anything about religion except what comes direct from Rome. Or, if they can stretch their imagination to realize that the Pope speaks only after discussion, that we must look to have our every word snatched at, and a damper put upon us, before we have well begun. This last is the central objection of intelligent Protestants, who know well that it will never do to fly in the face of facts like their more ignorant neighbors. They have taken the trouble to examine the definition of the dogma; and it cannot be denied that to their minds it does bear this sense. Any one familiar with the minute despotism of those thousand little Protestant Popes, the reverend off-spring of the "Reformation," would see at once what a charter such authority would put in the hands of a set of Chadbands only too eager to use it. Enlightened Protestants have begun to feel the burden of this one-idea, dead-dragging officialism, and to kick against it. They are probably religious men, by which I mean men with devout minds, who earnestly feel the need of belief. They become inquirers, run through the sects nearest at hand, and finally come before the Church and gaze upon her. Written on her front they see "Infallibility." Here lies their stumbling-block. They begin to question. Arguments are exhausted on each side, and if they be deeply imbued with the knowledge that there is a God, with the consciousness thence following of their fallen nature, and with an ardent hope to re-unite themselves to God, they will admit, perhaps, the truth of the dogma, viewed in the abstract. But they will say, how will it work in practical affairs? Judging by their former experience, they will picture the Pope as a thousand Protestant preachers rolled into one, and invested with an authority undreamed of before, and using that authority to tyrannize over the least thoughts of men. What room, they will exclaim, will men have to advance in the arts and science, not to speak of development of doctrine, if this incubus is to rest upon them, and weigh them down, and terrify them into silence and inaction?

The best answer to this is doubtless an enlarged view of Catholic Christendom, from the earliest times down, for in that period the Pope did possess the prerogative of infallibility, though it has only recently been defined as a dogma. Here it must be recollected that I am not arguing; it would be mere presumption in me to attempt a scientific exposition altogether out of my power. Suffice it to say, that theologians have exhausted the inward reasonings upon it, and though I am not able to set them forth, I am at least convinced by them. Still the concrete world remains, and things are to be seen in them from historical and exterior aspects. It is this last which strikes the imagination most, and to all men a ready test. Minds have various ways of approaching the truth; and right reason has a way of arguing and apprehending simply impossible to men in bulk and to myself. For which I have thought it not unuseful to draw out my way of viewing the historical aspects of the Church in relation to the progress and freedom of man; and perhaps many will look at the subject from a similar standpoint.

Why I believe in God I cannot express in words. Only I know there is an inward monitor constantly reminding me of that fact, vividly impressing it on my imagination, and punishing me with the lash of remorse when I do wrong. I have never doubted when the matter was brought home to my mind. Still, there are periods when this intense conviction has been clean wiped out of me; else, how could I have sinned, as I know I have done, and feel this keen remorse? I do not see how men can sin with the full consciousness that a God of truth, purity, and justice is looking upon them with terrible eyes. This is the reason for my faith; conscience is the charter of my belief. Far be it from me to deny the arguments drawn by great intellects from the outward course of events, and which appeal, perhaps, to most minds, as evidence of a Creator and Sustainer of the universe. I can only say they do not touch me, nor cause the revivified life to relieve the winter of my desolation, and the leaves and buds of the new spring to bloom within me. For when I look forth into the world, all things — even my own wretched life — seem simply to give the lie to the great truth which possesses and fills my being. Consider the world in its length and breadth, its contradictory history, its blind evolution, the greatness and littleness of man, his random acquirements, aimless achievements, ruthless causes, the triumph of evil, the defeat of good, the depth and intensity and prevalence of sin, the all-degrading idolatries, the all-defiling corruptions, the monstrous superstitions, the dreary irreligion — is not the whole a picture dreadful to look upon, capricious as chance, rigid as fate, pale as malady, dark as doom? How shall we face this fact, witnessed to by innumerable men in all ages and times, as the natural lot of their kind? Much more so when suffering falls upon us, as it does inevitably on all, and forces upon us an attempt to solve the riddle of our chaotic existence?

There is only one way out of the difficulty. If there is a God, the source of all truth and goodness, how else can we account for this desperate condition of his highest creation, except we admit man's fallen condition? It is thus that the doctrine of original sin is as clear to me as is the existence of God.

But, now, supposing that God intended to interfere with this state of things, and to draw his prodigal children to Him again, would it not be expected that He would do so in a powerful, original, manifest, and continuous new creation set amid His old? So intensely is this felt, that atheists have drawn an argument from it against the Creator, and their feeling is expressed by Paine, when he says, that if there be a revelation from God, it ought to be written on the sun. So it should; so it is. So was it gloriously shining forth once, in a city set upon a hill, full of noon-day splendor, and visible to the eyes of all. Still is it there, discernible to the eye of faith; but clouds obscure the sun on occasions, and the miserable doings of the sixteenth century have hid its light to uncounted millions.

And, now, where shall I find that shining light, that overcoming power, which my reason tells me to expect? I quote the words of one who sought for many years and at last found:—

"This power, viewed in its fulness, is as tremendous as the giant

evil which has called it forth. It claims, when brought into exercise in the legitimate manner, for otherwise, of course, it is but dormant, to have for itself a sure guidance into the very meaning of every portion of the Divine Message in detail, which was committed by our Lord to His Apostles. It claims to know its own limits, and to decide what it can determine absolutely and what it cannot. It claims, moreover, to have a hold upon statements not directly religious, so far as this, to determine whether they indirectly relate to religion, and, according to its own definitive judgment, to pronounce whether or not, in a particular case, they are consistent with revealed truth. It claims to decide magisterially, whether infallibly or not, that such and such statements are or are not prejudicial to the Apostolical *depositum* of faith, in their spirit or in their consequences, and to allow them, or condemn and forbid them accordingly. It claims to impose silence at will on any matters, or controversies, of doctrine, which on its own *ipse dixit* it pronounces to be dangerous, or inexpedient, or inopportune. It claims that whatever may be the judgment of Catholics upon such acts, these acts should be received by them with those outward marks of reverence, submission, and loyalty, which Englishmen, for instance, pay to the presence of their sovereign, without public criticism upon them, as being in their matter inexpedient, or in their manner violent or harsh. And lastly, it claims to have the right of inflicting spiritual punishment, of cutting off from the ordinary channels of divine life, and of simply excommunicating those who refuse to submit themselves to its formal declarations. Such is the infallibility lodged in the Catholic Church, viewed in the concrete, as clothed and surrounded by the appendages of its high sovereignty; it is, to repeat what I said above, a supereminent prodigious power sent upon earth to encounter and master a giant evil."*

Such is the weapon placed by divine power in the hands of the Church for her conflict with the world. And this being so, the inquiring Protestant, after realizing its tremendous nature and scope, will draw back perplexed, imagining that a weight like it would crush the human intellect. He does this only because he loses sight for the moment of the terrible power of the earth giant. The human intellect is no baby, weakening under every stroke; it is a tough, wild, elastic energy, struggling up in every direction, and is never more itself than when suffering beneath the blows of heaven. Moreover, its natural tendency is to explain away every dogma of religious truth, from the lowest to the highest. In that old pagan world this natural process is to be seen. Everywhere that human genius opened up a way for itself, and had a career, the last remnants of primeval truth were well-nigh banished. Look, too, at the educated intellect of the non-Catholic world to-day. Genius, talent, eloquence, and art, what are they in England, Germany and France, if we may not describe them as simply godless? Why is this?

Now turn your gaze on the Middle Ages, and observe the difference. It is scarcely necessary to say that in those times the Church was pre-

* Newman's "Apologia," pp. 274, 275.

eminent, not only having the spiritual power, but often also the secular. If she had wished it, she could have crushed out every form of inquiry, and firmly established herself as the one and only source of all truth. But she did not do it. Never since the world began were such daring inquiries set on foot, such subtile propositions offered, such a vast and varied display of the human intellect in all the departments of theology. The office she claimed was that of arbiter; and surely nothing was more reasonable. A man would work out some original view or deduction; he hoped it was true, but could not be certain; he would put it forth; it would be taken up by an opponent, come before some theological authority of minor note, pass on to some university, be adopted by it and opposed by some other; higher authorities would be appealed to, and at last the subject would appear before the Holy See. Then, perhaps, no decision would be made, or a dubious one, or minor details would be rectified, and so the whole matter sent back for a new discussion. Years and years would pass before anything like a final decision would be reached; and then, when every defect had been rubbed off, and every minute bearing of the matter evolved, the Church would either reject it, or adopt it, and stamp it with the seal of dogma. I say this is an epitome of doctrinal development in the Catholic Church. If there is any one thing more manifest in her ecclesiastical history than others, it is her extreme slowness and caution in final pronouncement, and the general wise treatment with which she has fostered the growth of mental development, so excellent in itself, so erratic in its courses, and so needful of her strong guiding hand.

Indeed, it has been used as a reproach against her that Rome has originated nothing. It is true. It was not her function. She was instituted as the guardian of the Apostolical *depositum* of faith, over which, of course, her control was supreme; and her jurisdiction was to extend over all other subjects, because they necessarily touched this. But without citing other names, St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas stand forth as the formers of the western intellect. Men saintly in character they were, but they had no special relations to the central See, and were only fallible mortals like the rest of their fellows; yet, as I say, they are to be counted the very originators of modern Christian thought. Rome did nothing but stamp their teachings with the seal of her approval. So was it throughout. Her work has been to check and balance the erratic courses of the human mind, allowing it free play within certain limits, but firmly preventing its suicidal excesses. How tenderly has she dealt with schismatics; how forbearing has been her conduct in regard even to the worst heretics; patiently hearing all they had to say, allowing the force of their plea where it was possible, and only casting them out when they proved incorrigible.

Most Protestants suppose that whereas there are two religious principles at work in Christianity private judgment, and authority, they have all the private judgment, while we are weighed down by an unmitigated authority. Nothing could be more false. This aspect of Christianity is complete without them; they represent simply a negation, and no positive force at all. Show me the doctrine that Protestantism has originated, and it will then deserve to be treated

in a philosophical manner. It has had no innate life, nothing to develop from, and has simply withered down from the first, until now the advance guard of it has reached the shadowy ground of natural religion, and Mr. James Antony Froude, its special champion in its past acts, can write that it is dead. On the contrary, when I view the external aspect of Catholicism as a whole, I behold within it the active forces of life at work from the first. The human intellect is no passive instrument, merely being filled by the reception of faith, but a living organism, feeling a void in it for faith when it has it not, and eagerly receiving and digesting it when it comes. Forthwith it begins a process of development, explaining, proving, modifying, enlarging, in all the various ways that suit the multiplicity of man's nature. This process is observable in all times and places, as the inevitable outcome of civilization. Barbarous nations do not reason, but receive their religion as an outer cloak; as they stagnate in all things else, so also in their creeds. Witness the Turks. Intellectually, morally, religiously, they are the same as they were six hundred years ago; and unless overthrown from the outside, they will probably so remain to the end of time. No heresy has arisen amongst them; no progress in civilization is to be marked; no change even in decline; for power is relative, and the Moslem empire is weak now only in comparison with the vigorous young empires of the West. But the action of civilization is different. Under its influence States are in constant movement, changing from day to day. The change may be good in this detail, and bad in that; it may on the whole be for the good, or it may on the whole be for evil. But what I say is the distinct mark of civilization, as contrasted with barbarism, is emphatically and simply change; change, in the natural order, is its law. For the intellect is alive and vigorous, seizing on everything within its scope, shaping it by its individual bent, and, hemmed as it is by walls of sense, naturally rushing into error on every side. These are effects of private judgment, and they are not less to be seen in the whole Catholic world, from its beginning until, to-day, than anywhere else; but Catholics have have had a safeguard against the rebellious and suicidal excesses of fallen reason, and this safeguard is the infallibility of the Church.

The meaning and scope of that infallibility has been given in words fitter than mine. Viewing the nature of things on the whole, and then taking it for granted that God has made a revelation, and intended it to be set up and maintained alongside of and within a civilization anxious to get rid of it, what more reasonable to be expected than that an infallible abiding authority should be His human instrument. It is a thing we should be led to expect if it did not exist; as is fully proved by Paine's saying about its being written on the sun. How convincingly, then, is the truth forced home on us, when we do learn that there is an institution that exactly fulfils our foregone conclusion!

So far as theory goes, the infallibity of the Church can be a burden to none; so far as actual facts go, it has not demonstrably, to my knowledge, acted as a damper on intellectual effort, but merely as the restrainer of its excesses.

I shall be quite candid in giving my views on this inexhaustible subject, merely letting them stand for what they are worth, and knowing full well that there are depths in it, as in all things else, not to be sounded by me. And I shall now go on to state what are the real difficulties and burdens to me, as to many other Catholics perhaps, in this doctrine of infallibility; always premising that ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt. And here some may be inclined to say that, as touching the papal headship of it, the evil deeds of many Popes and their apparently immoral lives, do inevitably tend to throw discredit on it as being lodged in them. But let all that can be said be admitted; what then? Why, I answer, David was a man after God's own heart, and stood nearer to Him as being inspired than any Pope as being infallible; yet one of God's Prophets could say to him, "Thou art the man!" The lesson of which is not to judge men's inner lives entirely by outward facts, as the young and inexperienced are too apt to do. Our Blessed Lord foretold scandals to come in the very sanctuary of His dwelling, and we know the doom pronounced upon those by whom they come. And if we view the action of these individuals in relation to the Apostolical *depositum*, we can actually draw thence an argument awful as it is startling. These Popes, so frail as men, were yet wise as the Vicars of Christ; never have they dared lay hands on the faith committed to their care.

The difficulty lies in another direction. As has already been explained, the Church claims infallibility only in matters of faith; but a little reflection will show us that there are many things not coming directly under this head yet appertaining to it. In these latter she claims unquestioning outward obedience at least. Thus she has the right to determine when any scientific theory or other controversy bears upon matters of faith, or has a dangerous tendency to do so; also to check the usurpation of State, when they begin to reach in this direction; and in the exercise of this prerogative she is not guarded from error. I have already shown how slow, cautious and gentle, has been her dealing on the whole with controversies that do relate to faith; much more so has she been in the kindred but outer domain. Still, to our fallible reason, it may sometimes appear that she acts hastily and wrongly in forbidding certain things. She forbids at one epoch what she allows in another; tacitly withdrawing the former condemnation. This, I repeat, *is* a difficulty, and, stated baldly thus, must often perplex even Catholics.

But let our opponents be as candid as I have been. Let them admit — what is no more than a fact — that this prerogative of the Church has been exercised very seldom; and that even on the most of these occasions, the Church has in the end proved to be in the right, and the supposed martyr in the wrong. Things are not to be judged simply in themselves, but a course of events prove them; and there is a season for all matters, and a season when they are not in order. This right or power is a necessity to every constituted body of whatever kind. A State, for instance, may wrongly condemn a man for some offence; but that is no argument against the State having the right of judging in such matters, even if it must incur the danger of

wrong judgment once more. If this prerogative were taken from the Church, all outside the simple domain of faith would fall into a mere chaos. Now, let the man who holds that this would be as it should be, let him consistently carry out his doctrine into all the concerns of life, and a hideous chaos would be the result. Has not such been the result in religious matters outside the Catholic Church? And as chaos has resulted there from revolt against the constituted authority, so would it be in society at large, were the theory consistently carried out. To say that non-infallible exercise of authority should, on account of occasional error, be resisted and overthrown, is simply suicidal; and an objection founded on it is no more than an objection founded on the fact of evil in man's nature, of which it is a necessary part. And into this bottomless pit of doubt I for one do not purpose to fall.

Let the problem, then, be fully grasped. It is to secure sufficient liberty and a stable authority. Freedom in itself is a good; but such is man's fallen nature, that it cannot be enjoyed without a partial sacrifice of itself, which it yields up to authority. This becomes the domain of authority, and the two interact on each other. So much is clear; but conflicts arise, and the precise issue is, not exactly between the two, but as to where their boundaries meet. We Catholics believe that we hold the solution in our hands, and I shall now merely state how I look at it, admitting, of course, that I may be in incidental error.

The conflict is supposed to lie now between science and the Church. Well, stated simply I would say, let scientists become theologically founded, and let theologians become scientists. At first blush this may sound like a paradox; but it is not. If theologians would honestly strive to master scientific theories, there would be less danger of hasty action on their part. Many of them would not stand committed, as they do, to a condemnation of evolution, while on the other hand it was not their business to sanction it; and if scientists had not allowed themselves to become narrow-minded in their studies, they would not have similarly placed themselves in a false position by trying to make their legitimate discoveries bear upon matters not within their range. The point is, that a Catholic, whether scientist or theologian, should not allow himself to be alarmed by the rash utterances of individuals; but, conscious of a right purpose and true faith, pursue his track to the end, knowing that natural truth cannot clash with supernatural; if at times it appears so, then he knows that this is only temporary, and that in the end difficulties will clear away. Charity on each side will go a long way. However, I think the Church has forborne remarkably in these matters, not committing herself to any precise attitude, but awaiting the issue of the struggle. No idea could be falser than that the scientist would hamper himself in submitting to the Church. Quite otherwise. He would, by this step, secure a central pillar of support, and thence venturing could go further than any of them now dream of. The separation of science and the Church is the distinctive evil of the day. Both would gain, in strength and freedom, by a union, and the progress of the next century would thus redouble that of this.

HUGH P. MCELRONE.

Honor to the Germans.

LETTERS from those missionaries in Annam, who have escaped the fate which has befallen so many of their flocks, agree in charging the representatives of France with a negligence, which, under the circumstances, assumes the very gravest aspect. Père Dourisboure, for instance, writing from the Seminary at Saïgon, where he has taken refuge, declares that the presence of French vessels at some of the ports, and the firing of a few shots without hurting any one, would have been the means of saving the lives of some thirty thousand Christians, and securing their homes and possessions against injury. Formerly, he says, the mandarins contented themselves with putting missionaries and the leading converts to death; but this time, the persecution and hatred of France, rather than of Christianity, has been the cause of what can only be called a war of extermination, and France has done nothing for those who have suffered for their supposed loyalty to her. When the news of the massacre at Qui-Nhon, where there were seven thousand Christians, reached Mgr. van Camelbeke, he at once requested the commandant of the *Lyon*, which was lying at that port, to see to the safety of Father Auger and Father Guitton; but that officer replied that his instructions would not allow him to fire a single shot in defence of the missionaries or the native Christians, and all representations and entreaties on the subject proved ineffectual. In this difficulty aid came from an unlooked-for quarter. Deserted by their own countrymen, the missionaries applied to the captain of a German merchantman, which was in the port, and the request being acceded to, two of the Fathers and five German sailors rowed ashore, armed to the teeth, to arrange for the escape of as many Christians as possible. They were met by three mandarins, one of whom was the bitterest enemy of the Christians. These the sailors captured and put in irons on board their vessel, and secure in the possession of these hostages, they proceeded to bring off some seven hundred Christians, the utmost number which the ship could contain, forcing the natives to assist in the work. One of the mandarins was then sent ashore charged with a message that any act of violence against the Christians would be visited upon the two who remained in the custody of the Germans. Père Dourisboure's narrative ceases with the safe arrival of the seven hundred Christians at Saïgon; but we may well hope that the brave Protestant sailors on their return to Qui-Nhon found that their device had proved effectual.

A WRITER in the *New York Commercial* gives facts and figures to prove that there is no quarter of the globe so much in need of missionary enterprise as New England. The Puritans have ceased to be a church-going people.

Vindication.

From the German of Reinick.

"Why lingerest here in the greenwood,
All day in a childish dream,
Toying with leaves and flowers,
Watching the wavelets gleam,
While a world grown old and hoary
With the spirit of change is rife,
And the outworn past and the present
Are grappling in deadly strife?"

Still here will I dwell in quiet,
Tho' without the tempests rave;
And while all things reel and totter,
Will seek me an oaken stave,
Plucked from a tree that has weathered
The storms against it hurled,
While into the dust are crumbling
The props that uphold the world.

Yes, I'll choose this silent garden
Tho' around me deserts lie,
And bask in the ancient glories
Of earth and sea and sky.
While alone on dark thoughts of ruin
Your pulseless bosoms brood,
I'll build me a bower of roses,
And rejoice in my solitude.

"Rejoice! Verily we've forgotten
The sound of so strange a word;
Nowadays notes of scorn and anger
May well in youth's songs be heard;
For the woes of our earthly existence
Should find a voice in your rhyme,
Since the word of the poet is ever
The mirror of his time."

No, no, in the heart of the poet
Can no scornful spirit live —
He is wroth at human baseness,
Can over the sorrows grieve
That round this old earth are woven
Like some fateful web of doom,
And he weeps that bright gleams of radiance
So seldom pierce the gloom.

But whenever a ray out-flashes,
Drink it in with heart and mind,
And a hopeful premonition
Of the future in it find: —
Rejoice, when the sun is shining!
Joy purifies the breast,
And whoso with pure heart rejoiceth,
Even here below is blest!

"What! you believe in the bliss of Heaven
In a happiness yet to be?
Your faith, like your other emotions,
Is mere childish fantasy.
Remain as you have been ever,
A child from your very birth,
Unworthy with men to hold counsel
On the woes and the welfare of earth."

Yes, I believe in the word of promise,
I believe in each holy word,
In the power that clothes the lily,
And that feeds the nestling bird;
"Be like unto children, of such is
God's Kingdom." Ah! well, in sooth,
If all were as little children
In purity and in truth!

To the weal and the woe of the nations
I do not seal my breast,
Tho' my Motherland is dearer
To me than all the rest.
If to fold universal being,
'Neath its wings the mind aspires,
Still the heart needs narrower limits
For the growth of its sacred fires.

Rev. John Costello.

Jules Janin, a witty French writer, nicknamed lobsters "Naval Cardinals." He probably imagined that lobsters in the sea are as red as they are when served on our tables or placed in the windows of our fishmonger's shops. Curiously enough sailors call the ships used to carry our red-coated soldiers from one part of the world to another, lobster-boxes.

Tracadie and the Trappists.

THE flourishing village of Tracadie, in the county of Antigonish, Eastern Nova Scotia, well sustains for its French inhabitants, the prestige, as industrious husbandmen, which their ancestors' contemporaries established in Western Nova Scotia — the land sung of by Longfellow in his "Evangeline;" and the much-vaunted superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, reads like a melancholy sarcasm, in the face of the fact that the lands from which the inoffensive Acadians were mercilessly hunted, are, to-day, far, very far, removed from the teeming fertility, which charmed the land-pirates in the last century. Simple-minded folks are wont to say, that the lands of the dispersed Acadians, languish under a curse, nor need we, of necessity, dissent from this theory, if we consider the manifestation of the curse to be shown, in a lack of skill, or industry — or mayhap both — in the descendants of those who profited by that infamous transaction. Certain it is, that these lands are now much less fertile than of yore.

Arriving at Tracadie, as we drive from the Eastern Extension Railway Station, we notice as a curious coincidence of alliteration, the sign, —

and remark that with the super-addition of "*Halt Here,*" the signboard would be an unique curiosity.

Leaving the hospitable farmhouse of Mr. DeLorey, on a bright October Sunday, after hearing Mass in the neat and commodious parish church dedicated to St. Peter, a pleasant drive of three miles, bring us to the Trappist Monastery of *Our Lady of Petit Clairvaux,* the buildings of which are of brick, and form a quadrangle, of which one side has yet to be erected.

Ringing the porter's bell we are admitted and handed over to Brother Richard, the genial and amiable guest master, who is most assiduous in his attentions to us.

The monastery was founded as a Priory, early in the present century by Father Vincent, a native of France, and was raised to the dignity of an abbey nine years ago, when the present Abbot, Father Dominic, was consecrated. The community at present number thirty-seven, of whom sixteen are priests and choir-religious, the remaining twenty-one being lay brothers; the monks being chiefly Belgians, with a few from Montreal, and a few from this vicinity.

The abbey is surrounded by four hundred acres of land, tolerably fertile, though rough in part, and has excellent limestone quarries — the monks burning as much as one hundred barrels of lime at once in their kiln; they also manufacture all the bricks required for the multifarious works which are incessantly in progress. Their domain is well

watered by a stream upon which the indefatigable monks have had a mill erected. At the date of our visit, they had just finished a new dam composed of immense blocks of limestone, and had almost completed a new and larger mill — to supersede the old one — and which in addition to the ordinary grist grinding will also be utilized, simultaneously, for carding, sawing boards, and sawing shingles. The new mill has dimensions of 150 x 40 ft., and the main barn 220 x 40 ft. The latter building now accommodates fifty heads of horned cattle, including some Jersey thoroughbreds and Durhams and six horses. We were also shown some Berkshire thoroughbred pigs, enormous, unwieldy brutes, one rather youthful porker being estimated to weigh nearly six hundred pounds.

The monks make a large quantity of butter, all the year round, the sale of which forms an important item of their revenue. The abbey has made its repute all through the surrounding country, and it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the benefit of this *model* farm to the inhabitants of adjacent lands; combining as it does the latest improvements in agriculture with the untiring industry of the Trappist Monk. For several years, their grist-mill was the only one for a great distance, and even now wheat is brought in, for grinding, from a radius of fifteen miles.

The monks contain among themselves all the trades necessary to their well-ordered community, *ex-gr* two blacksmiths, two tailors, two millers, a baker, shoemaker, and doctor, not forgetting the wonderful Brother Benedict, who is at once architect, carpenter, mason and clockmaker. In the last-mentioned capacity his ingenuity is shown by a clock which has four faces; one visible from the road approaching the abbey, the second from the chapel, the third from the infirmary, and the fourth from the refectory, where the modest table service of tin plates and wooden spoons and forks, offer but few attractions to those who overlooking the final end of all created things, look at life from the animal point of view.

We are also taken to the dormitory, and look into the narrow compartments, where the good brothers sleep, with easy consciences, upon their hard beds; and are also shown the *discipline*, which, though no doubt a wholesome instrument of penance, does not in any way resemble the article of torture under which guise it masquerades in the average anti-Jesuit novel.

Descending again we are taken to the neat cemetery where the brothers are deposited in peace after life's course is run, covered only by their coarse serge habits, and without coffins. Every grave has painted in white letters, on the black ground of a plain, wooden cross, the name in religion once borne by him, whose mortal remains rest below.

In the centre of this final resting-place stands a tall cross, and near by we observe a bare skull, whose mute lips powerfully preach the folly of worldliness, and like an accusing spirit warns all beholders of the dread day when every wasted minute, as well as every useless word, must be strictly accounted for.

The costume of the monks, in its coarseness and simplicity, would

not commend itself to our modern dudes; but, then, life is a terrible reality to these brothers, who, hearing the voice of God, have hastened to follow his call, fully realizing, that without the one thing necessary, all else is vanity.

These reflections are interrupted by the abbey bell, calling us to Vespers, which are chanted by the monks (the music being supplied by the organist Father Bernard), upon the conclusion of which, we take our departure, deeply and favorably impressed with our visit to this monastery, which stands alone, in the Maritime Provinces of the Canadian Dominion, and sincerely grateful, for being enabled to see with our own eyes the works of those much-abused monks, who in general are so frequently defamed by the thoughtless boys who write for the secular press, and by the equally empty-headed old women — of both sexes — who write for that class of periodical which by a curious misnomer is designated *religious*. These are the people, who, it is to be feared, shut their eyes to the truth, lest they should be compelled to acknowledge it.

In the face of so much prejudice, it is pleasant to be able to record that quite recently some Protestant clergymen visited the monastery, and did not refrain from expressing their honest and undisguised admiration for what they beheld.

J. W. O'Ryan.

Gladstone at Emmet's Grave.

HOW THE UNMARKED TOMBSTONE OF THE MARTYR LOOKED.

The day Mr. Gladstone went to Dublin to receive the freedom of the city, which the town council had unanimously agreed to confer upon him, he spent a day in the docks and courts and in visiting St. Michael's Church — a place full of historical interest. On the vestry table lie two casts of the heads of the brothers Shears, who were beheaded in the rebellion of 1798. Such are the properties of the soil in the cemetery that the bodies of those are as perfect as the day on which they were hanged.

The church itself is eight hundred years old, having been built by a Danish bishop during the ascendency of his race.

Mr. Gladstone examined the communion plate, some of which came out of the spoils of the Spanish Armada.

But these were light trivialities! The grave of Robert Emmet is here. "Let no man mark my tomb," said he, "until my country takes her place among the nations of the earth."

Mr. Gladstone stood beside the rough granite, unchiselled, unlettered, silent slab. No name, no date, no word of sorrow, of hope. The sides are clipped and hacked, for emigrants have come from afar to take to their home in the new world bits of the tomb of Robert Emmet. How he comes to lie here is simply said. When his head was cut off

in Thomas Street, his body was taken to Bully's Acre,—what a name!—and buried.

Rev. Mr. Dobbyn, a sympathizer in the cause, was then Rector of St. Michael's; he ordered the body to be disinterred that night, and he placed it secretly in St. Michael's church-yard. A nephew of Robert Emmet, a New York judge, corroborated this statement some years ago. But Emmet is not the only rebel that lies here in peace.

Oliver Boyd sleeps here, with God's noblest work, "an honest man," written on his tombstone. Here, too, is the grave of the hero, William Jackson, who was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. While the judge was still pronouncing the awful doom, the man grew faint and in a few minutes fell down dead. He had swallowed poison on hearing the verdict from the jury. In this vault, over which Mr. Gladstone peers anxiously, you can see a group of heads, all of 1798 men and there on one of them, is the hangman's crape as it stuck in the wounded neck since the day on which it and its owner parted company. Mr. Gladstone is silent as he sees all this and at last mournfully moves away.

Is there ever a tragedy in which clown is wholly absent? As he steps over the graves, up comes a man as drunk as a goat, and cries out, "Ah! Mr. Gladstone will you take the duty off the whiskey?" Upon which he of Hawarden Castle turns him round and says slowly—"My friend, the duty does not seem to stand much in your way."

JOHN W. MONAHAN.

Gerald Griffin.

THAT part of Limerick formerly known as Englishtown, and at present localized in city ordinances and surveying maps as King's Island, consists of a knot of antique houses crowding thick around a venerable cathedral. An ancient castle, its dismantled tower within easy bow-shot, overrun with weeds and ivy, overlooks the noble river, whose expansive sweep of waters is at this point of passage spanned by an old, but still substantial bridge. In the shadow of the cathedral and within hearing of the river, Gerald Griffin, dramatist, poet and novelist, was born on the 12th of December, 1803. His father, who had succeeded to a goodly estate, a considerable fortune and an honored name, sold the fee simple of his landed inheritance, and removed to Limerick, that his children might enjoy all the advantages of a good education, which at that period were best obtainable in large towns and great cities. He established himself in the business of a brewer; an as in every speculative walk of life where personal energy is not well le-mented by judicious management and long experience, time al needed to diminish his capital by rewarding his unremitting with profitless returns. The natural disposition of this good sented a medley of those attractive qualities which secure r fortunate possessor an immediate share of the sympathetic ll

alike of the friend and the stranger. He had a kind heart and a winning manner. He could enjoy and exchange a good joke, and to the end of his life was a sterling and an uncompromising patriot. Yet his admiration for valor and virtue was circumscribed by no political limits, by no narrow-minded prejudices. An ultra-volunteer in '82, and an O'Connellite in '29, he was enthusiastic over the victory at Waterloo, and wept at the melancholy fate of Sir Samuel Romilly. Gerald's mother was a gentle and accomplished lady, whose affection for her child was tempered and regulated by the treasures of a refined and cultured mind, and by a sensitively religious disposition. When he was in his third year, Mrs. Griffin, with her family, removed to a country district, which, from local association with the escapades of lepracauns and phookas, had inherited the significative title of Fairy Lawn. The new home was romantically situated amid the umbrageous woods and pastoral meadow-lands through which the Shannon flows at its confluence with the little Ovaan River. His infancy thus cradled in a landscape rich in the diversified picturesqueness of storied ruin and historic tradition, what wonder that Gerald at a very early age should feel the inspiration of his poetic surroundings as he looked towards the winding river, the green fields, the islands mirrored in the tributary Fergus, and the solemn shade and cloistered loneliness of ruined abbeys and gray cathedrals. To the careful training of his good mother he was indebted for the exquisite taste and truthfulness with which he interpreted nature; for the nice sense of honor which distinguished him through life, and which often rose to a weakness; for the delicate reserve which made absence from home a self-imposed hermitage; and for the deep, devotional feeling and healthy habit of moral reflection which ever shaped and inwove the pure current of his thoughts and writings.

A visiting tutor gave Gerald an elementary knowledge of English until the year 1814, when he was sent to Limerick. He remained in the city attending a classical school till he had acquired a familiarity with the works of the great Latin authors. At an age when it is scarcely customary to emancipate children from the prim decorum and polite restraint of the nursery, young Griffin was pouring with unmixed delight over the pages of Horace, Ovid and Virgil. Of the three, he preferred the sweet pastoral of the gentle poet of Mantua, and to the end of his life retained this partiality. Inspiration caught from so pure a source wrought itself into innumerable songs and sonnets, which Gerald managed to write clandestinely, when some new frolic drew away the attention of his brothers and sisters, and left him in the enjoyment of a peaceful hour and a quiet corner. During these intervals of busy writing he was insensibly acquiring that light and graceful style, by the gentle charm of which the most sober strain of serious thought became the most acceptable kind of agreeable reading. Though still young, he could well realize how indispensable a good style is for literary success. He lived at a time when books were comparatively scarce, in a district remote from easy access to well-filled libraries; when the cost of transportation often equalled the advertised price for the newest canto of "Childe Harold," or the latest novel by the "Great Unknown." But what would have been disadvantages to many a beginner proved to

have been of incalculable benefit to Gerald Griffin. His knowledge of books and authors was limited to the extent of his mother's library, and it contained, among other choice works, the writings of the inimitable author to whose graceful allurement Washington Irving owed half his fame and all the classic sweetness of his fascinating style. He copied out whole chapters of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and rarely went out of doors without bringing for a companion a copy of the "Animated Nature."

In the boy, pensive and serious beyond his years, might be traced the different characteristics of mind and heart which eventually made up the texture of his later manhood, the yearning desire for retirement, the habit of sober reflection, the trait of gentle sadness, and the passionate love for home and country. The years of his childhood passed unattended by a single sorrow. Time, however, brought a change, which broke rudely in upon the even tenor of his happy life. The pretty homestead on the banks of the Shannon was to be broken up, old poetic haunts had to be forsaken, and the sheep of the little fold were to be dispersed.

In the year 1820 his father suffered such heavy losses that a slender competency was all that remained at his disposal to resume, if he had been willing, a business which had hitherto been productive of only disappointments and regrets. The family, not wishing to run further risks, set sail for America, and settled in another Fairy Lawn, in Susquehanna County, Pa., leaving Gerald and two younger sisters to remain with their brother, a physician, who was at that time living in the town of Adare. Here Gerald remained for two years, pounding drugs and manipulating pills, ostensibly to study medicine, but in reality to devise plots for projected dramas, and to sketch character and incident for tales in prose and poetry. The pathway of his future career had already been carefully mapped out. He had long pined in secret for a literary career, and years only whetted his eagerness to put his unspoken wish into practical execution. Like poor Kirke White, he felt the irresistible influence of an unmistakable destiny drawing him, as he fancied, from lowly walks to ways of loftier prospect and more uncertain enterprise. In the prophetic fervor of anticipated triumph, he foresaw himself the lion of the literary coterie, the courted favorite at titled levees and fashionable dinner parties. He occasionally contributed short essays and fugitive poems to the *Limerick Reporter*, a sheet of news on which were wont to be chronicled the gossip of the city, critiques of provincial dramas, statistics of the Baldoyle steeplechases, or the latest speech by the Liberator. Sometimes he ran into the city to have a chat with a young man, who had begun to be recognized in the circuit of provincial journalism as a literary star of rising magnitude. The young man was John Banim, whose noble services under trying circumstances Gerald had reason some years later to experience and appreciate. During the two years immediately preceding his departure for London, he devoted his attention almost exclusively to dramatic composition. Banim's "Damon and Pythias" appeared in 1821, and the success which had at once raised its obscure author into prominence, must have had no slight influence in confirming the reso-

lution which Gerald had already made. A religious motive, too, entered into the spirit and outlined the object and policy of his work. His plays, when they should be produced, were not to terminate with uproarious applause and calls for the "gifted author" at the fall of the curtain. The spirit of the drama had at this time wofully departed from the sphere of its legitimate function received from historic tradition. The design of the great dramatic master had been in his own words to hold the "mirror up to nature." The interest of London stage-managers led them to pander to public taste, and crowd the boards with sensational makeshifts and spectacular unrealities. Otway's "Venice Preserved" and Heman's "Vespers of Palermo" could not attract a pit full; while scenes introducing battlefields, burning forests, and cataracts of real water crowded the houses to overflowing. It was at this juncture that Griffin hoped to bring about his dramatic revolution. It was with this object in view that he composed a tragedy and read it for his brother, who, seeing that it contained much that was excellent and much that gave evidence of future success, no longer withheld his permission for Gerald to try his future in the heart of the English metropolis.

One cold morning, in the autumn of the year 1823, Gerald Griffin found himself a bewildered stranger in the streets of London. The sense of utter loneliness, the feeling of timid embarrassment, which overpowered him in the bustle and uproar, amid the winding streets and smoky labyrinths of the densely populated Babel, had been experienced by many another aspiring adventurer, whom the glitter of a great name and the hope of literary preferment had drawn from happy retirements to battle through adversity to fame and fortune. His first object on his arrival in town was to seek the shelter of respectable lodgings; his next, to introduce himself, to explain his projects and to submit his tragedy to the manager of a London theatre. The manuscript was returned after some months delay, with the intimation that it was too poetic and too didactic, and would require extensive revision before it could be brought upon the stage. Accident, rather than good luck, threw Banim across his path, and he proved to be a valuable and a faithful friend. In the little sanctum at the rear of No 7 Amelia Place, Brompton, where Curran had written his speeches and Banim had composed his tragedies, Gerald sat down to reinspect the returned work, and at the suggestion of his friend to omit whole scenes, to substitute others, to lop off epithets which were too glaringly poetic, and to abbreviate speeches which were too discursively long. But despite all the author's revision and Banim's abler experience "Aquire" was fated never to occupy the boards. No amount of labor could redeem the fault of a drama which conveyed moral precepts in the classic solemnity of select and studied periods. Despairing, at length, of ever having it produced, Gerald withdrew it in disgust; but what he did with the manuscript, whether it was purposely destroyed, or accidentally lost, we are unable to say. "Aquire," however, must have contained many excellencies, judging from other poetical work of the author written at the same time, and from the testimony of his accomplished brother, whose excellent literary taste made him a competent judge. "Gisippus," a tragedy

written at this period, was produced with great success two years after the author's death, Macready sustaining the title rôle. A series of continued failures to satisfy the wants of exacting stage managers, slightly altered the plan, though not the purpose, of the work which Griffin had set himself to accomplish. He was compelled to give up writing tragedies, and write for a livelihood; but London was overcrowded with impecunious journalists, and he received the merest pittance in return for the most arduous species of literary drudgery. The author of "Irene," on his arrival in London, was not more incontestably the literary helot at the mercy of Cave, Millar, and Osborne, than was Gerald Griffin the typical booksellers' hack amid shuffling reviewers and extorting publishers. Johnson at the outset of his literary career received but five guineas for a quarto English translation of "Lobos Voyage to Abyssinia." Griffin, after working for weeks received two guineas for a translation of a volume and a half of Prevot's works. But he was not to be easily dismayed by first reverses of fortune. He had long ago made himself familiar with the catalogue of miseries in the literary martyrology beginning with Nash and Otway, and ending with his friend Banim. Early intimacy with distress and disappointment would but stimulate him the better to conquer both. He would sacrifice everything, consistent with a stainless name and an honorable career, in the attainment of his cherished end—the society of friends, the little luxuries of a frugal table, the modest though comfortable room in which he had hitherto lived and toiled. Poor Gerald! he had yet to learn when his most ambitious yearnings had been fully realized, that worldly honors do not satisfy the cravings of a Christian heart, that the most imperishable coronal of true success is woven of deeds little, lowly, and seemingly contemptible, and that labor spent in purely secular pursuits is labor spent in vain. But the nobler promptings of his nature were as yet unheard amid the discord in which he lived.

He now removed to a miserable garret in a lonely corner of a lonely street in the loneliest part of London. The forlorn solitude of his dreary room was, however, somewhat cheered by the thought, that in such dizzy eeries, amid the eccentric gables and rheumatic chimney pots of great capitals, works were often composed which were destined eventually to confer lasting honors on their obscure authors. Goldsmith had written his "Vicar of Wakefield" in the memorable, dingy eminence at the head of Breakneck Steps. Pope, walking with Harte in the Haymarket, entered an old house, where mounting three pair of creaking stairs he pointed to an open door and said: "In this garret Addison wrote his 'Campaign.'" Gerald Griffin, however, had yet to experience all the hardships which were endured by Goldsmith before his landlady threatened eviction, and by Addison before he received the fortuitous visit of Henry Boyle, Lord Chancellor of the Exchequer. He wrote prose and poetry for which he was often glad to get sufficient money wherewith to purchase a cup of coffee and a crust of bread. He studied Spanish, and when he had so mastered the language as to be able to translate fluently, his publisher said that on second consideration he would prefer to receive original contributions. And now commenced

a period in Griffin's life, which, for exceptional want and misery, might claim a certain pre-eminence in the long list of hapless victims, who made up the literary hecatomb of the Johnsonian era. Without the grosser elements, which enter into their methods of living and disfigure their character, the abject squalor of vulgar surroundings, the love for pot-houses and low companionships, the utter disregard for personal respect, he otherwise underwent all the pain, the want and uncertainty of their impoverished condition. But the roughness of the road was unthought of in the anticipation of a rich reward at the end of his journey. He would redouble his efforts to ensure its nearer approach. He abandoned old companionships; invitations to dinners and literary soirées, which came from his friends Banim and McGinn, were politely declined. He locked himself in his lonely room and wrote through the hours of an unbroken day. Only at night when the lamps were lit, and the crowds had left the street, would he venture out of doors, and then merely to take a ten minutes' walk to ease his aching head, and to rest his wearied eyes. Once he remained three whole days without tasting food, till a friend accidently came to see him and found him pale and faint but still writing. Yet in all the sunless gloom of this dreadful time his letters home were most cheerful. The want of actual nourishment he felt, the evil influences by which he was surrounded, the chances of certain success which awaited him if he would but do violence to a certain portion of his scrupulous orthodoxy, counted for nothing with one whose good sense could see no grave inconsistency between temporary poverty and the first efforts of struggling genius. Nor is poverty so fatal to the efforts of genius as a superficial thinker would suppose it to be. To a noble nature it presents no feature of degradation or terror. Its supposed evils are, for the most part, begotten of the pride of those who are its victims.

If it forbade Griffin to ask or receive favors from those who were able and willing to help him, it thereby conferred self-independence and ceaseless energy, the constant forerunners of inevitable success. His industry was speedily rewarded, and in a manner which seemed the result rather of good luck than of strenuous effort or personal merit. One day Gerald made bold to write an article after the manner of those in the great reviews. He sent it anonymously to the proprietor of a leading periodical, and in return received unsolicited a cheque for a handsome sum of money, with an invitation to continue sending contributions of a similar kind. This was the first hopeful speck in the horizon of a brilliant future. The benevolence of the kindly publisher did not end here. He sought out the anonymous writer, invited him to dinner, treated him handsomely, and obtained for him the editorship of a new publication. "It never rains but it pours," is a true old maxim attributable with equal propriety to good and evil happenings. Hitherto he had been unable to make his time profitable either in a literary or pecuniary sense. His later contributions had all at once begun to attract attention, and the amount of time at his disposal seemed too short to enable him to satisfy all the requirements of numerous engagements. He was employed as a parliamentary reporter and as a writer of short plays for the English Opera House. He reviewed books which

were published, and revised books which were unpublished. He contributed essays, stories and poetry to the *News of Literature*, the *European Review*, and the *London Magazine*, for the smallest one of which he received more money than for the huge translation of Prevot two years previous. He was now enabled to take more comfortable chambers; but he miscalculated his powers of endurance; when in such a stage of mental anxiety and mental application he would remain up at literary work till he heard the church clocks strike four in the morning. The evil results of this abuse of health soon made themselves manifest. He had lost all appetite for food. His rest was broken by fits of insomnia, during which his heart would beat so loud as to be distinctly heard by his brother in the same room. In the streets he would be suddenly attacked by swooning fits, during which he would have to support himself by leaning on gate posts and sitting on door-steps. At the earnest solicitation of his good brother he set out for Ireland with the hope of recruiting his failing energies by a few months' leave of absence. His vacation was productive of literary as well as of sanitary results.

He returned to London with a volume of stories for the press, and sold the copyright to the Messrs. Simpkin Marshall & Co., for £70. The work appeared in December 1826, under the title of "Hollandtide Tales." It was well received. The style was original, graceful and easy. The three novels, which comprised the series, were interesting and free from the taint of grossness and immorality, so erroneously deemed essential when describing the habits and customs of the poorer classes. It was an eloquent vindication of a much-wronged portion of the Irish peasantry, and like Banim's contemporary writings, it was hailed with universal exultation in Irish literary circles. The success of his first work was so immediate and decisive that he resigned his editorship, abandoned the magazines and reviews, and continued with few interruptions to appear annually before the public as a novelist. "Tales of the Munster Festivals," which appeared in two series, and for which he received £250, was the title of his next work. In 1858 appeared "The Collegians" which placed him with one bound in the fore front of the great writers of his country. It was not only the best Irish novel that had appeared previous to its first publication, but is admittedly the best that has ever been written since.* "The Invasion," "The Rivals," "The Duke of Monmouth," and others which he wrote subsequently, are all far inferior when placed side by side with this great master-piece of fiction. In it may be seen to best advantage the wonderful power and versatility of Griffin's genius as a great novelist, for within its single compass he has touched with a master hand the whole gamut of human passion and human affections. As a literary artist of the "dark and touching mode of painting," which Carleton has set down as the chief characteristic of his brother novelist, Griffin has few equals and no superior. To depict the more sombre tints of

*Mr. Justin McCarthy, speaking of "Irish Novelists" at Cork, in September, 1884, said: "We have some Irish novels which ought to be classic, and about which I have over and over again taxed all the critical experience I can summon up why they have failed to become classic in the sense of Sir Walter Scott's novels. I cannot understand why Gerald Griffin's 'Collegians' fails to take a place in the public estimation beside the best of the novels of Sir Walter Scott."

human nature, to trace the unbroken events linked together in a career of crime, from the first commission of evil till its last expiation in the felon ship, or on the gallows, he especially delights. He does not delay the progress of the plot to impress upon his reader the exact frame of mind in which his hero felt at certain trying conjunctures. This suggests itself unconsciously, in occasional snatches of vague and emotional distraction, in half uttered replies, in the joke that mechanically escapes the lips, in the capricious laugh that best discovers the anguish preying on the mind and the despair eating at the heart. But it is in the ingenuity with which he makes local surroundings play such an important part in the drama of human destiny, that Griffin excels to a remarkable extent. What reader of the "Collegians" has not realized all the perils of the windy night and the stormy sea with trepidation and horror scarcely surpassed by the occupants of the little craft tossing amid the boiling breakers — Eily, the hapless runaway, Danny, the elfin hunchback, and Hardress, the conscience-stricken victim of conflicting thoughts and passionate impulses? How much more tragic the finding of the dead body of Eily, the "pride of Garryowen," since it occurs on the hunting field, surrounded by the half maudlin squires, and before the bloodless face of the horrified murderer? But Griffin deserves mention other than as a dramatist and novelist. It is saddening to know that in an age where so much weak sentiment, scarcely discernible in its wealth of verbose ornamentation, is so easily imposed upon the public under the name of poetry, that so much really good poetry should be forgotten and unread. One is often provoked to regret that the scalping knife has become blunted in the hands of the "buff and blue," and that the race of useful parodists should seem to have expired with the wits of "Fraser." As a poet Griffin is comparatively little known; and yet, to make a seeming paradox, few poets have been more universally popular. The exquisite songs, "A Place in Thy Memory," "Schule Agrah" and "Aileen Aroon" have been read and sung wherever the English language is spoken. Yet very few young Irish ladies and gentlemen are aware that Gerald Griffin is the author. The religious spirit which exhibits its moral influence through the thread of his stories appears more extensively and more perceptibly in his poetry. If his shorter poems are the best of all he has written, the best of all his short poems are those which breathe a religious spirit. To verify our assertion we need only mention, "Old Times, Old Times!" "The Mother's Lament," "O'Brazil" and "The Sister of Charity." It is a matter for much regret that Griffin should have written so little poetry. Had he devoted more exclusive attention to this department of literature, he would undoubtedly have become the Burns of his country; for his muse had taught him a kindred song, and given him to write with equal tenderness and simplicity.

In the year 1838, Gerald Griffin had attained a popularity which would have satisfied the wishes of the most ardent literary enthusiast. He was no longer the literary hack, the despised minion, the swindled victim at the mercy of harpy publishers and newspaper knaves. He could now write at his leisure, and be handsomely rewarded for his labor. Positions from which much emolument might be derived were

offered him, but he answered them with a polite refusal. Contributions were solicited to no purpose. The desultory articles written under pressure of hunger in the confinement of the garret near St. Paul's were hunted for by publishers, who were too happy to pay a handsome premium for any thing printed over the name of the now popular author. To those who have never tried to realize the working of divine grace in the hearts of the pure and virtuous, Gerald Griffin would now seem to have nothing more to wish for, no unacquired honor to enkindle a new aspiration, no need of money to compel him once more to write for a living. The wisdom of advanced years, and a religious discernment guided by the spirit of God, and becoming more devotional day by day, began at last to discover the sophistry and the deceit of human glory and human praise. He still yearned after a mysterious something which he began to realize could never be found amid the jarring discord and empty distractions of the secular world. A new light irradiated the thick gloom by which he had long been encompassed. Gradually the mist and shadow of doubt and difficulty rolled away, disclosing at length the gray walls of a silent monastery in spirit of unpretentious work and pious exercise, far sequestered from the busy haunts of worldly men. Step by step he was approaching the humble cell of recollection and prayer, in the religious solitude of which he was to find true peace and lasting happiness. From the cottage cradled on the Shannon's breast to his later home in the poetic solitude of sweet Adare; from the three-cornered garret in the London back street to the tables of the rich and the titled, he had experienced every vicissitude between the antithetical extremes of joy and sorrow. When, at length, the final step was taken, it was not the rash or eccentric choice of momentary impulse, but the matured result of wise and cautious deliberation. He prepared to enter the noble order of the Christian Brothers, whose humble office it is to instruct the children of the poor, and whose labors in the cause of Christian education have been of incalculable benefit to the Irish race. One morning previous to Gerald's final departure, an elder brother entered his bedroom. He found him in a kneeling posture holding the last fragment of a charred heap of manuscript over the blazing fire. He had made the final sacrifice to God of all that could wed his heart to future worldly honors. In the year 1838 he entered the Christian Brothers at Cork, and after a short novitiate received the habit and the vows by which these holy men consecrate themselves to the service of their Maker and the spiritual welfare of their fellow men. But the splendid genius of the new Brother was not destined to remain idle. It was now to be exercised more energetically than ever, consecrated as it had been to the service of religion and the glory of God. He had just completed a small number of Catholic tales, written in his happiest vein, when a fatal attack of malignant fever struck the pen from his hand. Every remedy that the skill of great physicians could devise, every attention that loving confrères could bestow was procured for him during his last illness. But the invisible decree had gone forth, and the near passing was inevitable. He lingered but a few days, edifying his attendants by his fervent piety and resignation under suffering. He died consoled by the rites of Holy

Church on the 12th of June, 1840. In the humble cemetery, of the monastery at Cork, a modest grave, unnoticed amid rows of similar ones, is surmounted by a small cross. The cross bears the name of Brother Joseph, the grave holds all that was mortal of the good and gifted Gerald Griffin.

Oxford, N. J. JAMES H. GAVIN.

Rev. Father Fulton, S. J.,

CONDESCENDED to notice the ravings of Mr. Robert Ingersoll, at Boston College Hall, on the evening of the 11th of November. We should be pleased to publish a full report of the lecture, but our limits will not permit us to do so. We merely give a few extracts: "Once upon a time there was a person named Scholasticus, who suffered by death the loss of his child, to whose obsequies came the people in great throngs. But our friend, instead of receiving their expressions of condolence, hid himself blushing in a corner, and, on being expostulated with, and asked why he was ashamed, replied: 'To bury so small a child before so large an assembly.' This lecture is the child, and the concourse is the audience before me. I have been engaged on matters foreign to literary and scientific pursuits, and have had no time to prepare a regular lecture, but I think it will not need much time to demolish Mr. Ingersoll. I will take his book on 'Orthodoxy,' in which he declares that 'he knows that the clergy know that they know nothing.' Mr. Ingersoll is not a philosopher, nor a theologian, though he may be, as we hear, an orator of matchless voice and gesticulation. He is witty, as any one may easily be who attacks what we most revere. Let us look at his scholarship. He has no argument whatever, except the old objections brought up in the schools. In the whole book there have been no references nor authorities cited. His only method of reasoning is that by interrogation, why? why? why? Suppose I answer I don't know! The proper test of an argument is to put it syllogistic form, which is impossible with Mr. Ingersoll's arguments. Again, the very importance of the subject demands a respectful and reverential treatment, which Mr. Ingersoll denies it. I will try to make a synopsis of the work. Mr. Ingersoll declares himself sincere in his belief, thereby insinuating that they who believe in Christianity are hypocrites. Then follows an examination of the Congregational and Presbyterian creeds, under the supposition, absurdly false, '*ex uno disce omnes.*' 'Infidelity,' says Mr. Ingersoll, 'will prevail over Christianity.' This does not prove that Christianity is not the true religion, for infidelity may triumph only because the intellect is obscured by passion. 'The Christian religion,' says he, 'is supported only because of the contributions of some men.' Would those men have supported it had they not firmly believed in it? Again, Mr. Ingersoll says the Christian religion was destroyed by Mohammed, and yet no one knows it. Nor were the crusades unjust and destructive wars, for the land which they fought for was one dearest

to them ; their Saviour died there. Was it not a just war? And this war saved all Europe, for the power of Mohammed was rising rapidly and was about to inundate all Europe. But the war was carried into the enemy's country, and by the attack all Europe was saved. Again, we were freed from the ignorance of the dark ages (dark, as I may say, only because we have no light on them), by the introduction into Italy of some manuscripts, according to Mr. Ingersoll. But the truth is, all the learning of that period was centred in the church, and by her alone were erected seats of learning. It was from the barbarian that this ignorance arose. Nor has the church been inimical to the sciences, more particularly to astronomy and its promoters, for among the most able astronomers of Europe are to be found Catholic priests." The lecture was delivered to a large audience completely filling the College Hall.

Private Judgment a Failure.

It is a common fallacy of Protestants that the scepticism, which is so prevalent, affects the Catholic Church equally with Protestant sects. Now, this is a great and pernicious error, for it tends to divert sincere inquirers from seeking true, infallible doctrine in the church. When I witness the strenuous efforts made by Protestant writers against scepticism, and their ill success, I am led to execrate the miscalled "Reformation." Had that horrible event not taken place, instead of the desultory warfare by detached guerillas, we should have had the full strength and power of an organized, disciplined, compact army, against scepticism. To speak even of the learning displayed by Protestant writers is to suggest how much more vast the learning, that would now be the portion of England, if the church property were in the hands of the Abbots of former days instead of being held by its present possessors. In force of reasoning, too, Protestant vindicators of religion are at an immense disadvantage. They are hampered by principles, which they should never have adopted. Private judgment is to them what Saul's armor was to David, ill-fitting, and cumbersome. To borrow an illustration from Archbishop Whately, "They are obliged to fight infidelity with their left hand ; their right hand being tied behind them." One of the specialties of this age is "historical research." The application of the historical criticism inaugurated by Niebuhr has dealt Protestism a fatal blow, while, on the other hand, it has been favorable to the cause of Catholicity. This has happened for the reason that the Catholic Church is not founded exclusively on the Bible, as Protestantism is. Catholics take the Bible as an authentic history. This authentic history establishes the divine mission of our Lord, and the institution of the church by His divine authority. This church, "the pillar and ground of truth," attests the divine authority of Holy Scripture. There is no *circulus vitiosus* in our argument. With us the individual must bow to the collective wisdom of the church, divinely established.

Protestants cut a pretty figure with private judgment. In political elections, and in clubs, meetings, and so forth, the Protestant very properly allows that the voice of the majority must prevail. This is common sense; and yet in religious matters forsooth, the private judgment of an ignorant and illiterate individual must be permitted to overrule the decision of the collective wisdom of learned theologians. This shows how far men are liable to be blinded by prejudice. In fact, if men had an interest in denying that "two and two make four," they would unquestionably do so. We may also deduce from this violent aberration in religion an argument to prove the doctrine of original sin, and the existence of evil spirits exercising a malignant influence on the souls and minds of men.

Physicists experience that longing for religion natural to man; and hence they endeavor to patch up some sort of a religion from the shreds of truth that are found in physical science, "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*" Unfortunately, they are unacquainted with Catholic doctrine, and they see in the conflicting sects of Protestantism no good ground to base their faith upon. Accustomed to deal with matter, they are unable to elevate their minds to the supernatural. They dissect the human corpse, and stupidly wonder that in a dead body they cannot discover a living soul; they search the empty tomb for the resurrected Saviour.

The minds of those men are set in a wooden, mechanical way. They are impervious to logic at the very time that they are asserting their loyal adherence to its rules. They have a horror of Catholic conclusions as, it may be also remarked, have Protestants likewise. On this account, both classes prefer rather to accept the most untrustworthy theories of physical science, even when they verge on gross and laughable absurdity, than to grant the conclusions of Catholic theologians.

It must be borne in mind that the Bible is not one book, as popular Protestantism regards it. It is seen now in the light of historical criticism, that the amount of knowledge requisite for the proper exercise of private judgment on the Bible is immense, and such as can only be acquired by a few, comparatively speaking. Protestantism is, therefore, moribund. Infidelity is to be combated by the church; by this only can it be conquered. Nor is it hard to conquer. We should see it disposed of very soon, if it ventured to put forth a system. But its strength lies in grumbling. It asks, like Pontius Pilate, What is truth? And goes away without waiting for an answer.

Burlington, N J. REV. P. A. TREACY.

His Holiness the Pope having written a letter to the Mikado of Japan thanking him for the kindness extended by him to the Catholic missionaries, his Majesty has replied in cordial terms, assuring the Holy Father that he would continue to afford them protection, and announcing the despatch of a Japanese mission to the Vatican.

Priests and People Mourning.

The Great and Gifted Redemptorist Father, Rev. John O'Brien, Deceased—Beautiful and Appropriate Tributes to his Memory.

A PILLAR of the Lord's temple, a lustrous light of faith departed, a glorious soldier of the church militant on earth, is the sorrowful, but withal grateful, subject of our memoir. Taken from this life suddenly in the very bloom of a magnificent manhood, and from the career of his saintly priesthood, fragrant with thousands of tests of the divinity of his ordination; aye, taken from the multitudes who so much needed his spiritual guidance and support, may we well exclaim that the ways of our Almighty Father are wondrously mysterious and hidden beyond the ken of our feeble understanding. The great and gifted young priest was truly of that royal race of him, Boroimhe, who was slaughtered by the hand of a desperate assassin, as he prayerfully knelt in his tent, on the battle-field, offering thanks to the Lord of Hosts for victory over the hordes of northern barbarian invaders. He of Clontarf was king, soldier and saintly Christian. His descendant, transplanted in his youth, as if by divine ordination, from Ireland to America, was soldier, Christian, king of hearts and saver of souls. Majestic in person, gentle in deportment, tender of heart, Rev. John O'Brien, C. SS. R. through wondrous graces of mind and soul won upon all; brought the wayward into the paths of holy places, and readily summoned sinners to repentance. He achieved miracles, temporal as well as spiritual. It will be recollected how agreeably our whole community was startled by the corroborated recital, not so very long since, that the young daughter of Col. P. T. Hanley, of Boston Highlands, was healed of her chronic lame infirmity through the efficacy of his ministrations and her own pure prayers and strong faith. How heroic he was in "apostolic zeal and saintly fervor," like one of those heroic, primitive soldiers of the Cross, the martyrs of the catacombs, his reverend and eloquent panegyrist attests, when he reminds us how little terrors for him and his pious associates had the murderously-inclined orangemen and other bigots of Newfoundland, when these Fathers were there not long ago on the mission.

Rev. Father O'Brien had been for some years connected with the Redemptorists' Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, at Boston Highlands. He was in his thirty-sixth year at the time of his decease, which occurred suddenly on November 8th, from rheumatism of the heart, at Ilchester, Md., the parent house of the order. He had, only a few days previous to his death, closed a most arduous but successful mission in Philadelphia, where, but a short time previously, Rev. Father McGivern was taken with his fatal illness through overwork in his missionary labors. The remains of Father O'Brien were conveyed here by Mr. Cleary, one of our undertakers, and reposed in the main aisle fronting the altar of the Tremont Street basilica, during the even-

ing and night of November 11, where many thousands visited them in tears, and rendered upward their silent and heartfelt prayers for the purposes which animated his sanctified soul. The emblems of mourning in the edifice, the varied and beautiful and artistic floral tributes, the grief depicted on the features of young and old of the people, and many other evidences, attested most unerringly the great bereavement which the Catholics of Boston sustain by his death.

THE LATE REV. JOHN O'BRIEN, C. S.S. R.

On the morning of the 12th, at 9 o'clock, the Redemptorist Fathers' Church was thronged with a great congregation, and hundreds were unable to get in when the office of the dead was recited. Over fifty priests participated in the sanctuary devotions. The clergymen offering up the Solemn High Mass of Requiem were as follows: Celebrant, Rev. Father Welsh, C. SS. R.; deacon, Rev. Father Wynn, C. SS. R.; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Lutz, C. SS. R.; master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Licking, C. SS. R.; Father Licking also preached the panegyric. The Reverend Father took for his text:

ECCLESIASTES xii. 5 and 7. "Man shall enter into the house of his eternity, and the mourners shall go roundabout in the street. . . . And the dust shall return to the earth from whence it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

He began most impressively and substantially as follows: "What shall I say to you on this sad occasion? How shall I find words to express the sorrow and sadness, which I see depicted on your countenances? The zealous, the learned, the whole-souled Redemptorist, Rev. John O'Brien, is laid low on the bier of death. A young warrior has fallen on the battle-field of duty. A strong worker has sunk beside the vines he was preparing for the heavenly kingdom.

"Oh, brother, if thou hadst not died in the prime of youth! If thou hadst not within thee the strength and energy to labor long and successfully in thy sublime vocation! If thou hadst grown gray in the service of God, I should congratulate you on this day, the day of thy espousals to Jesus Christ. I should say to thee: well done thou faithful servant, thou hast labored long and well in the service of thy maker. Thou hast gone to thy well-merited reward." Father Licking continued at some length in this strong strain of apostrophe to the name and memory of his beloved brother, and then entered into reminiscences, in which he said, "I remember well when first I met the departed. It was in the year 1870. We were then students at the preparatory college of the Redemptorist order. He was even then the picture of health, and a model for every student. Never was he known to infringe upon the slightest rule of the institute; never (and this is saying a great thing), never did he lose a single moment of time. Always at his books by day and by night, even stealing from his well-merited rest some hours in order to acquire knowledge which he might employ in after years in the service of God and for the good of souls. So well pleased were his superiors with his conduct, that they appointed him, together with the late lamented Rev. Father McGivern, overseer of the college boys in the absence of their superiors."

He received the habit of the order in 1875, with Rev. Fathers Beal and Licking. The panegyrist made most feeling allusion to the occasion, when the lamented dead took "the profession of those holy vows, those tremendous vows, those eternal vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. . . . Thank God, he kept those vows to the end."

Father O'Brien was next sent to the Redemptorist Theological Seminary of Ilchester, Md., to further pursue the great studies that fitted him for his calling.

"It often required an express command of his superiors to take him from his books that his body might not succumb, and the mind gain the necessary rest. So exact was he in all his ways, that we, his fellow students, could, at any hour of the day, point out the very spot where he might be found, either going through the Way of the Cross, or praying before the Blessed Sacrament, or reciting his rosary, or studying at his books. Is it a wonder, then, that God should allow him to die on a spot which had so often been the witness of so much piety and so many of his good works."

He was ordained priest in 1880, and the following February found him at the Boston Highlands in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Here he administered for the first time the Sacrament of Penance; here he preached from the pulpit of his panegyrist his first sermon; here he entered upon "that career of zeal and usefulness

which made his name proverbial in every family of the parish." . . . "He possessed a powerful and comprehensive mind, a prodigious memory, and a most fertile imagination; and, above all, a most generous spirit and tender heart. Graced besides with every form of manly beauty, strength and vigor, of a powerful frame, nothing seemed wanting to him. It might be said of him as the poet sang of the ancient hero:

> "'He was a combination and a form indeed,
> Where God did seem to set his very seal,
> To give the world the picture of a man.'"

Father Licking dwelt at length upon the great extent of the work done in the parish by the beloved deceased. "Every interest in the large parish received his particular attention." All were participants of his zeal and charity. In 1883 he passed through his second novitiate after a retirement of six months, which fully equipped him for the missions. "And now his soul rejoiced, indeed, in the Lord."

"It is related," said the preacher, "of a Southern officer, that when he returned from a successful expedition, the first question he put to his general always was: 'Where is the next blow to be struck? Send me there!' So it was with the young warrior of the Cross, whose death we mourn. His zeal knew no bounds except those of obedience. Hardly had one mission been finished when he hastened to another. . . . North, South, East and West were witnesses of his Apostolic zeal and saintly fervor. The cold weather, the fierce storms, and still fiercer spirits of hostile sects in Newfoundland, had not terrors enough to deter him, and the hottest sun of July and August could not draw from him a single word of complaint, when engaged in arduous task of giving retreats. And though comparatively a young man, when only four years had elapsed since his ordination, his superiors trusting in his zeal, his prudence, and his wisdom, selected him, from out of many, to the important office of giving retreats to the clergy of the land." . . . "I see among the floral tributes one bearing the letters 'Apostolic Zeal.' It shows me that you have understood his spirit."

In the panegyrist's recital it was told that six weeks before his death he was returning from missions in Pennsylvania. He saw in New York the very Rev. Provincial, who told him that the Fathers at work on the missions at Philadelphia were becoming exhausted, and that even then the Rev. Father McGivern was on a dying bed there. Father O'Brien stood up, and stretching himself to the full height of his massive frame, he exclaimed, "Look at me! Am I not a strong man? Send me. I'll do the work for them!" "Does it not remind you of the brave general who said, 'Where is the next blow to be struck. Send me there.'" When that, his last mission, closed, the Fathers had heard thirty-five hundred confessions, and he retired to Ilchester for a cursory visit, where the joy he experienced in meeting his old Alma Mater superiors was beyond description. While there he remarked: "Father, this would be a nice, quiet and holy place to die in." That night he was attacked with the fatal malady. His limbs became racked with pain. The rheumatism reached his great heart, and he is found at five o'clock in the morning insensible. The last

sacraments were administered, and at seven o'clock his noble soul took its flight from its mortal abode.

With an eloquent peroration, Rev. Father Licking closed by craving the prayers of the faithful for the departed hero of the Cross.

The pathetic musical services were rendered by the regular choir of the church, and comprised the Gregorian Requiem Mass, Miss Nellie M. McGowan, organist. The twelve pall-bearers were Colonel P. T. Hanley, Frank Ford, John J. Kennedy, M. H. Farrell, Thomas Kelly, E. J. Lynch, James McCormack, Thomas O'Leary, James B. Hand, William S. McGowan, John Reardon and Timothy McCarthy. Mount Calvary Cemetery was the place selected for the interment. In His Grace Archbishop Williams' vault the body will repose until the completion of work now in progress on a lot specially intended for Father O'Brien. It is estimated that the services at the church were attended by over twenty-five hundred people, and the funeral was likewise largely attended. Every kind attention was paid to his bereaved mother, father, and sister, who came on here from New York State.

SLEEP ON.

In Memory of Father John O'Brien, C. SS. R.

How short is life, a flitting cloud
Before the blast.
The storm wind roars, the thunder rolls
Then, peace at last.

Oh! Brother, life to thee was short;
A summer's morn
A floweret blooming in the sun,
Then, left forlorn.

Thy heart was fired with zealous love,
Thy courage high.
But list! Thy Captain softly calls
And thou must die.

No more thou'lt lead His forces on
To victory grand;
No more thou'lt join with beating heart
That glorious band.

Thou'rt fallen on the battle field
With burnished arms.
O soldier, sleep in peace, secure
From war's alarms.

O glorious life! Thy heart was free
From aught of earth,
From glittering gold, or bauble fair
Of little worth.

Thy gaze was fixed on Heaven's courts,
Thy heart's desire
On Calvary's top where Jesus burnt
In love's fierce fire.

O noble champion of the cross,
Thy course is run.
Like heaven's light, thy soul returns
To heaven's Sun.

O beauteous death! No worldly grief
Is blustering there,
The Church's voice, her tender plaint
Scents all the air.

How sweet to die, when voice of prayer
Doth rend the skies.
Released from earth, the soul ascends
In glad surprise.

And what is left? The house of clay
Where dwelt the soul.
That temple grand, where hymns to God
Did often roll.

Ah! guard it well, its blessed walls
Will rise again.
Again the soul in heaven will chant
Its glad refrain.

His tomb will blossom fair with flowers—
A mother's tears.
In memory's halls, his name will live
Through countless years.

Sleep on, brave soldier, sleep
And take thy rest.
Like John thou sleepest now
On Jesus' breast.

Crown and Crescent.

A GREAT event was witnessed on the evening of Monday, November 23, when the new electric crown and crescent, which adorn the statue of Our Lady on the dome of the university, were lit up for the first time. There, lifted high in the air — two hundred feet above the ground — the grand, colossal figure of the Mother of God appeared amid the darkness of the night in a blaze of light, with its diadem of twelve electric stars, and under its feet the crescent moon formed of twenty-seven electric lights. Truly, it was a grand sight; and one, which, though it is becoming familiar to the inmates of Notre Dame, must ever strike the beholder with awe and reverence, realizing as it does, the most perfect expression, in a material representation, of the prophetic declaration of Holy Writ: *And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.*

It must, indeed, have been an inspiration, or a prophetic foresight of the great advance soon to be made in the domain of science, that, a few years ago, caused the venerable founder of Notre Dame to conceive the grand idea which to-day we see so perfectly realized. In 1879, when the new Notre Dame was being raised upon the ruins of the old, comparatively little progress had as yet been made in electric lighting. In particular, the great problem of the minute subdivision of the light remained unsolved. Edison had not then begun his experiments, and the incandescent light was not even dreamed of. To employ the arc light around the statue was out of the question, not only because the necessary appliances would detract from the beauty of the figure, but also on account of the daily attention which the lamps would require.

But the idea had taken possession of the mind of Very Rev. Father Sorin, and was tenaciously clung to, in spite of discouraging report through the years that followed, until, at length, the success of subsequent experiments, and the invention of incandescent electric lighting, revealed the complete practicability of carrying out the grand design of the venerable founder.

Now, twelve of the Edison incandescent lamps encircle the head of the statue, while at the base are three semi-circles of nine lamps in each, which form the crescent moon. These, together with the lights in the halls of the college, are fed with the electric current by a powerful dynamo, situated in the rear of the building. Thus the visitor to Notre Dame, as he comes up the avenue at night, or the wayfarer for miles around, can realize and revere that glorious tribute to the Queen of Heaven, the Protectress of Notre Dame, as he sees her figure sursounded with its halo of light, typifying the watchful care she constantly exercises, by night as well as by day, over the inmates of this home of religion and science, which has been specially dedicated to her honor.

Notre Dame (Ia.) *Scholastic.*

Four Thousand Years.

FOUR thousand years earth waited,
Four thousand years men prayed,
Four thousand years the nations sighed,
That their King delayed.

The prophets told His coming,
The saintly for Him sighed,
And the Star of the Babe of Bethlehem
Shone o'er them when they died.

Their faces toward the future,
They longed to hail the light,
That in after centuries
Would rise on Christmas nights.

But still the Saviour tarried
In His Father's home,
And the nations wept and wondered why
The promised had not come.

At last earth's prayer was granted,
And God was a child of earth,
And a thousand angels chanted
The lowly midnight birth.

Ah! Bethlehem was grander
That hour, than Paradise;
And the light of earth, that night, eclipsed
The splendors of the skies.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

Abolishing Barmaids.

A BILL "for the Abolition of Barmaids" sounds like a joke from "Alice in Wonderland," or from one of Mr. Gilbert's burlesques. Nevertheless it is a serious legislative proposal now pending before the Parliament of Victoria. It is actually in print, and makes it penal for any keeper of a public house to employ women behind the counter. Of course, the advocates of this astonishing idea have their arguments. They do not go quite as far as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who would disestablish not only barmaids, but barmen and bars; they would not shut up all dram-shops; but they would make them as dreary as possible, so as to repel impressionable young men. In Gothenburg the spirit-drinker is served by a policeman, who keeps an eagle eye upon him that he may know him again, and refuse him a second glass if he asks for it before a certain interval has expired. The Victorian reformers have a corresponding idea of diminishing the attractions of intoxication by surrounding the initial stages with repellent rather than enticing accessories. Instead of the smiling Hebes who have fascinated the golden youth of the colony, men will serve as tapsters, and without note or comment hand across the counter the required draught. The effect may be considerable, as male drinkers do undoubtedly take a delight in the pleasant looks and bright talk of the young ladies who, as the French say, "preside" at these establishments. But should not the Victorian apostles of abstinence go further? It is well to replace girls by men, and thus subdue the bar to masculine dullness; but could not the Act of Parliament go on to declare that none save plain, grim-visaged males should be tolerated as assistants? The most inveterate toper might hesitate to enter twice if he were always met by the ugly aspect of some dark, forbidding countenance. A kind of competition might take

place for the posts, which might be given to the most repulsive people the Government could select. Fearful squint would be at a premium; scowls would be valued according to their blackness and depth; a ghastly grin would be desirable; while a general cadaverousness might be utilized as suggesting to drunkards the probable end of their career. The gods of Olympus laughed loudly when the swart, ungainly Vulcan for once replaced Hebe as their cup-bearer; but it would be no joke for the young idlers of Melbourne to find stern, grim men frowning over the counters where once they were received with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Christianity in China.

THE arrangement which the Pope has made with the Emperor of China promises to be productive of the happiest results, and to open the Flowery Kingdom fully to the spread of the gospel. For many years the French assumed the position of protectors of Christian missionaries in barbarous countries. The first expedition to Annam was avowedly sent to put an end to the murders of missionaries and converts so frequent in that country; and for a time it did serve to put a check on the ferocity of government and people. In the treaty of Tienstin it was stipulated that the French Government should have the right to protect missionaries in China. For a time that seemed to work well. But the many complaints made through the French consuls, and the punishments inflicted on Mandarins at their demand, served to irritate the Mandarins and the populace. The indiscretion of some French missionaries, who interposed to protect converts not always deserving of protection, and who flaunted the flag of France in the faces of the Mandarins in their own courts, increased the irritation. Some of the missionaries boasted also in letters, which the Chinese saw when published, of the respect for France which they instilled into their converts. The consequence was, that, although the missionaries are from all nations, the Chinese learned to regard them as French; and when the French made the late war on China, to regard all Chinese Christians as traitors. Formerly the government persecuted the Christians. Latterly Chinese mobs massacred the Christians and destroyed their churches, convents, schools, etc., and the French scarcely made an effort to protect them even in Tonquin. The Holy Father, in the letter which we published some time ago, assured the Emperor that the missionaries who re of all nations are of no politics and desire only to preach the Christian religion, and begged the Emperor to protect them. It has now been arranged that the Pope shall hereafter be represented by a Legate at Pekin to whom the rank, etc., of an ambassador will be given, and who will receive any complaints the missionaries may have to make and will seek redress for them. Thus the interests of religion will, in the minds of the Chinese, be entirely dissociated from the interests of all foreign countries, and the feelings which now prevail will subside in

time. The French Government infidel, though it is, will not like, it is thought, to be thus put aside; but if the missionaries cease to appeal to its agents it will be powerless.

"Faro's Daughters."

THERE was plenty of gambling in London at the end of the last century, and ladies took a prominent part in it. Faro was then a favorite game, and ladies who were in the habit of keeping a bank used to be called "Faro's Daughters." Of these, Lady Archer and Lady Buckinghamshire were the most notorious, and Mrs. Sturt, Mrs. Hobart, and Mrs. Concannon were also noted gamblers. The usual method was for some great lady to give an entertainment at which faro was played, when the lady who took the bank gave her £25 towards the expenses. St. James's Square was the scene of many of these revels. The *Times* of April 2, 1794, stated that "one of the Faro Banks in St. James's Square lost £7000 last year by bad debts." The same number tells us that "Lady Buckinghamshire, Mrs. Sturt, and Mrs. Concannon alternately divide the *beau-monde* at their respective houses. Instead of having two different hot suppers, at one and three in the morning, the Faro Banks will now scarcely afford bread and cheese and porter." The lady gamblers were considerably alarmed at certain hints they received, that they would be prosecuted; and in 1796 the *Times* said, "We state it as a fact, within our own knowledge, that two ladies of fashion, who keep open houses for gaming at the West End of the Town, have lately paid large douceurs to ward off the hand of justice." But in the following year Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Elizabeth Lutterell, and Mrs. Sturt were each fined £50 for playing faro at the house of the first named. The evidence proved that the "defendants had gaming parties at their different houses by rotation," and that they played until four or five in the morning. The fines seemed light enough, for an extract from the *Times* in the same year says:—"The expense of entertainments at the Gaming House of the highest class, in St. James's Square, during the eight months of last season, has been said to exceed 6,000 guineas! What must be the profits to afford such a profusion?" In modern times backgammon is not usually associated with very desperate gambling; but a captain in the guards is said to have lost thirteen thousand guineas at that game at one sitting in 1796. He revenged himself, however, by winning forty-five thousand guineas at billiards in a single night shortly afterwards.—*Saturday Review.*

NEVER use water that has stood in a lead pipe over night. Not less than a wooden bucketful should be allowed to run.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

A CHILD'S DAY.

WHEN I was a little child
It was always golden weather.
My days stretched out so long
From rise to set of sun,
I sang and danced and smiled —
My light heart like a feather —
From morn to even-song;
But the child's days are done.

I used to wake with the birds —
The little birds wake early,
For the sunshine leaps and plays
On the mother's head and wing;
And the clouds were white as curds;
The apple trees stood pearly;
I always think of the child's days
As one unending spring.

I knew where all flowers grew.
I used to lie in the meadow
Ere reaping-time and mowing-time
And carting home the hay.
And, oh, the skies were blue!
Oh, drifting light and shadow!
It was another time and clime —
The little child's sweet day.

And in the long days waning
The skies grew rose and amber
And palest green and gold,
With a moon's white flame.
And if came wind and raining,
Gray hours I don't remember;
Nor how the warm year waxed cold,
And deathly autumn came.

Only of that young time
The bright things I remember:
How orchard bows were laden red,
And blackberries so brave
Came ere the frost and rime —
Ere the dreary, dark November,
With dripping black boughs overhead,
And dead leaves on a grave.

The years have come and gone,
And brought me many a pleasure,
And many a gift and gain
From near and from afar,
And dear work gladly done,
And dear love without measure,
And sunshine after rain,
And in the night a star.

The years have come and gone,
And one hath brought me sorrow;
Yet I shall sing to ease my pain
For the hours I must stay.
They are passing one by one,
And I wait with hope the morrow;
But indeed I am not fain
Of a long, long day.

It is well for a little child
Whose heart is blithe and merry
To find too short its golden day —
Long morn and afternoon.
So many flowers grow wild,
And many a fruit and berry:
Long day, too short for work and p
The night comes too soon.

It was well for that little child;
But its day is gone forever,
And a wounded heart will ache
In the sunlight gold and gay.
Oh, the night is cool and mild
To all things that smart with
The older heart had time to br
In the little child's long day

KATHARINE TYNAN, in *Merry E*

WHEN little Willie L. first heard the braying of a mule in the South, he was greatly frightened; but, after thinking a minute, he smiled at his fear, saying, "Mamma, just hear that poor horse with the whooping-cough!"

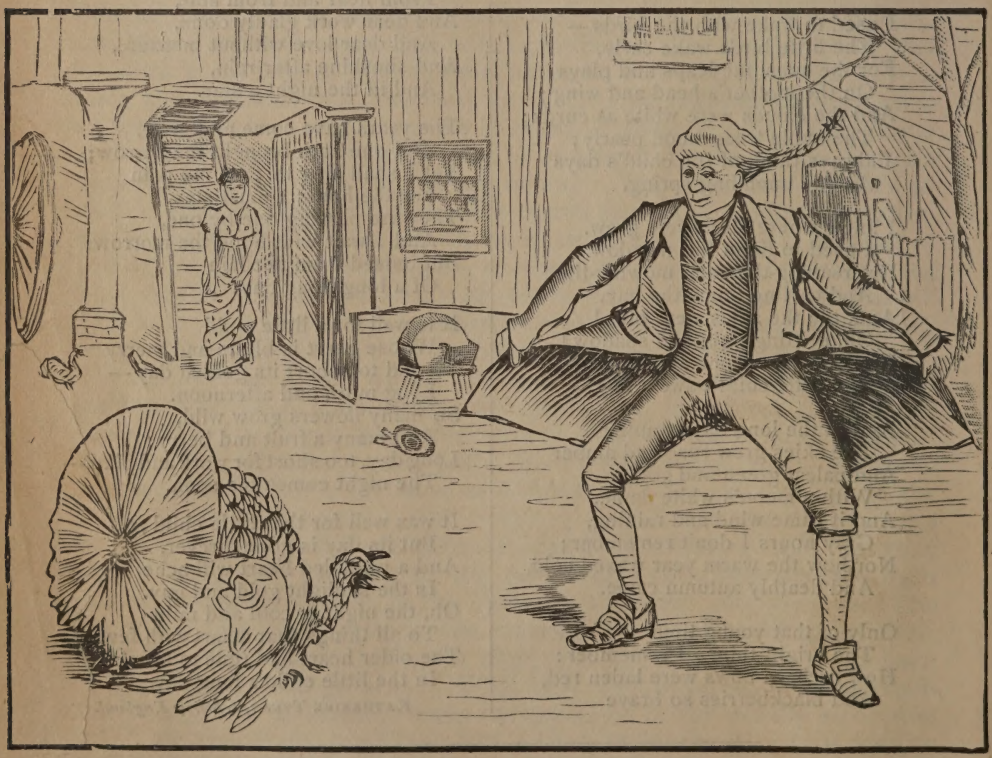
A LITTLE grammar is a dangerous thing: "Johnny, be a good boy, and I will take you to the circus next year." — "Take me now, pa; the circus is in the present tents."

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

GRANDFATHER PATRICK lived a long time ago; in the days when all the grandfathers wore white wigs with little tails sticking out behind.

One day he went into the back yard where an old Turkey Gobbler lived, and said to him:

Mr. Turkey Gobbler: Next week comes Christmas and I want you to come into the house with me, and help us have a good time. You are such a fine, fat fowl, I am sure you will be just the one we want."



Mr. Turkey Gobbler was a vain bird, and when he heard Grandfather Patrick say this, he spread out his tail, stuck up his feathers, and stretched his wings down to the ground. Then he said: "Yes, I know I am a fine fowl, and I want to get away from this low, mean yard, into the grand house, among grand people, where I think I belong."

"And so you shall," said Grandfather Patrick. "You shall leave this cold yard and come in to the stove where it is warm. You shall

come to the table with us all on Christmas Day. You shall be at the head of the table, and the boys and girls will be glad to see you, and they will say how fat you are, and how good you are, and how they wish they could have you at the table every day."

Mr. Turkey Gobbler was so pleased at all this that he went into the house with Grandfather Patrick and Aunt Bridget.

And all the little chickens looked on, and they said to each other: "Why cannot we go into the grand house, and come to the table the same as Mr. Turkey Gobbler?" We are just as fine as he."

"Be patient," said Grandfather Patrick; "your time will come."

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

"Dear Santa Claus," wrote little Will in letters truly shocking, "I's been a good boy, so please fill a heapen up this stocking. I want a drum to make pa sick and drive my mamma crazy. I want a doggie I can kick so he will not get lazy. I want a powder gun to shoot right at my sister Annie, and a big trumpet I can toot just awful loud at granny. I want a dreffle big false face to scare in fits our baby. I want a pony I can race around the parlor, maybe. I want a little hatchet, too, so I can do some chopping upon our grand piano new, when mamma goes a-shopping. I want a nice hard rubber ball to smash all into flinders, the greatbig mirror in the hall an' lots an' lots of winders. An' candy that'll make me sick, so ma all night will hold me an' make pa get the doctor quick an' never try to scold me. An' Santa Claus, if pa says I'm naughty it's a story. Jus' say if she whips me I'll die an' surely go to glory.

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB.

From the French of J. Grange, by Th. Xr. K.

THERE still subsist, in certain provinces of France, old religious customs which are full of charming simplicity. May they endure and ever hold out against the icy breath of skepticism, the cold rules of the beautiful, and the wearisome level of uniformity.

In the churches of Limousin, between Christmas and the Purification, is found a rustic monument called crib. The crib is generally a straw hut, thatched with branches of holly and pine ; on these branches are scattered little patches of white wadding, which look like snow-flakes. Inside the house, on a bed of straw, lies an Infant Jesus made of wax. All these Infants look alike and are charming ; they have blond hair, blue eyes, pink cheeks, and a silk or brocade gown, with gold and silver spangles. To the right of the Child is the Blessed Virgin ; to the left, St. Joseph. These are of wax or even of colored pasteboard. A little behind the Holy Family, and forming two distinct groups, may be seen the kings and the shepherds. The shepherds are like peasants of that part of the country, with long hair, big felt hats, and blue drugget vests. Most of them carry in their hands, or in baskets, dairy or farm presents,—fruits, eggs, honey-comb, a pair of doves. As for the kings, they are superbly clothed in long gowns, whose trail is carried by dwarfs. One of them, called the king of Ethiopia, is black and has kinky hair.

In certain cribs, simplicity and exactness are pushed to such lengths, as to represent the ox and the ass, with the rack full of hay. There may be also seen, but less frequently, in the kings' group, camels and dromedaries, covered with rich harness, and led by the bridle by slaves. If you want to do things right and leave nothing out, you must skilfully arrange above the crib a yellow-colored glass in which burns a flame, which represents the star that the Magi perceived and which stopped over the grotto at Bethlehem. Candles and tapers burn before the crib, which is surrounded by some pious women, and a number of children, who never grow weary of admiring the Holy Family and its brilliant retinue.

I was one day in a church where there was one of these cribs. I was hidden by a column and was a witness, without any wish of mine, of the impressions which the little monument made on visitors.

A gentleman, a stranger in the locality, entered the church with a young lady, about eighteen years of age, who seemed to be his daughter. The gentleman took off his hat, put on a smoking cap, and began to visit the church with as much carelessness of demeanor as though it were a provincial museum. The young lady dipped the tips of her fingers in the holy water, sped through a short prayer, and hastened to rejoin her father, with whom she began to chat and laugh.

When they came in front of the crib, the father adjusted his eye-glasses, the daughter took her opera-glass, and for a few minutes they gazed on this scene, new to them.

After gazing a little while, the gentleman shrugged his shoulders and asked:

"What are all those dolls?"

"Papa," replied the daughter, "that is the Stable of Bethlehem, and a simple representation of the birth of Jesus Christ."

"Simple?" exclaimed the father, "you're indulgent to-day, Azémia; you should say grotesque and buffoonish; that it should be possible to push bad taste so far! It is not enough that their mysteries are incomprehensible; here they're trying to make them ridiculous!"

"Goodness, papa," said the young lady; "just think! for the common people and peasants"—

"I tell you, Azémia, that it is absurd and shocking, and that the peasants and the natives themselves must laugh at it. Let us go! I feel myself catching cold here, and dinner must be ready."

They had hardly left the church, when a lady entered with a charming four-year-old baby. The child ran to the crib where the mother joined him after a prayer which seemed to me less summary and more serious than that which the young lady had said.

"Oh! mamma," the child said half aloud; "look at the little Jesus, and the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph. See the kings and the shepherds. Oh! mamma, see the star the kings followed and that stopped over the Stable of Bethlehem.

And the child stood on tip-toe and looked with wide-open eyes.

"Mamma," he went on, "see the ass and the ox that were in the stable when the little Jesus came into the world. Oh! the beautiful gray ass! and that ox that is all red; it looks like an ox for sure, like those in the fields. Say, little mother, could I throw a kiss to little Jesus?"

And the child, putting his finger-tips to his lips, made a delightfully naive salute.

The mother silently kissed her child, and it seemed to me that she was weeping.

"Now, darling," she said, "now that you've seen everything, say to the little Jesus the prayer you say every night before going to bed."

The child seemed to hesitate.

"You see there is nobody here but the good God and us; then you can say it low."

"My God," said the child; "I love you. Keep me during my sleep; keep little father and little mother too, good papa and good mamma, my sister Mary, who is at boarding-school, and all my relatives, living and dead. Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart."

The mother and the child left. And I who had heard these things, I thought of the sacred texts:—

"Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God."

"I thank Thee, Father, because Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to the little ones."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE BOYS.

"PLEASE suggest a suitable Christmas present for a boy of nine."

The above, addressed to the *New York Sun*, elicited the following reply, which may be read with much profit by all parents of young hopefuls.

If your nine-year-old has developed any mechanical taste, gratify it by a small kit of tools. The chests of cheap tools sold in the stores are not good for much. Select a few tools of good quality at a hardware store, and put a substantial work bench, such as carpenters use, in the play room. Never mind an occasional cut finger.

Pet animals or birds, which may be found in great variety in the bird fanciers' stores, always delight the boys. But city boys do not always have room to keep them.

An aquarium of moderate dimensions, stocked with half a dozen varieties of fish, turtles, snails, seaweed, etc., is a very useful and interesting present for any boy or girl. In the spring add a few pollywogs, and watch them in their evolution into frogs. You will be interested in the process yourself.

What do you say to a microscope?

If your boy lacks muscular development for his years, get him a set of apparatus for parlor gymnastics. He will have lots of fun and it will do him good. A bicycle isn't bad either.

If he hasn't learned to skate yet it is time to start in. Get him a good pair of steel runners.

Of course he has a sled?

Perhaps he has all of the things we mention. If so, get the housemaid, or some other person whom he would not suspect, to ask him what he would like best for Christmas, and get that if it is within the bounds of reason.

Throw in a book. There are plenty of them.

Don't give him a toy pistol.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

ALL over Great Britain and Ireland the redbreast's nest is spared, while those of other birds are robbed without ceremony; and his life is equally sacred. No schoolboy who has ever killed a robin can forget the dire remorse and fear that followed the deed. And little wonder, for terrible are the punishments said to overtake those who persecute this little bird. Generally such a crime is believed to be expiated by the death of a friend. Sometimes the punishment is more trivial. In some parts of England it is believed that even the weasel and the wildcat will spare him.

In Brittany, the native place of the legend, it is needless to say, the redbreast is thoroughly popular, and his life and nest are both respected. In Cornouaille the people say he will live till the day of judgment, and every year will make some young women rich and happy.

In some parts of England and Scotland his appearance is considered an omen of death. In Northamptonshire he is said to tap three times at the window of a dying person's room. In the Haute Marne district of France he is also thought a bird of ill omen, and is called Beznet — meaning "the evil eye."

In Central Europe, where there is also no trace of a passion legend attached to the redbreast, he is held none the less sacred. Mischief is sure to follow the violator of his nest. But by far the most prevalent belief, and especially in Germany, is that the man who injures a redbreast or its nest will have his house struck by lightning, and that a redbreast's nest near a house will protect it from lightning.

These robins are very rarely seen on this side of the Atlantic. Several of them were brought to this country a few weeks ago from Larne, county Antrim, Ireland, and were landed in New York.

They are the tamest of all the birds in the British Isles, and are utter strangers to the timidity which our robin displays toward man. At the same time they are not pert and presumptuous like the sparrow, but seem to feel that their innocent confidence in man has gained for them immunity from the danger of being stoned or shot at, to which nearly every other bird is subjected to without compunction. The most mischievous schoolboy in those countries never thinks of throwing a stone at a robin, although he regards any other bird as an entirely proper object for his aim. Like every other songster of the feathered tribe, their age depends on how old they are when captured. If taken from the nest they will live for years in a cage, but should they have enjoyed some years of freedom they pine away soon, and in such cases refuse to sing. The nest bird, however, sings in captivity, though its notes might lack the sweetness and duration of the free bird. In appearance the little robin bears scarcely any resemblance to its namesake of this continent, being much smaller in size, and having a breast of far rosier hue.

FOOLISH GIRLS.

WHILE the great majority of our girls are sensible and wise, not a few are silly victims of sensational story papers. Their minds become corrupted, and their imaginations attain an unhealthy development. They picture to themselves an ideal hero, and easily fall victims to designing knaves, who induce them to elope. The spice of romance in an elopement takes their fancy, and they leave the homes of happy childhood to wander in the paths of pleasure. It has been well remarked that nothing good is ever heard of a girl who elopes. Now and then she figures in the divorce courts either as plaintiff or defendant, but ordinarily the world moves on, and leaves her to her fate. Occasionally the police records give a fragment of her life when the heyday of her youth and life has fled, and the man with whom she has eloped has taken to beating her in order to get up an appetite for breakfast. Here and there the workhouse or charitable home opens its doors to receive her, when she wearies of the life she gladly assumed, and is too proud to beg for forgiveness at home.

LITTLE QUEEN PET AND HER KINGDOM.

THERE was once a little queen who was born to reign over a great rich kingdom called Goldenlands. She had twelve nurses and a hundred and fifty beautiful names: only unfortunately on the day of the christening there was so much confusion and excitement that all the names were lost as they fell out of the bishop's mouth. Nobody saw where they vanished to, and as nobody could find them, the poor little baby had to return to the palace nursery without anything to be called by. They could not christen her over again, so the king offered a reward to the person who should discover the princess's names within the next fifteen years. Every one cried "Poor pet, poor pet!" over the nameless baby, who soon became known as the Princess Pet. But her father and mother took the accident so much to heart that they both died soon after.

Of course, little Pet was considered too young to manage the affairs of her own kingdom, and so she had a great, powerful Government to do it for her. This Government was a most peculiar monster, with nine hundred and ninety-nine heads and scarcely any heart; and when anything was to be decided upon, all the heads had to be laid together, so that it took a long time to make up its mind. It was not at all good to the kingdom, but little Pet did not know anything about that, as she was kept away in her splendid nursery, with all her nurses watching her, while she played with the most wonderful toys. Sometimes she was taken out to walk in the gardens, with three nurses holding a parasol over her head, a page carrying her embroidered train, three nurses walking before, fanning her, and six nurses following behind; but she never had any playfellows, and nothing ever happened at all different from everything else. The only variety in her life was made by startling sounds, which often came echoing to the nursery, of the gate-bell of the palace ringing loudly.

"Why does the bell ring so?" little Pet would cry, and the nurses would answer:

"Oh, it is only the poor!"

"Who are the poor?" asked Pet.

"People who are born to torment respectable folks!" said the head nurse.

"They must be very naughty people!" lisped Pet, and went on with her play.

When Pet grew a little older she became very tired of dolls and skipping-ropes, and she really did not know what to do with herself; so one day, when all the nurses had gone down to dinner at the same time, she escaped from her nursery and tripped down the passages, peering into the corners on every side. After wandering about a long time she came to a staircase, and descending it very quickly she reached a suite of beautiful rooms which had been occupied by her mother. They remained just as the good queen had left them; even the faded roses were turning into dust in the jars. Pet was walking through the rooms very soberly, peering at, and touching everything, when she

heard a queer little sound of moaning and whispering and complaining, which came like little piping gusts of wind from somewhere or other.

"Fiss-whiss, whiss, whiss, whiss!" went the little whispers; and "Ah!" and "Ai!" and "Oh!" came puffing after them, like the strangest little sighs.

"Oh, dear, what *can* it be?" thought Pet, standing in the middle of the room and gazing all round. "I declare I do think it is coming out of the wardrobe!"

An ancient carved wardrobe extended all along one side of the room, and indeed the little sounds seemed to be whistling out through its chinks and keyholes. Pet walked up to it rather timidly; but taking courage, put her ear to the lock. Then she heard distinctly:

"Here we hang in a row,
In a row!
And we ought to have been given
To the poor long ago!"

And besides this strange complaint she caught other little bits of grumbles floating about, such as

"Fiss, whiss, whiss!
Did ever I think
I should have come to this?"

And:

"Alack, and well-a-day!
Will *nobody* come
To take us away?"

As soon as she had recovered from her amazement, Pet opened the wardrobe, and there she saw a long row of gowns, hanging in all sorts of despondent attitudes, some hooked up by their sleeves, others caught by the waist with their bodies doubled together.

"Here is somebody at last, thank goodness!" cried a dark-brown silk which was greatly crumpled, and looked very uncomfortable hanging up by its shoulder.

"Oh, gowns, gowns!" cried Pet, staring at these strange grumblers with her round, blue eyes, "whatever do you want?"

"*Want?*" cried the brown silk; "why, of course, to be taken out and given to the poor."

"The poor again!" cried Pet. "Who can these poor be at all, I wonder?"

"People who cannot buy clothing enough for themselves," said the brown silk. "When your dear mother was alive she always gave her old gowns to the poor. Only think how nice I should be for the respectable mother of a family to go to church in on Sundays, instead of being rumpled in here out of the daylight with the moths eating me."

"And I," cried a pink muslin, "what a pretty holiday frock I should make for the industrious young school-mistress who supports her poor grandfather and grandmother."

"And I! and I! and I!" shrieked many little rustling voices, each describing the possible usefulness of a particular gown.

"Yes! we should all turn to account," continued the brown silk,

"all except, perhaps, one or two very grand, stiff old fogies in velvet and brocade and cloth-of-gold; and even these might be cut up into jackets for the old clown who tumbles on the village green for the children's amusement."

"My breath is quite taken away," cried Pet. "I shall certainly see that you are all taken out and given to the poor immediately."

"She is her mother's daughter after all;" said the brown silk, triumphantly; and Pet closed the door upon a chorus of little murmurs of satisfaction from the imprisoned gowns.

"This is a very curious adventure," thought the little queen, as she trotted on, fancying she saw faces grinning at her out of the furniture and down from the ceiling; and then she stopped again, quite sure she heard very peculiar sounds coming out of an antique bureau which stood in a corner. After her conversation with the gowns this did not surprise her much at all, and she put her ear to the keyhole at once.

"Clink! Clink!
What do you think?
Here we are
Shut up in a drawer,"

cried the queer little voices coming out of the bureau.

"What can *this* be about, I wonder?" said Pet, and turning the key, peeped in. There she beheld a whole heap of gold and silver lying in the depths of the bureau, all the guineas and shillings hopping about and clinking against each other and singing:

"Take us out
And give us about,
And then we shall do
Some good, no doubt!"

"Why, what do you want to get out for?" asked Pet, looking down at them.

"To help the poor, of course!" said the money. "We were put in here by the good queen, your mother, and saved up for the poor who deserve to be assisted. But now every one has forgotten us, and we are rusting away while there is so much distress in the kingdom."

"Well," said Pet, "I shall see to your case; for I promise you I am going to know more about these wonderful poor."

She shut up the bureau, and went on further exploring the rooms, and now you may be pretty sure her ears were wide open for every sound. It was not long before she heard a creaking and squeaking that came from a large wicker-basket which was twisting about in the most discontented manner.

"Once on a time I was filled with bread,
But now I stand as if I were dead,"

mourned the basket.

"And why were you filled with bread?" asked Pet.

"Your mother used to fill me," squeaked the basket, "and give the bread out of me to feed the poor."

"Why! do you mean to say that the poor have no bread to eat?"

asked Pet. "That is really a most dreadful thing. I must speak to my Government about these poor immediately. Whatever my mother did must have been perfectly right at all events, and I shall do the same!"

And off she went back towards her nursery, meeting all her twelve nurses flying along the corridors to look for her.

"Go directly and tell my Government that I want to speak to it," said Queen Pet, quite grandly; and she was brought down to the great Council Chamber.

"Your Majesty has had too much plum-pudding and a bad dream afterwards!" said the Government when Pet had told the whole story about the gowns, and the money, and the bread-basket, and the poor; and then the Government took a pinch of snuff and sent Queen Pet back to her nursery.

The next day, when all the nurses had gone to their dinner again, Pet was leaning out of her nursery window, with her two elbows on the sills and her face between her hands, and she was gazing down on the charming gardens below, and away off over the fields and hills of her beautiful kingdom of Goldenlands. "Where do the poor live, I wonder?" she thought; "and I wonder what they are like? Oh, that I could be a good queen like my mother, and be of use to my people! How I wish that I had a ladder to reach down into the garden, and then I could run away all over my kingdom and find things out for myself."

Just as she thought thus an exquisite butterfly perched on her finger and said gaily, —

"A thousand spiders
All weaving in a row,
Can weave you a ladder
To fit your little toe."

"Can they, indeed?" cried Pet; "and are you acquainted with the spiders?"

"I should think so, indeed," said the butterfly; "I am engaged to be married to a spider; I have been engaged ever since I was a caterpillar."

"Well, just ask them to be so good!" said Pet, and away flew the butterfly, coming back in a moment with a whole cloud of spiders following her.

"Be as quick as you can, please, lest my nurses should come back from dinner," said Pet, as the spiders worked away. "Fortunately they have all good appetites, and cannot bear to leave table without their six helpings of pudding."

The ladder being finished, Pet tripped down it into the garden, where she was hidden at once in a wilderness of roses, out of which she made her way through a wood, and across a stream quite far into the open country of her kingdom.

She was running very fast, with her head down, when she heard a step following her, and a voice speaking to her, and looking round, saw a very extraordinary person indeed. He was very tall and all made of

loose, clanking bones; he carried a scythe in one hand, and an hour-glass in the other, and he had a pleasant voice, which made Pet not so much afraid of him as she otherwise might have been.

"It is no use trying to run away from me," said this person. "Besides, I wish to do you a good turn. My name is Time."

Pet dropped a trembling courtesy.

"You need not be afraid of me," continued the stranger, "as you have never yet abused me. It is only those who are trying to kill me who have cause to fear me."

"Indeed, sir, I wish to be good to every person," said Pet.

"I know you do," said Time, "and that is why I am bound to help you. The thing you want most is a precious jewel called Experience. You are going now in search of it; yes, you are, though you do not know anything about it as yet. You will know it after you have found it. Now, I am going to give you some instructions."

"Thank you, sir," said Pet, who was delighted to find that he was not a government, and had no intention of bringing her back to her nursery.

"First of all I must tell you," said Time, "that you have a precious gift which was born with you: it is the power of entering into other people whenever you wish, living their lives, thinking their thoughts, and seeing everything as they see it."

"How nice!" cried Pet.

"It is a most useful gift if properly cultivated," said Time, "and it will certainly help you to gain your jewel. Now, whenever you find a person whose life you would wish to know all about for your own instruction, you have only to wish, and immediately your existence will pass into theirs."

"And shall I ever get out again?" asked Pet, who had an inveterate dislike of all imprisonment.

"I am going to tell you about that," said Time. "You must not remain too long locked up in anybody. Here is a curious tiny clock, with a little gold key, and you must take them with you and be very careful of them. Whenever you find that you have passed into somebody else, you must at once wind up your clock and hang it somewhere so that you can see it as you go about. The clock will go for a month, and as soon as it runs down and stops, you will be changed back into your separate self again. A month will be long enough for you to live in each person."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Pet, seizing the clock.

"One thing you must be sure not to forget," said Time, "so attend to me well. There is a mysterious sympathy between you and the clock and the little gold key, and if you lose the key after the clock is wound up the clock will go on forever, or at least until you find the key again. So if you do not want to be shut up in somebody to the end of your life, be careful to keep guard of the key."

"That I will," said Pet.

"And now, good-by," said Time. "You can go on at this sort of thing as long as you like — until you are quite grown up, perhaps; and you couldn't have a better education."

Conclusion next month.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

KNIVES and forks with ivory, bone or wooden handles should not be put into cold water. But we suggest that when our readers buy knives for the table they get those with silver-plated handles and blades. They need no bath brick to keep them bright, but only an occasional rub with whiting, and save "lots of trouble.',

LEMON PIE.— One cup of hot water, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one cup of white sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Cook for a few minutes, add one egg, and bake with a top and bottom crust.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—One quart of flour sifted dry, with two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, and a little salt. Add three tablespoonfuls of butter and sweet milk, enough to form a soft dough. Bake in a quick oven, and when partially cooked split open, spread with butter, and cover with a layer of strawberries well sprinkled with sugar; lay the other half on top, and spread in the same manner.

A GOOD WAY TO USE COLD MEAT.— Take the remnants of any fresh roasted meat and cut in thin slices. Lay them in a dish with a little plain boiled macaroni, if you have it, and season thoroughly with pepper, salt, and a little walnut catsup. Fill a deep dish half full; add a very little finely chopped onion, and pour over half a can of tomatoes or tomatoes sliced, having previously saturated the meat with stock or gravy. Cover with a thick crust of mashed potato, and bake till this is brown in a not too hot oven, but neither let it be too slow.

OMELET.— Take as many eggs as required, and add three teaspoonfuls of milk and a pinch of salt to each egg. Beat lightly for three or four minutes. Melt a teaspoonful of butter in a hot pan, and pour on the eggs. They will at once begin to bubble and rise up, and must be kept from sticking to the bottom of the pan with a knife. Cook two or three minutes. If desired, beat finely chopped ham or parsley with the eggs before cooking.

AN experienced gardner says that a sure sign to find out if plants in pots require wetting is to rap on the side of the pot, near the middle, with the finger knuckle; if it give forth a hollow ring the plant needs water; but if there is a dull sound there is still moisture enough to sustain the plant.

CAKES WITHOUT EGGS.— In a little book just issued from the press of Messrs. Scribner & Welford, New York, a large number of practical, though novel, receipts are given for making cakes of various kinds, from the informal griddle-cake to the stately bride-cake, without eggs, by the use of Royal Baking Powder. Experienced housekeepers inform us that this custom has already obtained large precedence over old-fashioned methods in economical kitchens, and that the product is frequently superior to that where eggs are used, and that less butter is also required for shortening purposes. The advantage is not alone in the saving effected, but in the avoidance of the trouble attendant upon securing fresh eggs and the annoyance of an occasional cake spoiled by the accidental introduction of an egg that has reached a little too nearly the incubatory period. The Royal Baking Power also invariably insures perfectly light, sweet and handsome cake, or when used for griddle cakes, to be eaten hot, enables their production in the shortest possible space of time, and makes them most tender and delicious, as well as entirely wholesome. There is no other preparation like it.

FEEDING COOKED MATERIAL.— The feed for young chicks should always be cooked, for if this is done there will be less liability of bowel disease; but the adult stock should have whole grains a portion of the time. By cooking the food, one is better enabled to feed a variety, as potatoes, turnips, beets, carrots and such like, can be utilized with advantage. All such material as bran, corn meal, middlings, or ground oats should at least be scalded, if not cooked, which renders it more digestible and more quickly beneficial. Where shells or lime are not within reach, a substitute may be had by stirring a spoonful of ground chalk in the food of every six hens; but gravel must be provided where this method is adopted.

THE HUMORIST.

IN an argument with an irascible and not very learned man, Sydney Smith was victor, whereupon the defeated said, "If I had a son who was an idiot, I'd make a parson of him." Mr. Smith calmly replied, "Your father was of a different opinion."

A BANANA skin lay on the grocer's floor. "What are you doing there?" asked the scales, peeking over the edge of the counter. "Oh, I'm lying in wait for the grocer."—"Pshaw!" said the scales: "I've been doing that for years."

THE late Dr. Doyle was applied to on one occasion by a Protestant clergyman for a contribution towards the erection of a church. "I cannot," said the bishop, "consistently aid you in the erection of a Protestant church; but I will give you £10 towards the removal of the old one." Received with thanks.

"WHAT is a curiosity, ma?" asked little Jimmy. "A curiosity is something that is very strange, my son."—"If pa bought you a sealskin sack this winter would that be a curiosity?"—"No, my son; that would be a miracle."

A BRITISH and Yankee skipper were sailing side by side, and in the mutual chaff the English captain hoisted the Union Jack and cried out—"There's a leg of mutton for you." The Yankee unfurled the Stars and Stripes and shouted back, "And there is the gridiron which broiled it."

A MR. FOLLIN became engaged to a fair maid whose acquaintance he formed on a transatlantic voyage last year. The girl's father consented to their union and while joining their hands he said to the would-be bridegroom, "Follin, love and esteem her."—"Of course, I will," was the reply. "Didn't I fall in love on a steamer?"

MISS LILY, seeing a certain friend of the family arrive for dinner, showed her joy by all sorts of affectionate caresses. "You always seem glad when *I* come to dinner," said the invited guest. "Oh, yes," replied the little girl. "You love me a great deal, then?"—"Oh, it isn't for that," was the candid reply. "But when you come we always have chocolate creams, you know."

PIETY THAT PAID.—"How does it happen that you joined the Methodist church?" asked a man of a dealer in ready-made clothing. "Vell, pecause mine brudder choined der Bresbyterians. I vas not vant der let haem git advantage mit me."—"How get the advantage?"—"Mine brudder noticed dot he was ein shoemaker und dot der Bresbyterians shtood oop ven dey bray. He see dot dey vare der shoes oud in dot vay und he choins dot shurch to hold dot trade, und prospers; so I choined der Methodists."—"What did you gain by that?"—"Vy, der Methodists kneel down unt vare der pritches at der knees out ven dey bray, unt dey bray long unt vare pig holes in dem pritches. Vell, I sells clothes to dem Methodists unt makes monish."—"But don't you have to donate considerable to the support of the church?"—"Yah, I puts much money in dot shurch basket, but efery time I denotes to dot shurch I marks pritches oop ten per cent, und gets more as even."

PROSE AND POETRY.—"Yes," she said dreamily, as she thrust her snowy fingers between the pages of the last popular novel; "life is full of tender regrets." "My tenderest regret is that I haven't the funds to summer us at Newport," he replied, without taking his eye off the butcher, who was softly oozing through the front gate with the bill in his hand. "Ah, Newport," she lisped, with a languid society sigh; "I often think of Newport by the sea, and water my dreams with the tender dews of memory." She leaned back in the hammock, and he continued: "I wish I could water the radishes and mignonette with the tender dews of memory."—"Why?" she asked, clasping her hands together. "Why, because it almost breaks my back handling the water-pot, and half the water goes on my feet, and it takes about half an hour to pump that pail of water, and it requires something like a dozen pailfuls to do the business. What effect do you think the tender dews of memory would have on a good drumhead cabbage?" But she had turned her head and was looking over the daisy-dappled fields, and she placed her fingers in her ears, while the prosaic butcher, who had just arrived, was talking about the price of pork.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

"IT IS FASHIONABLE TO BE IRISH, NOW."

Hon. Hugh O'Brien's Magnificient Record as Mayor of Boston.

HON. HUGH O'BRIEN, Mayor of Boston, has made one of the ablest chief executives that the city has ever possessed. Indeed, few past Mayors can at all compare with him either in personal impressiveness or financial acumen. No man living understands Boston's true interests better than he, and no one has the future prosperity of the New England metropolis more sincerely at heart. Possessing an earnest desire for the public welfare, he has, with characteristic vigor, energy and broadmindedness, advocated measures calculated to redound to the immense benefit of the capital of the old Bay State. His name will live in the history of the great city, as that of one of far-seeing judgment, great administrative ability and unsurpassed intellectual accomplishments.

"It is fashionable to be Irish, now!" said a gentlemen at a meeting a short time since, and in a great measure the assertion will stand the test. When Hugh O'Brien sought the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, a year ago, for the mayorality, thousands, who then malignantly sneered at his candidacy, were this year found among his most earnest supporters for re-election. His brilliant administration, thorough impartiality and manifest sound judgment has entirely removed the prejudice and bias from a very large number of honest, well-meaning citizens, who had previously regarded the idea of an "Irish" Mayor with profound distrust. Mayor O'Brien's friends and supporters are not now confined to any one particular party, but have given evidence of their existence in other political camps. A Democrat in politics, and nominated originally by the Democrats, Hugh O'Brien has not only proved entirely satisfactory to his own party, but has also earned the confidence and esteem of a large portion of the Republican element. At a recent Republican meeting, Otis D. Dana, strongly advocated the nomination of Mr. O'Brien by that party on the ground that as a matter of party expediency and for the good of the entire city, Mr. O'Brien should receive Republican indorsement, and thus be given an opportunity "to act even more independently than he has this year." This is but an instance of Mayor O'Brien's popularity with men of all parties. The world moves, and the re-election of Hugh O'Brien to the mayorality may be considered cumulative evidence of the truth of the quotation made above, that "It is fashionable to be Irish, now."

A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.— No better present can be given to a friend than a copy of our MAGAZINE. Any of our present subscribers getting a new one will get both for $3.00 (one for himself and another for his friend), sent to separate addresses.

A NEW DEPUTY COLLECTOR FOR BOSTON.—We endorse with pleasure this from the *Connecticut Catholic:* We congratulate Thomas Flatley, secretary of the Land League, under the presidency of Hon. P. A. Collins, on his appointment as deputy collector of the custom house in Boston. He is a whole-souled gentleman of ability, and Democratic to the core. His elevation will please thousands of Irish-Americans in many States besides Massachusetts.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—As we have electrotyped our MAGAZINE, we can supply any number of this issue.

Mr. P. J. Maguire for Alderman.

THE Democracy of Wards 19 and 22, constituting the 9th district, have unanimously voted to support Mr. P. James Maguire for alderman at the ensuing election. This, no doubt, secures for Mr. Maguire the cordial support of the Democratic City Committee, and as the two wards are democratic in politics, it ought to be an election for that gentleman without any doubts thrown in. Mr. Maguire has had a varied experience in municipal legislation, in which he has proved himself a most useful and capable servant of the people. He served six years in the Boston City Government, that is, from 1879 to 1884 inclusive. During this time he was on the committee on public buildings, also on the committee on the assessors department, on committees on Stony Brook, public parks, claims, police, and several others of more or less special importance, in all of which he showed a fine business efficiency and discriminating capacity highly laudable. He has also served as a Director of Public Institutions. Last year he had to contend against the forces of a big corporation, and other organized oppositions, in favor of the Republican nominee for alderman, which are not likely to avail against him in this campaign. The gentleman is of the highly respected firm of Maguire & Sullivan, merchant and military tailors, 243 Washington Street, between Williams Court and the *Herald* office, one of the busiest sections of the city. Their trade, it should be said embraces considerable patronage from the reverend clergy for cassocks and other wearing apparel.

WE give our readers this month sixteen additional pages of reading matter. Should our circulation increase to warrant a continuance of this addition — say one hundred and ninety-two pages a year — we will continue the addition. Come, friends, and enable us to benefit you as well as ourselves. Let each subscriber send us a new one.

A FAIR in aid of Fr. Roche's working Boys' Home will be held in the new building on Bennet Street, commencing Easter Monday night.

THE KING OF SPAIN, Alphonso XII., died at his palace in Madrid, on the morning of the 25th of November, in his 28th year.

Death of the Vice-President.

THE eventful political and professional career of Hon. Thomas Andrews Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States, came to an abrupt end towards evening, on the 25th of November, at his home in Indianapolis, Ind. The event was sudden and unexpected. There was no one at his bedside at the time, for his wife, who had been there all day, had left for a few minutes to see a caller, and it was she who first made the discovery of his death. For more than two years Mr. Hendricks had been in ill health, and recently the apprehension had been growing on him that his death was likely to occur at most any time. He had a gangrenous attack arising from a disabled foot in 1882, when, for a time, it was feared he would die of blood-poisoning. After his recovery from this he was frequently troubled with pains in his head and breast, and to those with whom he was on confidential terms he frequently expressed himself as apprehensive of a sudden demise from paralysis; but he said that when death came he hoped it would come quickly and painlessly. He was at Chicago the previous week, and upon his return he complained of the recurrence of the physical troubles to which he was subject. His indisposition, however, did not prevent him from attending to business as usual. The night previous he attended a reception given at the residence of Hon. John J. Cooper, treasurer of the State. The death following so soon after that of the late ex-President Grant, has cast a gloom over the whole country. His age was sixty-seven years. The interment took place on the first of December, at the family grave in his own town. There were present members of the Cabinet and representatives from every part of the country. None will regret his loss more than the friends of Ireland, at home and abroad. His recent speech on Irish affairs, which was published in the November issue of our MAGAZINE, had more influence on the stirring events in England and Ireland than any other utterance for years. The nation laments his loss, and the Irish people throughout the world join the mourning.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES. — We are obliged to lay over the interesting "Southern Sketches." The next will be a description of Havana, Cuba.

CONVERSIONS.—The Rev [illegible]herden, Curate of St. John's, [illegible]and the Rev. W. B. Drewe, M. A. [illegible]who for twenty-three years held [illegible]age of Longstock, Stockbridge, Hants, have been received into the Church — the former by the Cardinal-Archbishop at Archbishop's House, Westminster; the latter by the Very Rev. Canon Mount, at St. Joseph's, Southampton.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.— This issue of our MAGAZINE commences the eighth year of its publication. There are some dear, good souls who have forgotten that it requires money to run the publication. They surely would not like to hear that we were unable to pay the printer, bookbinder, clerks, paper-maker, etc. Without their aid we cannot fulfil our obligations to those we employ. This notice has reference only to those who owe us for one, and many for two, years. Let not the sun go down, after reading this notice, without paying what you owe us.

COLLEGE IN HOLLAND.—There lately arrived in Rome Rev. Andrew Jansen, Rector of the College of Steil, in Holland. This College is German, established in Holland to avoid the Kulturkampf persecutions. It is in a most flourishing condition, having at present 130 students preparing themselves for the foreign missions. Father Jansen is accompanied by the renowned missionery Anser. Two years ago, the latter was in the Province of Chang-tong, China, and one day, travelling alone, he was surprised by a band of ferocious idolators, taken and stripped, and tied by the arms to a tree. They then beat him most unmercifully with rods, broke one arm and one leg, and left him bleeding, and, as they thought, dying. Some Chinese, passing by shortly afterwards, found him still alive, took him to a neighboring hut, and by assiduous care, skill, and nursing, healed him.

ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC.—The Angel Guardian Annual, in a new garb, is announced. The friends of this admirable Institution, will find this year's issue particularly interesting. It contains 16 additional pages and has several splendid illustrations. No Catholic family in the city should be without it. It costs only 10 cents. Look at the announcement and order at once. Orders filled by Brother Joseph, Treasurer House of Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon Street, or by Messrs. T. B. Noonan & Co., Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

THE Encyclical we have used is *The London Tablet's* translation.

THE *Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, Wis., has entered upon its sixteenth year. We are pleased to see it is well sustained, as it deserves to be long up to the *Citizen*.

THE Forty-Ninth Congress of the United States, assembled at Washington on the 7th of December.

THE fair held at Mechanic Building, Sept. 3d, in aid of the Carney Hospital, netted $2,803.38. The largest amount realized by one table was $347.45 taken by the Immaculate Conception table, under charge of Miss A. L. Murphy.

SALT LAKE CITY has a population of about 25,000 inhabitants, with a good brick Catholic church and three resident priests. There is also a convent and sister's hospital. The latter is a fine building and looks as big and firm as the mountains themselves, the cost of which is estimated at $70,000. It would be an ornament to the largest city in the United States.

CHINA AND JAPAN.— The important and successful communications between the Vatican and Pekin have been followed by the opening of similar relations with Japan. The Sovereign Pontiff has written a letter to the Mikado, thanking him for the favor extended to Missionaries and the Mikado replies in most cordial terms, assuring the Pope that he would continue to afford protection to Catholics, and announcing the despatch of a Japanese mission to the Vatican.

THE will of the Rev. Michael M. Green, of Newton, Mass., which is on file at the Middlesex Probate Court, bequeaths his house and land on Adams and Washington Streets, Newton, to the Home for Catholic Destitute Children, at Boston; his household furniture to St. Mary's Infant Asylum of Boston: his horse and carriage and garden implements to the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Carney Hospital; his library to Rev. Robert P. Stack in trust to the Catholic Seminary

of the Archdiocese of Boston, and to the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians at Newton; his gold watch to the Young Ladies' Sodality of Our Lady Help of Christians at Newton. Rev. Robert P. Stack, of Watertown, is the executor.

A WELCOME HOME.— The people of St. Augustine's parish, South Boston, gave to their beloved pastor, Father O'Callaghan, on his return from a four months trip to Europe, a welcome that he can never forget. He arrived in Boston on Saturday, Nov. 21, and on Sunday he celebrated High Mass. In the afternoon the pastor was welcomed by the Sunday School and presented with a check for $300. The presentation speech was made by Master Philip Carroll, and feelingly responded to. An address was also made by Rev. James Keegan. In the evening the lecture-room was packed to overflowing at the reception given by the congregation. The welcoming speech was delivered by Judge Joseph D. Fallon. At the conclusion of the address the Judge, on behalf of the congregation, presented Father O'Callaghan with a cheek for $2,125. Father O'Callaghan was overcome, but responded with emotion, in a fitting manner expressing his gratification at the welcome he had received. Father O'Callaghan is in perfect health and spirits, and expressed himself delighted with his trip. A large number called at the parochial residence, in the evening, to pay their respects.

NEW CHAPEL IN THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.— The handsome new marble altars in the basement chapel of the Immaculate Conception were consecrated on the 20th of November, by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. The central altar is the gift of the daughters of the late Mrs. Joseph Iasigi. The three beautiful stained glass windows in the sanctuary are the gift of the Married Men's Sodality. The altars and the stained glass windows in the side chapels, which are dedicated respectively to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to our Lady of Lourdes, are the gifts of the Married Ladies' Sodality, the Young Ladies' Sodality, and the Sunday School children. New Stations of the Cross have also been added. There is now probably no finer basement chapel in the country than that of the Immaculate Conception. The usual Masses, Sunday School, and evening services were held there for the first time last Sunday.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY and Ordo for the year 1886 will be issued immediately. Since it has passed under the editorial control of John Gilmary Shea, this work has been greatly improved and we hope that the forthcoming edition will possess such excellence that not only all the old customers of the Sadlier publications may purchase it, but that at least 10,000 new patrons may be found for it.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY. — *Chicago Citizen:* DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE (published by Patrick Donahoe, editor and proprietor, No. 21 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.,) for December, has come to hand and is one of the best issues of that admirable Irish-American publication that we have seen. It contains, among other highly interesting papers, the following: "The Irish Apostle of Corinthia;" "Reminiscences of Our Ninth (Mass.) Regiment;" "Shan Pallas Castle," by Edward Cronin; "Southern Sketches," by the Rev. Father Newman; "Dead Man's Island," by T. P. O'Connor, M. P.; a life of Hon. A. M. Keily, etc. The MAGAZINE is also replete with poetry, editorial and miscellaneous writings. It is, in short, a credit to Irish-American literature.

THE Roman Catholic Protectorate, an educational institute for boys, at Glencoe, Mo., was burned recently. There were nine Christian Brothers and eighty-five boys in the building when the fire broke out, but no lives were lost. One Brother and two of the pupils, finding their escape cut off by the flames, were compelled to leap from a third-story window. All were hurt but will recover.

EXECUTION OF RIEL.—Riel was hanged at Regina, on the morning of the 16th of November, a few minutes after eight o'clock. Up to the very last moment many refused to believe that Sir John A. Macdonald would, merely to serve himself, or his party, hang a man who was undoubtably insane. Many also believed that as the Metis had been very cruelly and unjustly treated by the government, the recommendation attached to the verdict of guilty would have effect and the sentence would be commuted. But a faction on which Sir John A. Macdonald depends for existance ravened for the unfortunate man's blood, and Sir John judged it politic to gratify their thirst for vengeance, AND RIEL WAS HANGED.

Notre Dame Scholastic:—Our great metropolis of the West may take a just pride in numbering amongst its citizens so true and talented an artist as Miss Eliza Allan Starr. This lady is one who has aided the accomplishments of a naturally gifted mind, and skilful pencil, by great and careful study, and extensive travel through the celebrated art centres of Europe. As a result, her contributions to Catholic literature have placed her in the first rank among the distinguished writers of the present day, while her lectures on art and art literature have been, for some years back, highly prized by the social circles of Chicago. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we learn that Miss Starr resumed, on the 17th of November, her regular weekly lectures on Art Literature, to be continued throughout the winter and spring. This series will consider the wonderful treasures of the Eternal City, and will receive a fresh interest by reason of new illustrations received from Rome and Florence during last summer. It is our earnest wish that her efforts for the advancement of true artistic taste and culture may meet with the due appreciation they so well deserve.

A MARRIAGE has been arranged between the Duc de Montpensier's only surviving son, Antonio, and the Infanta Eulalie. The former was educated by Mgr. Dupanloup, and is two years younger than his fiancée, he having been born in Seville in 1866, and she in Madrid in 1864. The negotiations about the marriage settlements have been difficult. He will inherit at least half of the largest royal fortune in Europe. The Infanta Eulalie is of lively manners and agreeable physiognomy. She was educated by the Countess Soriente, a lady of New England birth, and is an accomplished player on the harp and guitar. Her instructor was the gifted Cuban negress, who used to perform at Queen Isabella's concerts at the Palais de Castille.

THE FIRST PURCHASE of land by tenants in Ireland, under the Land Purchase Act of last session, was completed on Monday, the 9th of November, when Mr. George Fottrell, late Solicitor of the Land Commission, met some forty tenants, on an estate in the county of Tyrone, and got the deeds executed which make them fee-simple proprietors, subject only to the liabilities to pay, for forty-nine years, instalments materially less than their rent. The entire transaction, from the date of Mr. Fottrell's first meeting with the tenants at Tyrone to that of the execution of the deeds, occupied only one fortnight. Mr. Fottrell's exuberant energy is finding a vent in pushing on the work of land purchase in Ireland, and his large experience and keen interest in all that concerns the land question are recognized as extremely valuable at this moment. Not only has he, in an unusually rapid manner, carried out this first sale under the Purchase Act, but he has published what he calls a "Practical Guide to the Land Purchase Acts," a book which is likely to be of great practical utility to lawyers and other persons engaged in the work of carrying sales under the Acts into effect.

BURIED ALIVE.—Full particulars have come to hand from Bishop Puginier regarding the martyrdom of the Chinese priest Cap. For three days he suffered excruciating torments. On the fourth day the mandarin asked him to translate the Lord's Prayer. When he came to the third petition, "Thy kingdom come," he was asked of what kingdom he spoke. He replied, "Of God's kingdom." The mandarin immediately ordered him to be buried alive.

A Boston Merchant on the Irish Question.

THE following is a letter of Mr. A. Shuman, one of Boston's leading merchants, which was read at the great meeting in Faneuil Hall, and was received with cheers:

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 19.

MY DEAR MR. O'REILLY:—I regret, exceedingly, that absence from the city will prevent my acceptance of your courteous invitation to be present at the meeting Monday evening, at Faneuil Hall, called to express practical sympathy with Ireland and the work of Parnell.

It is natural for the American people, with their love of freedom and equity, to have fellow-feeling with struggling Ireland in any peaceful method they might adopt to secure their political rights and equality with Great Britian.

Political freedom in Ireland, I am assured, combined with her natural position, would inaugurate an era of prosperity such as she had before from 1782 to 1800. Capital would be attracted, lands, now lying barren, would be utilized, and mills and factories would spring up.

I think that the Irish question is an

important American question. The many millions of dollars now sent annually from this country by kin to their struggling relations could remain here. Nine-tenths of the many hundred employees of our own firm were either born in Ireland, or are of Irish parentage, and all contribute, some more, some less, to the same purpose. This would be unnecessary, and Ireland could erect herself into a position of independence, and neither ask nor accept favors from the rest of the world.

This condition of the country would be hastened could she choose, from the midst of her people, representatives who understand her wants and are in sympathy with her welfare. But, as the British Government does not pay its representatives, Ireland is deprived of many of her best men who have not the means of independent maintenance, but who would gladly serve their country and espouse her cause.

Hence, the most practical thing, it seems to me, is to raise funds to assist members who otherwise could not afford to go.

Being, therefore, in sympathy with the movement to that end, and believing that the election of such men will require the assistance of American merchants, I enclose, herewith, a check for $100, which please forward, and oblige,

Yours truly,

A. SHUMAN.

DR. JOHN G. MORRIS, son of our esteemed old citizen and patriot, Dr. Patrick Morris, has removed from South Boston to 1474 Washington Street, Boston. Dr. Morris won high honors in the Medical School of Harvard, and is sure to take a prominent place as a practising physician.

CONCERT AND REUNION OF THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY.— On the evening of Nov. 23, in Union Park Hall, Boston, a vocal and instrumental concert took place under the direction of Mr. Calixta Lavallee, assisted by Miss Helen O'Reilly, soprano, and Mr. Charles E. McLaughlin, violinist. Dancing and refreshments followed. The society was present in full strength, and the entertainment was a notable success.

THE parishoners of St. Francis de Sales' Church, Vernon Street, Boston Highlands, welcomed home their pastor, Rev. John Delahunty, who has just returned from Europe. A check for nearly $2,000 was presented to him.

The Notre Dame Scholastic says of *The Ave Maria*, which we endorse with all our heart: — Our esteemed contemporary, *The Ave Maria*, now appears in a new and attractive dress of type, which, while adding to the appearance of this popular magazine, must greatly increase its value to subscribers by reason of its legibility of character. The beauty and clearness of the type and printed page reflect credit alike on the type-founders and the printers. In this connection it may be proper to state that the enterprising editor of Our Lady's journal announces an enlargement of four pages for the volume beginning with January, 1886. This improvement, together with the fact that some of the best and most popular writers in the English language will continue to contribute to its pages, makes *The Ave Maria* the cheapest and most valuable publication of its kind in the world.

REV. FATHER SESTINI, who for twenty years has edited the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and directed the Apostleship of Prayer in America, now retires from office on account of advanced age. He is succeeded by the Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J., to whom, at Woodstock College, Md., all communications concerning the interests above-named shall be henceforward addressed.

ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL.— The old Winson estate, West Brookline Street, Boston, purchased last year by the Sisters of St. Francis, has been enlarged by the addition of a four-story brick building and wing, and otherwise adapted to its new purpose. The Sisters in charge have spared no pains to have every detail arranged so as to secure the comfort and convenience of the patients. The house was opened on the feast of its patron, Saint Elizabeth, November 19, on which occasion Archbishop Williams celebrated Mass, and formally dedicated the institution.

A NEW port has been discovered in Guinea by the Missionaries of the Propaganda. They have given it the name of Port Leo, in honor of the reigning Pontiff.

The Elections in England and Ireland.

THE contest between the two great parties — Liberal and Tory — is close. That is, the Tories and Parnellites are about equal to the Liberals. At the time of our writing there were several elections to be held. As things look, Parnell is master of the situation. The *London Times* declares that "that the only one certain result of the elections is the commanding position secured by Mr. Parnell. This is not an inference, but a fact that concerns parties alike."

Mr. Parnell says: "It is very difficult to predict whether or not the Liberals will have a majority over the Tories and Nationalists, but neither the Liberals nor Tories, with the Nationalists, can have more than a majority of 10, and, therefore, I think the new Parliament can't last long. As to our policy, I can only say it will be guided by circumstances. We cannot say what our course is till we hear declarations by the English leaders on the Irish question. That question will be the question unless foreign complications arise."

One of the most surprising features of the general election in Ireland is the complete collapse of the Liberal party. Not a single Liberal has returned for any constituency. Saturday's dispatches announced the defeat of Mr. Thomas Lea in West Donegal, and Mr. William Findlater in South Londonderry. That settles it. The list is closed. Every Liberal candidate who tried his fortune with an Irish constituency has suffered a signal discomfiture at the polls. Some of them have been beaten by Conservatives, others by Nationalists. In one way or another all have been sent back to private life.

At the general election of 1880, Ireland returned to Parliament eighteen Liberals, and twenty-six Liberal Home Rulers, twenty-four Conservatives and thirty-five Parnellites. Thus, out of the one hundred and three Irish members, Mr. Gladstone could count forty-four supporters against sixty-nine Conservatives and Parnellites. In the present election the Conservatives will probably have eighteen seats, while the Parnellites will secure the remaining eighty-five seats. The Liberals and Liberal Home Rulers are wiped out to the last man. God save Ireland.

THE LIVINGSTONS, in Ireland, lived on the land of the famous Con O'Neill, who once was rescued from prison by his wife in the oddest way imaginable. She hollowed out two small cheeses, concealed a rope in each, and sent them to her lord and master, who swung himself down from the castle window and struck a free foot upon the green grass beneath.

THERE are in the United States 400 Catholic priests bearing some one of the following nineteen well-known Irish names. The numbers following the names indicate the number of priests in this country: Brennan, 12; Brady, 22; Carroll, 13; Doherty, 16; Kelly, 25; Lynch, 21; McCarthy, 15; Maguire, 12; McManus, 14; Meagher, 14; Murphy, 33; O'Brien, 24; O'Connor, 14; O'Neill, 18; O'Reilly, 34; O'Sullivan, 18; Quinn, 16; Ryan, 31; and Walsh, 33.

PHILADELPHIA has established an excellent precedent for every other city and town in the Union. A few days ago the manager of a popular theatre there was fined $100 for advertising a spectacular exhibition by setting up indecent posters. It is high time this shocking breach of common propriety was corrected everywhere. The pictorial representations, by which the performances of the stage are introduced to the public, are often far worse than the living exhibitions.

NEW YORK FAMILY JOURNAL.— A few days ago the Mugwumps thought they were as big and powerful as Hell Gate, with all its attachments, before General Newton blew it up. Now they are just where that obstruction was the day after the explosion. They thought they were the rooster, when they were only one of his smallest tail feathers.

THE ORANGE CROP of Florida for the season of 1884-5 was, as near as it could be definitely ascertained, 900,000 bushels. For the coming season the crop is estimated at a million and a quarter bushels. Of the last corp of 900,000 bushel crates, over one-half was shipped through Jacksonville.

THE MANATEE, or Sea Cow, is still to be seen on the southeast coast of Florida. At the extreme southern end of Indian River, in the St. Lucie River, and in Hope Sound, are found the favorite feeding grounds of these rarest and shyest of North American marine curiosities.

Personal.

BISHOP GILMOUR, on his late visit to Rome, received the honor of Monsignore for his vicar-general, Father Boff.

THE Hon. William J. Onahan has returned from a tour through the Irish Catholic colonies of Nebraska and Dakota. He reports them to be in a flourishing condition.

IT is not generally known that the parish church of Eu, France, where the chateau of the Comte de Paris is situated, is dedicated to St. Laurence O'Toole.

IT is reported that Lord William Nevill, who some months ago was received into the Catholic Church in Melbourne, and who has returned to England, contemplates entering the Priesthood.

MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY has recently written a hymn for the Golden Jubilee of the Priesthood of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., which occurs December 23d, 1887. It has been set to music, and it has not only been translated into German, but into Italian by an eminent theological professor, and the hymn is now on its way to Rome to be presented to the Pope by a member of the Papal Court.

MADAME SOPHIE MENTER, the famous pianist, now inhabits a castle in the Tyrol (Schloss Itter), where she has just received the Abbé Liszt, who passed several days there, getting up at 4 o'clock A. M., to work, attending mass at 7.30, and then continuing work until midday. The Abbé, who was received with guns and triumphal arches, has now left for Rome.

THE friends of Dr. Thomas Dwight, Parkman Professor of Anatomy at Harvard University, will be pleased to learn that he has been made a member of the Philosophæ-Medicæ Society of Rome. A diploma has been issued by President J. M. Cornoldi, S. J. This society was founded by Dr. Travaglini, with the full sanction of the late Pope Pius IX. It is intended for the advancement of the sciences and philosophy, and it ranks among its members some of the greatest scientific men, doctors of medicine, and philosophers of Europe. The diploma is now on its way to America.

REV. R. J. MEYER, S. J., rector of St. Louis University, of St. Louis, Mo., has been made Provincial of the western province of the Jesuit Order, vice Rev. Leopold Bushart, S. J.

THE Right Rev. Louis De Goesbriand, D. D., Bishop of Burlington, Vt., celebrated the thirty-second anniversary of his elevation to the episcopacy of the Catholic Church on Friday, October 30th, ultimo.

RT. REV. JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN, D. D., recently consecrated the fourth bishop of Mobile, Ala., was born in Kanturk, county Cork, Ireland, and is forty-one years old. At an early age he intended to devote himself to the Church, and made his preparatory studies in the schools of his native place. At the age of nineteen he came to America, entered St. Charles College, Howard County, Md., and finished his classics. The year following he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. Having completed his theological course, in that institution, he was ordained by Most Rev. Archbishop Spaulding in June, 1868. His first charge was in Barnesville, Montgomery County, Md., where he remained one year. He was transferred to Westernport, Md., where he remained nine years. During his stay he built a large church, and a convent for the Sisters of St. Joseph, whom he introduced to Western Maryland. In 1880, or 1881, Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons selected Father O'Sullivan as the successor to the Rev. Father Walter as pastor of St. Patrick's, Washington, D. C., the latter going to the Immaculate Conception parish. But an appeal being made to His Grace by St. Patrick's congregation for the retention of Father Walter, the change did not take place. On the removal of Rev. Father Boyle to St. Matthew's, Rev. Father O'Sullivan was called to take his place at St. Peter's. During his ministry there he displayed great ability in managing. He reduced the debt of the church from $47,000 to $12,000, besides, making expensive improvements in the church, schools and pastoral residence. He possesses administerative qualities to a high degree, and makes an impressive and forcible speaker.

Notices of Recent Publications.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1886.

For eighteen years this welcome annual visitor has been received by us. It seems to improve with age, for this is the best number yet issued. The illustrations, matter, printing and binding, are all excellent. We refer the reader to the advertisement for a description of its varied and excellent contents. The price is only 25 cents. Every subscriber to our MAGAZINE sending us, free of expense, their annual subscription ($2) will receive a copy of the Annual free. Send money at once.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM; OR, THE UNFAILING PROMISE. By the Rev. James J. Moriarty, LL.D., pastor of St. John's Church, Syracuse; author of "Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones," "All for Love," etc. Price, $1.25 net.

The subjects treated of in this book are: Is religion worthy of man's study? What rule of faith was laid down by Christ? The Church One. The Church Holy. The Church Catholic. The Church Apostolic. The various subjects are ably discussed in a pleasing and attractive manner by the learned author. The book is beautifully printed and bound. It is just the book to place in the hands of an inquiring Protestant friend as a Christmas present.

IRISH BIRTHDAY BOOK.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has published an American edition of this book. It contains pieces in prose and verse by all the leading Irish writers and speakers. It is bound in Irish linen, gilt edges, and sold for $1.

CAROLS FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A JOYOUS EASTER. The music by the Rev. Alfred Young, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. Price, 50 cents.

A very good book for the season. Buy it, all ye lovers of good music.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

CATHOLIC BELIEF; OR, A SHORT AND SIMPLE EXHIBITION OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINE. By the Rev. Joseph Faà de Bruno, D.D., Rector General of the Pious Society of Missions, etc. Author's American edition edited by Rev. Louis A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," etc. 35th edition. Price, 40 cents.

It is now about a year since this book was published, and the enormous sale in that *short* time is the *greatest testimonial* it could possibly receive.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

THE NATIVITY PLAY; OR, CHRISTMAS CANTATA. By Rev. Gabriel A. Healy, Rector of St. Edward's Church, New York.

This play, says the preface, has been received most favorably by large audiences in the hall of St. Bernard's Church, New York City. It is a Christmas play, and most suitable for the coming holidays. It has been witnessed by thousands of the clergy and laity. The author is indebted to Rev. Albany J. Christie, S. J., of London, Eng., Rev. Abram J. Ryan, poet-priest of the South, Miss Anna T. Sadlier, and others, whose beautiful thoughts can be found in the work. Father Healy continues: "It has often been a thought with me, as I suppose it has often been with many of my fellow priests, that it would be well for us, and advantageous to our congregations, to revive some of the old mystery plays, which did so much to strengthen the faith of the faithful in the middle ages, and this has been one of the prevailing motives which induced me to complete the material for, and give the representation of, the nativity play." There are eight photographic views, representing the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Adoration, visit of the Magi to King Herod, etc. We recommend the book to the Rev. clergy, colleges and academies, and others, as a very interesting, edifying and appropriate performance not only for the holidays, but for all parts of the year. The book is gotten up by the Messrs. Sadlier in a handsome manner. It is a good Christmas gift for any of our young, or even for those advanced in years.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE STUDENTS' HANDBOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. With selections from the writings of the most distinguished authors. By Rev. O. L. Jenkins, A. M., S. S., late President of St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md. Edited by a member of the Society of St. Sulpice. Third edition revised and brought to date. Price, $1.25.

The value of this book is already known to the presidents, teachers, etc., in our colleges, seminaries and academies. Messrs. Murphy & Co. have given us an excellent book, and at a very moderate price.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE MAD PENITENT OF TODI. By Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey.

This is another of the Ave Maria series of interesting stories, and told by our old friend, Mrs. Dorsey, who was a contributor to the Pilot some forty odd years ago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CATHOLIC HISTORICAL RESEARCHES. Rev. A. A. Lambing, A. M., edits a magazine of extraordinary interest, entitled, "Catholic Historical Researches." It is published in Pittsburgh. It deserves the support of all who wish to see published and preserved the early labors of Catholic missionaries and settlers in America. Copies of valuable French manuscripts, bearing on our early history, lately received from the archives of Paris, will soon appear in this magazine, the admirable motto of which is from the address of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council, of Baltimore: "Catholic parents teach your children to take a special interest in the history of our own country. . . . We must keep firm and solid the liberties of our country by keeping fresh the noble memories of the past."

THE LIFE OF FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, Missionary Priest of the Society of Jesus, slain by the Indians in the State of New York in 1646, is having a good sale. The price is $1. The profits of the sale go towards the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, at Auriesville, where Father Jogues and René Goupel were put to death.

ADMIRERS of the popular Irish authoress Miss Rosa Mulholland, will be pleased to learn that Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London, are about to bring out a collection of her poems.

MR. SARSFIELD HUBERT BURKE, well known here as the author of "*Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*," and as a contributor to *The Catholic World*, will publish, in the spring, in London, a new work on the "*Tyranny and Oppression Practiced by the English Officials in Ireland*," from an early date down to 1830.

PROF. LYONS intends to publish, at an early date, Christian Reid's admirable story, "A Child of Mary," which originally appeared as a serial in the pages of *The Ave Maria*.

MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "A Few More Years," words by Sam Lucas, music by H. J. Richardson. "Oh! Hush Thee," song by Chas. A. Gabriel. "I'll Meet Ole Massa There," song by G. Galloway. "Carol the Good Tidings," Christmas carol by E. H. Bailey.

Instrumental: "Under the Lime Tree," by G. Lange. "Fairy Voices Waltz," by A. G. Crowe, arranged for violin and piano. The same for violin alone. "Nanon," lanciers quadrille, by E. H. Bailey. "Walker's Dip Waltzes," by C. A. White. "Beauty Polka," by Wm. E. Gilmore. Potpourri from "Mikado." "Mikado' Lanciers," by E H. Bailey.

Books: Gems from "Whitsuntide in Florence" opera, by Richard Genee and J. Rieger, music by Alfons Czibulkas. "Melodies of Ireland expressly arranged for piano and organ." This book is a well arranged collection of Irish instrumental music, both grave and gay, serious and comical, issued in very neat and attractive style, and sure to please. Published by Messrs. White, Smith & Co.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

LEAVES OF SHAMROCK, a collection of melodies of Ireland newly arranged and adapted for the piano and organ.

"Leaves of Shamrock" is a book of fine appearance, and the price is moderate. 80 cents, paper; $1.00, boards; $1.50, elegant cloth binding. Without being difficult, there is more to them than appears at first glance, and there is nothing so very easy. The poet Moore was so taken with the beauty of the ancient music of his country, that he composed poems, many of them very beautiful, to quite a number of the melodies. These are all given in "Leaves of Shamrock" which contains full as many more, or, in all, double the number that met the eye of the poet.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.—The new Chamber will contain 381 Republicans and 205 Catholics; but the colonies return 10 deputies, who will all probably be Republicans. The strength of parties will thus be 391 to 205, whereas in the last Chamber it was 462 to 95. Fifty-six departments are represented exclusively by Republicans; twenty-six are represented exclusively by Catholics.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

THE FUNERAL of the late Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian took place on Friday, 13th of November, when the lamented bishop was interred in the vault under the episcopal throne in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Belfast, amidst a vast crowd of his mourning flock. Dr. Dorrian's health had been failing for some time past, and about a fortnight before his death he was attacked severely by congestion of the lungs. From this he rallied, but was warned by his physician to be extremely careful. The good bishop, however, returned to his work with all his characteristic energy, and on the very day after the doctor's warning attended three funerals outside Belfast. Later, in the afternoon of the same day, he was seized with illness in his confessional, from which he had to be carried in a dying state. The last sacraments were administered on the same spot, and he was afterwards removed with great difficulty to his residence. During the following days he lay peacefully passing away, surrounded by his devoted priests; the Sisters of Mercy, among whom was the bishop's niece, remaining in his house till after he had breathed his last. His energy and love of labor were so extraordinary that almost to the very end he seemed to expect to recover and return to work. When told that he had not long to live, he said, "May the Lord's will be done," with the meekest submission. His mind was all along absorbed in heavenly thoughts, except when for a moment he would remember how the cause of Ireland was at stake, and asked what was being done towards the election of a nationalist M. P. for Belfast. Shortly before his death, he seemed to fancy that he was still hearing confessions, and went on giving imaginary absolutions, and admonishing poor sinners, till, without agony or pain, he went to his rest. While the seven o'clock Mass was being celebrated on the Feast of St. Malachy, in St. Malachy's Church, a messenger ascended the altar steps and spoke some words to the officiating priest, whereupon the congregation knew, by the manner in which the priest suddenly bowed his head, that all was over, and that their good pastor had departed from among them. The fact that the Bishop of Down and Connor had passed away on the Feast of St. Malachy was not unnoticed. A devoted priest, who had been Dr. Dorrian's friend from boyhood, and who had made a long journey to assist him in his last moments, remarked, "One would think that his holy patron had kept him for his own feast in order to conduct him on that day into heaven."

CLERGYMEN.

RT. REV MGR. SEARS, Vicar-Apostolic of Newfoundland, died on Nov. 7, at Stellarton, of dropsy. His history during the last seventeen years has been the history of Newfoundland. His services were recognized by the Pope, who four years ago invested him with the dignity of domestic prelate and the title of monsignor.

THE LATE VERY REV. DR. FORAN.—The funeral of this most distinguished priest, who after a most edifying life and three weeks of painful illness, died a most edifying death, took place in the church of Ballingarry. His death has cast a gloom over the archdiocese, which in his demise has sustained a great, almost an irreparable, loss. He was its most highly-gifted, most highly-respected, and best-beloved priest, and upon the death of the late lamented and illustrious Dr. Leahy, if the great majority of the votes of his brother priests could have done it, he had been their archbishop. He was a man of great intellect, of great good sense, of vast and varied learning, and withal simple as a child, unselfish, unassuming, and inoffensive, meek and humble of heart; charitable in word and deed; sincere in his relations with God and man; tender to the poor and little ones; always attentive to his duties, ever zealous for God's glory, never caring to make display or to gain the applause of men. His whole life seemed regulated by the motto of the Imitation, "Sublime words do not make a man just and holy, but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God."

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. JOHN CURTIS, S. J.— A venerable patriarch has just passed away to his reward. Father John Curtis died recently at the Presbytery, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin. He was in his ninety-second year, and had been for some months failing in health. Father Curtis was born in 1794, of respectable parents, in the city of Waterford. Having been educated at Stonyhurst College, he entered the Society of Jesus at the age of 20. As novice and scholastic he passed with much merit and distinction through the various grades of probation and preparation by which the Jesuit is trained for his arduous work, and was ordained priest in the year 1825. Being a ripe scholar, well versed in literature, ancient and modern, an able theologian, a fluent and impressive speaker, he soon took a foremost place amongst the leading priests at his time.

THE Very Rev. Canon Lyons, P. P. V. F., Spiddle, County Galway, died recently at the venerable age of seventy-four years. He was educated for the priesthood at St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, while yet that institution included a thorough theological course in its curriculum of studies. He was ordained in 1839, and speedily distinguished himself as a pastor of zeal and eloquence, indefatigable in his labors for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock. He built many churches and parochial schools, and was among the foremost of the clergymen who drove the infamous Souper plague from West Connaught. Canon Lyons was charitable to an extent that always left him poor in pocket but rich in the love of his people. He was buried within the walls of his parish church and the funeral was attended by priests and people from many miles around.

THE death is announced of Rev. Francis Xavier Sadlier, S. J., at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., after a brief illness. He was born in Montreal, in 1852, and was the son of the late James Sadlier, who, with his brother, the late Denis Sadlier, founded the well-known Catholic publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier & Co. His mother is the well-known Catholic authoress, Mary A. Sadlier. Father Sadlier was educated at Manhattan College, and after a brief but brilliant career in journalism decided to enter the priesthood. He was received into the Jesuit novitiate at Sault-au-Recolet, Canada, on the 1st of November, 1873, and had the happiness of being ordained at Woodstock last August. In the death of this gifted young priest the Society of Jesus has met with a loss which can only be accurately estimated by those to whom his perfect purity of heart, deeply intellectual mind and most lovable character have endeared him for many years. We deeply sympathize with his aged mother and family. His mother had not seen him since his ordination, but was present at the funeral, where she saw her loved son in death. Happy mother to have such a son before her in heaven, where we trust he is now enjoying the rewards of a well-spent life.

REV. JOHN J. MCAULEY, S. J., professor of rhetoric at Holy Cross College, died suddenly of apoplexy, at the residence of Dr. L. A. O. Callaghan, Worcester, Mass., on the afternoon of December 2. Father McAuley went with a party of the students from the college to skate at Stillwater Pond, and during the recreation he broke through the ice and into the water. He returned to the college and changed his clothing, and not feeling very well, started off toward the city for a walk, accompanied by Father Langlois. He called on Dr. Callaghan, but before reaching his house he became ill and had to be carried inside, where he soon died, after the arrival of Rev. John J. McCoy, who, with Father Langlois, performed the last offices. The deceased has been, for several years, attached to Holy Cross College, and is distinguished among the Jesuits as a rhetorician of high order. His funeral will take place at the college. This is the second death at the college within one month.

REV. FATHER RULAND, C. SS. R., Professor of Moral Theology at the Redemptorist College, at Ilchester, Md., died on the 20th of November, of apoplexy. The Rev. Father was a venerable and well-known priest. His loss will be keenly felt by the community as he was a man of deep learning and truly good.

REV. THADDEUS P. WALSH, first pastor of Georgetown and Ridgefield parishes, Connecticut, departed this life on the 10th of November, at 3 o'clock, in St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., to which place he had been taken. Friday, October 30th, Father Walsh went to New Haven on business, and it was there that the first warning of sickness, and as it came out, of death, came to him. He had an apopletic stroke of paralysis which affected his left side, rendering it almost powerless. The following Saturday evening he re-

ceived the last rites from the church, and on Tuesday morning he died. The funeral took place on the 13th of November. There were present Rt. Rev. Bp. McMahon, some sixty priests, and a large concourse of his afflicted friends. Father Walsh was born in Easkey, County Sligo, Ireland, about fifty-five years ago. He was ordained priest in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, in 1880. His classical course was made in St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., and was begun when he had reached the age of forty years. Before he went to college he lived in Meriden, where he saved money enough from daily toil to pay for an education. He was a good and faithful priest in every sense of the word, and was most devotedly attached to his sacred duties.

THE Rev. Father Simon P. Lonergan, pastor of St. Mary's, Montreal, died there, November 11. Father Lonergan was very well known and exceedingly popular in that city, and, in fact, throughout the Dominion. He was a man of rare culture and experience, and through his death the Catholic Church in Canada loses one of its strongest pillars. Father Lonergan died of typhoid fever, and to his labors among the sick during this time of sad affliction in Montreal may be attributed the overwork which brought on the disease.

MANY in Buffalo, says the *Catholic Union and Times*, will hear of Father Trudeau's death, recently in Lowell, Mass., with sincere sorrow. Deceased was a distinguished Oblate Father, who, while engaged in parochial duties at the Holy Angels, in this city, won the reverent affection of all who knew him by his priestly virtues and sunny nature.

SISTER.

THE death is announced of Mother Mary, the Foundress and first Superioress of the Sisters of Immaculate Conception, a Louisiana foundation, whose mother house is located at Labadieville. Known in the world as Miss Elvina Vienne, she belonged to one of the best Creole families in the State. She died in her 51st year, and the twelfth of her religious profession.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. THOMAS COSGROVE, who, during the past half century, has occupied a prominent position in Providence, R. I., as a successful business man, died Sunday, Nov. 8th, at his residence on Somerset Street, in the eighty-first year of his age. The story of his life is a practical illustration of the success which rewards persistent endeavor and strict attention to business. He was born in county Wexford, Ireland, and after receiving the advantages of a common-school education of that time, he begun his life-work in the pursuit of various branches of business in Nova Scotia, Portsmouth, N. H., and Portland, Me. In the year 1837 he came to Providence, where his energy and business ability met with successful results. He occupied a prominent position among the members of the Catholic Church, and was a devout attendant at the services of the Cathedral. His wife died several years ago, and Mr. Cosgrove leaves four children. James M., who was formerly an active member of the legal profession in Providence, and has been prominently identified with the local Irish associations, is now an invalid. One of his daughters is the widow of the late Richard McNeeley, who was engaged in the dry goods' business on Westminister Street, Providence, many years ago. The other two daughters are unmarried and reside at his late home on Somerset Street. The funeral services of Mr. Thomas Cosgrove were held at the Pro-Cathedral. They were largely attended by the congregation, of which Mr. Cosgrove was one of the oldest and most prominent members, and by Catholics and business men from different parts of the State, completely filling the sacred edifice. A solemn Pontifical High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Right Rev. Bishop Hendricken. At the conclusion of the Mass the bishop, assisted by the officiating clergymen, pronounced the final absolution and spoke a few words relative to the life of the deceased as a man and a Catholic.

MR. JAMES WAUL, so long and favorably known to the Catholic public, in office as sexton of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, died at his home in Boston on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 7th. He was a native of the county Galway, Ireland, but came to this country when quite young. For the last fifty years he had faithfully discharged the responsible duties of the office above referred to, making many friends through his uniform courtesy and kindly disposition. He will be sadly missed in the church with which he was so long connected. The prayers of those

interests he cared for so earnestly will doubtless be fervently offered for his eternal rest. The funeral took place from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on the morning of November 10th. The Rev. Father Quirk celebrated the Requiem Mass. The Rev. Father Boursaud, rector, and the Rev. Father Charlier accompanied the body to Calvary Cemetery. May he rest in peace!

WE regret to chronicle the death of James Valentine Reddy, Esq., a well-known member of the Richmond bar, who died at his residence in that city, on Nov. 5, of pneumonia. He was about thirty-six years of age, and removed to that city from Alexandria, Va., where his relatives now reside. He was of Irish birth, and his love for the old sod of his forefathers was pure and strong. He was a member of the National League, and of several societies connected with St. Peter's Cathedral. He was devoted to the practice of his religious duties, and ere his spirit winged its flight received its last consolations. Deceased had more than common gifts of oratory and was a ready penman. His disposition was generous, and he was always ready to relieve distress when in his power. Mr. Reddy was a contributor to our MAGAZINE, and although we never saw him, we were led to esteem him highly. He was a great lover of Irish poetry and song, and had, perhaps, as fine a private collection of them as there is in this country. His heart was indeed wound up in the dear old land; but he did not forget in this love the allegiance and fealty he owed to the land of his adoption. His life is but another of the many examples of Irishmen, who, living at home under a government giant's strength used as a giant would use it, would be called a rebel; but who under a government where all men are free and recognized becomes a worthy and thankful citizen, a good example for those around him. The deceased was born in the county of Kilkenny, near the village of Kilmacow, and about six miles from Waterford City. St. Patrick's Branch of the Catholic Knights of America, in their resolutions of condolement, say that he was a faithful, worthy and popular member, and they fittingly voice the sentiment of all the Catholic and Irish-American and other civic societies, with which he was associated, in thus placing on record this expression of their sorrow over his early death, and also in giving utterance to the deepest sympathy for, and in behalf of, the bereaved wife and children thus unhappily deprived of the fond love and tender care of a devoted husband and affectionate father.

MR. JOHN REILLY, a well-known and respected resident of Charlestown, Mass., died at his residence, 92 Washington Street, on Wednesday, Nov. 4th, after an illness of nine months at the age of sixty-four years. He was perfectly conscious to the last, and bade each member of his family a fond farewell ere he closed his eyes in death. Mr. Reilly was a carpenter by trade, and in politics an active Democrat, being for a number of years a member of the Ward and City Committee. He was also a member of the Old Columbian Guards of Boston. He leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters to mourn his loss. The funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church on Saturday morning, Rev. Wm. Millerick officiating, and the burial took place in the family lot at Calvary, the following gentlemen acting as pall bearers: Messrs. Michael K. Mahoney, James Hearn, James H. Lombard, Thomas Hearn, Thomas B. Reilly and David Hearn.

MR. JOHN NAGLE, a prominent member of the Cathedral parish, died of consumption at his residence in Boston, on Sunday, November 29. He leaves a family of five children. His funeral took place from the Cathedral on December 1. The Rev. Father Boland celebrated the Mass, Fathers O'Toole and Corcoran being, respectively, Deacon and Subdeacon. The friends of the deceased were present in large numbers.

IN this city, on the 27th of November, Mrs. Catherine Daly, aged 74 years. She was born in Bandon, county Cork, in 1811. She had been a resident of Boston some forty years. Her death was peaceful as her life had been good and charitable. The remains were interred from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where a Mass of Requiem was said for the repose of her soul, which may God rest in peace. The interment took place at Calvary Cemetery.

BASHFULNESS.—Do not yield to bashfulness. Do not isolate yourself, sitting back in a corner, waiting for some one to come and talk with you. Step out; have something to say. Though you may not say it well, keep on. You will gain courage and improve. It is as much your duty to entertain others as theirs to amuse you.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1886. No. 2

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Columbian Abbey of Derry.

ONE bright sunny day last summer I found myself in the city of Derry, with some hours to spare. I passed them in rambling aimlessly about whither fancy or accident led me,—now on the walls, endeavoring to recall the particulars of that siege so graphically described by Macaulay, now in the Protestant Cathedral musing on the proximity of luxuriously-cushioned pew and cold sepulchral monument along which the sun, streaming through the stained windows, threw a mellow glow that softened but did not remove the hideousness of the death's emblems on them — now wandering down the busy street and admiring the beauties of the Casino College, which, like the alien cathedral a little distance up, rejoices in the patronage of St. Columb and is built on the site of his old monastery. Here I lingered long, trying to picture to myself the olden glories of the spot on which I stood, for

> "I do love these ancient ruins;
> We never tread upon them
> But we set our foot upon some reverend history;"

although here not an ivy-clasped gable, or even a mossy stone remains to claim the "passing tribute" of a sigh, or a vain regret for the golden days of our Irish Church. Yet its very barrenness of ruins made it dearer to my heart, for one never clings more fondly to the memory of a dear friend than when all mementoes of him are lost. As warned by the stroke of the town-clock, I hurried down to the station to be whirled away to Dublin, I thought that perhaps my fellow-readers of the MAGAZINE would bear with me while I gossiped for half an hour on the story of this grand old monastery, the mother-house of Iona.

You know where Derry is, or if you don't your atlas will tell you, that it is away up in the north of Ireland, where, situated on the shores of the Lough Foyle, coiling its streets round the slopes of a hill till on the very summit they culminate in the cross-crowned tower of St. Columb's Cathedral, it lies in the midst of a beautiful country just like a cameo fallen into a basket of flowers. The houses cluster

round the base of the hill on the land side, spread themselves in irregular masses over the adjoining level, or clamber up the opposite rise on the brow of which stands St. Eugene's Cathedral, yet unfinished, and the pile of turrets which constitute Magee College. A noble bridge spans the Foyle, and through a forest of shipmasts one may see on the other side the city rising up from the water, and stretching along the bending shore till it becomes lost in the villa-studded woods of Prehen.

The massive walls, half hidden by encroaching commerce, the grim-looking gates, and the old rusty cannon whose mouth thundered the "No" of the "Maiden City" to the rough advances of James, in 1689, give the city a mediæval air that well accords with its monastic origin. For, let her citizens gild the bitter pill as they may, the cradle of Derry — the Rochelle of Irish Protestantism — was rocked by monks — aye, by monks in as close communion with Rome as are the dread Jesuits to-day.

Fourteen hundred years ago the Foyle flowed on to mingle its waters with ocean as calmly as it does to-day, but its peaceful bosom reflected a far different scene. Then the fair, fresh face of nature was unsullied by the hand of man. "The tides flowed round the hill which was of an oval form, and rose 119 feet above the level of the sea, thus forming an island of about 200 acres."* A Daire or oak grove spread its leafy shade over the whole, and gave shelter to the red deer and an unceasing choir of little songsters. It was called in the language of the time "Daire-Calgachi." The first part of the name in the modern form of Derry, still remains — though now the stately rows of oak have given way to the streets of a busy city, and the smoke of numerous factories clouds the atmosphere.

One day, in the early part of 546, there visited the grove, in company with the local chieftain, a youth named Columba, a scion of the royal race of the O'Donnells. He was captivated by its beauty. It seemed the very spot for the monastery he was anxious to establish. He was only a deacon; but the fame of his sanctity had already filled the land, and the princes of his family were ever urging him to found a monastery whose monks, they hoped, would reflect his virtues and increase the faith and piety of their clan. This seemed the very spot for such an establishment. The neighborhood of the royal fortress of Aileach, that

> "Sits evermore like a queen on her throne
> And smiles on the valleys of green Innishowen,"

promised security; the river an unfailing supply of fish; the woods material to build with; and, better than all, the lord of the district was his cousin Ainmire, from whom Columba had only to ask to receive. He did ask the island for God, and his request was joyfully complied with.

It was just three years after the deacon-abbot of Monte Casino had passed to his reward, that the young Irish deacon began his monastery. To erect monastic buildings in those days was a work of very little labor. A wooden church, destined in the course of time to give

* Sampson.

place to a more durable edifice — the seat of a bishopric — was first erected. Then the cells of the monks were put up. They were of circular form and of the simplest construction. A stout post was firmly planted in what was to be the centre, and a number of slighter poles were then placed at equal distances round it. The interstices — space however having been left for a door — were filled up with willow or hazel saplings in the form of basketwork. From the outer poles rafters sprang to the centre-posts, and across them were laid rows of laths over which a fibry web of sod was thrown, and the whole thatched with straw or rushes. The inside of the wall was lined with moss — the outside plastered with soft clay. A rough wooden bed — and in the case of Columba himself and many of his monks — a stone pillow, a polaire or leathern satchel for holding books, a writing-desk and seat, formed the furniture of this rude cell, which was the ordinary dwelling of monk and student during the golden age of the Irish Church.

Only a few weeks elapsed from the time that the first tree was felled till the new community, or rather order, took up their abode in it, and the swelling strain of their vespers was borne down the Lough by the rippling breeze and echoed by the religious, whose convents, presided over by SS. Frigidian and Cardens sentinelled the mouth of the Lough at Moville and Coleraine. The habit of these monks — similar to that of Iona and Lindisfarne, consisted of "* the cowl — of coarse texture, made of wool, retaining its natural color and the tunic, or under habit, which was also white. If the weather was particularly severe an amphibalus, or double mantle, was permitted. When engaged at work on the farm the brethern wore sandals which were not used within the monastery."

Though their time was mainly devoted to prayer, meditation and the various other religious exercises, yet their rule made them apply every spare moment to copying and illuminating MSS. or some other kind of manual or intellectual labor, according as their strength and talents permitted. By this, people were attracted to the spot. Houses sprang up in the neighborhood of the monastery, that continually increasing in number, at length grew into a city, just as from a similar monastic germ have sprung nearly all the great German cities.

Columba in the busy years that elapsed between 546 and his final departure from Ireland in 563, looked upon Derry as his home. It was his first and dearest monastery. It was in his own Tyrconnell, but a few miles from that home by Lough Gartan, where he first saw the light, and from his foster home amid the mountains of Kilmacrenan, that, rising with their green belts of trees and purple mantles of heather over the valleys, seemed like huge festoons hung from the blue-patched horizon. Then the very air was redolent of sanctity. If he turned to the south, the warm breezes that swayed his cowl reminded him that away behind those wooded hills in Ardstraw, prayed Eugene, destined to share with him the patronage of the diocese, and that farther up, St. Creggan, whose name the Presbyterian farmers unconsciously preserve in the designation of their townland, Magheracreggan, presided over

*Cardinal Moran "Irish Saints in G. Brit." p 121.

Scarrabern, the daughter-house of Ardstraw. Then turning slowly northwards he would meet with the persons, or relics, of St. O'Heney in Banagher, St. Sura in Maghera, St. Martin in Desertmartin, St. Canice in Limavady, St. Goar in Aghadoey, St. Cardens in Coleraine, St. Frigidian in Moville, St. Comgell in Culdaff, St. McCartin in Donagh, St. Egneach in the wildly beautiful pass of Mamore, St. Mura in Fahan, and his own old teacher, St. Cruithnecan in Kilmacrenan. All these, and many others, whose names tradition but feebly echoes, were contemporary, or nearly so, with him; and with many of them, he was united in the warmest bonds of friendship, — a friendship that served to rivet him the more to Derry. Even the budding glories of Durrow and Kells could not draw him away from his "loved oak-grove;" and at length, when the time had come for him to go forth and plant the faith in a foreign land, it was the monks of Derry who received his last embrace ere he seated himself with his twelve companions, also monks of Derry, in his little osier coracle, and with tearful eyes watched his grove till the topmost leaf had sunk beneath the curving wave.

When twenty-seven years after he visited his native land, as the deputy of an infant nation and the saviour of the bards, on whom, but for his kindly intercession, the hand of infuriated justice had heavily fallen, his first visit was to Derry. It was probably during this visit that he founded that church on the other side of the Foyle, whose ivy-clad walls and gravelled area the reader of "Thackeray's Sketch Book" may remember; but few know that it was wantonly demolished by Dr. Weston (1467-1484), the only Englishman who ever held the See of Derry; and "who," adds Colgan, "began out of the ruins to build a palace for himself, which the avenging hand of God did not allow him to complete."

Columba's heart ever yearned to Derry. In one of his poems he tells us "how my boat would fly if its prow were turned to my Irish oak grove." And one day when "that grey eye, which ever turned to Erin," was gazing wistfully at the horizon, where Ireland ought to appear, his love for Derry found expression in a little poem, the English version of which I transcribed from Cardinal Moran's "Irish Saints."

"Were the tribute of all Alba mine,
From its centre to its border,
I would prefer the sight of one cell
In the middle of fair Derry.

"The reason I love Derry is
For its quietness, for its purity;
Crowded full of heaven's angels,
Is every leaf of the oaks of Derry.

"My Derry, my little oak grove,
My abode and my little cell,
O eternal God in heaven above,
Woe be to him who violates it."

With the same love that he himself had for his "little oak grove," he seems to have inspired the annalists of his race, for on turning over

the pages of the Four Masters, the eye is arrested by such entries as,—

"1146, a violent tempest blew down sixty oaks in Derry-Columbkille."
"1178, a storm prostrated one hundred and twenty oaks in Derry-Columbkille."

These little tokens of reverence for the trees, which had been sanctified by his presence and love, show us how deep a root his memory had in the affections of the Donegal Franciscans, when they paused in their serious and compendious work to record every little accident that happened his monastery. But, alas, all the protection that O'Donnell's clan might afford, all the fear that Columba's "Woe" might inspire, could not save his grove. Like many a similar one in Ireland, storms, and the destructive hand of man, have combined to blot it off the face of the landscape, and nothing now remains but the name.

The monastery, too, shared the same fate. Burned by the Danes in 812, 989, 997 and 1095, phœnix-like it rose again from its ashes, each time in greater beauty. The church, after one of these burnings, was rebuilt of stone; and from its charred and blackened appearance after the next burning, received the name of Dubh-Regles or Black Church of the Abbey — a name by which in the Annals the monastery itself is often called.

But Derry had other enemies than the Danes. In 1124 we find "Ardgar, Prince of Aileach, killed by the ecclesiastics of Doire-Columbkille in the defence of their church. His followers in revenge burned the town and churches." The then abbot was St. Gelasius, who, after presiding sixteen years over the monastery, which he had entered a novice in early youth, was, in 1137, raised to the Primatial See of Armagh; and dying in 1174, nearly closes the long calendar of Irish Saints. The first year of his abbacy (1121) had been marked by the death in the monastery of "Domwald Magloughlin Ardrigh of Erin, a generous prince, charitable to the poor and liberal to the rich, who, feeling his end approaching, had withdrawn thither,"—a fact which shows the great veneration in which this monastery was held.

The name of the next abbot, Flathbert O'Brolcan, or Bradley, is one of the brightest in the Annals of Derry. He was greatly distinguished for his sanctity and learning, but still more for his administrative abilities. As abbot of Derry he was present at the Synod of Kells in 1152. Six years after, at the Synod of Brightaig (near Trim, county Meath), a continuation or prorogation of that of Kells, Derry was created an Episcopal See and Flathbert appointed its first bishop. A much more honorable distinction was given him, when by the same synod, he was appointed "prefect general of all the abbeys of Ireland," an appointment which must probably be limited to the Columbian Abbeys, which were at the time very numerous. Some idea of the wealth and power of the Columbian order may be gathered from the records that the Masters have given us of Flathbert's visitations. "In 1150 he visited Tireoghain (Tyrone), and obtained a horse from every chieftain; a cow from every two biataghs; a cow from every three freeholders; a cow from every four villeins; and twenty cows from the king himself; a gold ring of five ounces, his horse and battle-dregs from the son of O'Lochlain, king of Ireland." "In 1153 he visited Down and

Antrim and got a horse from every chieftain; a sheep from every hearth; a horse and five cows from O'Dunlevy, and an ounce of gold from his wife." And in 1161 he visited Ossory, and "in lieu of the tribute of seven score oxen due to him, accepted four hundred and twenty ounces of pure silver."

But though thus honored by the hierarchy and people, enemies were not wanting to him. In 1144 the monastery had been burned and hostile clouds were again gathering round it, when in 1163 Flathbert erected a cashel or series of earthen fortifications, which baffled for a time the enmity of the plunderer. A passing calm was thus assured him, of which he took advantage, in 1164, to commence the building of his Cathedral, called in Irish "Teampull-mor," a name which one of the city parishes still retains. But the times were troublous, and hardly was the Cathedral finished than we find in 1166 "O'More burning Derry as far as the church Dubh-Regles."

In 1175, on the death of their abbot the monks of Iona elected Flathbert; but he felt that the shadows of death were gathering round him, and he would not leave his own monastery of Derry. He died the same year, and "was buried in the monastery, leaving a great reputation for wisdom and liberality;" but before his death he had the pleasure of knowing that "1175, Donough O'Carolan perfected a treaty of friendship with the abbey and town, and gave to the abbey a betagh townland of Donoughmore and certain duties."

Some years before his death Flathbert had resigned the See of Derry in favor of Dr. Muredach O'Coffey,* who, having been consecrated bishop of Ardstraw had, in 1150, transferred that See to Maghera or Rathlure, thus uniting Ardstraw and Rathlure. His accession to Derry joined the three into one, to which under Dr. O'Carolan in the next century, Innishowen was added, thus forming the modern diocese.

Dr. O'Coffey took up his residence in the abbey where, on the 10th of February, 1173, he breathed his last. Archdall in his Monasticon calls him "St. Muredach;" but the old Annalists content themselves with saying that "he was the sun of science, the precious stone and resplendent gem of knowledge, the bright star and rich treasury of learning; and as in charity so, too, was he powerful in pilgrimage and prayer." The Masters add that "a great miracle was performed on the night of his death; the dark night was illumined from midnight to daybreak; and the neighboring parts of the world which were visible were in one blaze of light; and all persons arose from their beds imagining it was day."

But I must now hasten to the end, for there is little in the history of the next four centuries over which one loves to linger. The story it tells is the old one of robberies and murders and burnings. It records the first rumblings of that storm so soon to break over that land and make of our island a vast coliseum, drenching it with the blood of martyrs. I have often thought what a pang it must have cost the heart of Brother Michael Oblery to pen such entries as these:

"1195, Rury, son of Dunlere, chief of Ulidia, plunders Derry-Columbkille with an English force."

*Theiner. Mon. Vat. p. 48.

"1197, Sir John De Courcy plunders the abbey of Derry."
"1198, Sir John De Courcy again plunders Derry abbey."

How his eyes must have filled as he glanced in memory over the long tale of his country's sufferings, on the record of which he was about to enter. 'Twas bad enough to see the Dane lay sacrilegious hands on the sacred vessels; but it was worse still to behold one's fellow-Catholic apply the robber's torch to the church of God where, perhaps, at that very moment our Lord himself lay hid under the sacramental veils. Yet these were the men who, from the Loire to the Jordan had fought the church's battle so gallantly,— whose countrymen would only hold the Calabrian kingdom, that their lances had purchased so dearly, as vassals of the Pope,— the very men who themselves were studding the Pale with those architectural gems, of which the ruins of Dunbrody and its sister abbeys still speak so eloqently. It was a strange fancy that made them tumble the Irish monastery to-day, and lay the foundation of an Anglo-Irish one to-morrow. Yet so it was; for in the charters of many of those monasteries, in which, it was enacted in 1380, that no mere Irishman should be allowed to take vows, the name of John DeCourcy is entered as founder or benefactor. One hardly knows whether to condemn him for destroying Columba's favorite abbey, or praise him for the solicitude he expresses in his letter to the Pope for the proper preservation of Columba's relics. The acts of the man and his nation are so contradictory, that the only reasonable conclusion we can draw from them is the practical one, never again to wonder that the faith of such men withered at the first blast of persecution.

Nevertheless, the monastery survived these attacks; for in the early part of the fifteenth century, we find the then abbot of Derry negotiating a peace between the English and O'Donnell. But in its subsequent annals nothing more than the mere date of an inmate's death meets us till we come to the great catastrophe, which ended at once the monastery and order of Columba. Cox thus tells the story: "Colonel Saintlow succeeded Randolph in the command of the garrison and lived as quietly as could be desired, for the rebels were so daunted by the former defeat that they did not dare to make any new attempt; but unluckily on the 24th of April, 1566, the ammunition took fire and blew up the town and fort of Derry, so that the soldiers were obliged to embark for Dublin."* "This disaster was regarded at the time as a divine chastisement for the profanation of St. Columba's church and cell, the latter being used by the heretical soldiery as a repository of ammunition, while the former was defiled by their profane worship."†

J. McH.

An actor once delivered a letter of introduction to a manager, which described him as an actor of great merit, and concluded: "He plays Virginius, Richelieu, Hamlet, Shylock, and billiards. He plays billiards the best."

*Cox. Hist. pt. I. p. 322. † O'Sulliv. Cath. Hist. p 96.

The Penitent on the Cross.

Few deeds of guilt are strangers to my eyes,
These hands of mine have wrought full share of sin,
My very heart seemed steeled to pity's cries :
Whence then this thought that melts my soul within ?

What is there in that Form that moves me so ?
So sweet a victim ne'er mine eyes beheld ;
That beauteous face, that majesty of woe,
That hidden something from my sight withheld.

Cease thou at least, nor join the mocking throng,
Thou heartless sharer in our common doom !
Just meed for us, but He hath done no wrong;
All seems so strange — what means the gathering gloom ?

That lonely mother, there oppressed with woe,
O'erheard me now I saw her raise her eyes ;
To bless me — and with clasping hands as though
She craved a something, through the darkening skies.

Hear how the priests discuss with mocking scorn
The triple scroll above His crownèd head.
"Jesus of Nazareth," the lowly born ;
"King of the Jews," in Royal David's stead.

Ah, me ; but I have heard that name of old
From waylaid victims in my outlaw den.
They won me from fell purpose as they told
His deeds of love and wonder amongst men.

They told me how the sea in billows dashed
Became as marble smooth beneath His feet;
How He rebuked the winds to fury lashed,
And they were hushed to murmurs low and sweet.

He, then it was that gave the blind their sight,
And made the palsied leap with bounding tread ;
And as you'd wake the sleeping in the night
From even their sleep awoke the slumbering dead.

Oh, Master, had I known Thee in those days,
Fain might I too have followed Thee as Friend ;
But then I was an outlaw by the ways,
And now 'tis late — my days are at an end.

"No, not too late." Oh, God ! whose is that voice
That sounds within me such a heavenly strain,
And makes my being to its depths rejoice
As if it felt creation's touch again ?

What is that light, that glorious light which brings
  Such wondrous knowledge of things all unseen,
And yet wherein I see fair, far-off things
  To mortal vision hid, however keen.

And centred in that flood of golden light,
  One truth that catches all its scattered beams —
Illumed above the rest so fair, so bright:
  It is thy God whose blood beside thee streams.

Oh, God of glory! hear the outlaw's prayer,
  And in Thy home but kindly think of me;
I dare but ask to be remembered there,
  Nor heaven I seek, but to be loved by Thee.

From off the Cross whereon the Saviour hung
  Fell on his ears response of wondrous love,
More sweet than though the cherubim had sung
  The sweetest songs they sing in heaven above.

Yes, loved but not remembered thou shalt be —
  The absent only may remembrance claim —
But in my kingdom thou shalt dwell with me,
  Companion of my glory as my shame.

Amen, amen, I say to thee that thou,
  Ere yet another day illume the skies,
With crown unlike to this that binds my brow
  Shalt share the glories of my paradise.

F. E. Emon.

The Celt in America.

It is the common delusion of our day that Americans as a people are of Anglo-Saxon lineage. This has been said and reiterated, until it descends into the lowest depths of sycophancy and utter folly. It is false in fact, for above all other claimants, that of the Celt is by far the best. Glancing back to our primeval history, we find the Kelt to be the centre-figure of its legends and traditions. We are told by an old chronicle, that Brendan, an Irishman, discovered this continent about 550 A. D., and named it Irland-Kir-Mikla, or Great Eire; this is corroborated by the Scandinavians. Iceland was settled in the sixth century by Irish, and when the Norsemen settled there, they found the remains of an Irish civilization in churches, ruins, crosses and urns: thus, it is not at all improbable that the Celts of those islands sent out exploring parties who discovered for the first time the American continent. Passing over the myths and legends of that curious and quaint era, let us read the pages of authentic American history.

On that memorable October day, when the caravels of Columbus came to anchor in the New World, the Celt acted well his part in that great drama. He who first reached land, from the ships of Columbus, was a Patrick Maguiras, an Irishman. Columbus in his second voyage had on board an Irish priest, Father Boyle, and several of his crew were Celts. In the early discoveries and settlements the Kelt was ever in the van of the pioneers of Western civilization; he explored rivers, bays, and forests, while the Anglo-Saxon scarce tread on American soil until the close of the sixteenth century. The first gateway to civilization for the West, was made by priests from France, among whom were many Irish missionaries, who were forced to fly their native land and seek shelter elsewhere. St. Augustine and New Mexico were founded by the Spaniards long before a cabin was built in Jamestown, and the Spanish and French sovereigns ruled numerous flourishing dependencies in the New World ere the English Pilgrims had seen Plymouth. The Anglo-Saxons, then, were not so forward in explorations and discoveries as their neighbors, the Celts and Latins. Review the epoch of the colonial development, and we find that the Celt surpasses the Saxon.

The Huguenots fled from France; the Scotchman left his native heather to escape despotism; the Irishman exiled from his patrimony sought a home in the American wilds. Many a Spaniard made his Nova Iberia in the South, and the log-cabins of the French pioneers dotted the north-western wilderness. The Swedes founded Delaware, and New York was created by the stolid Dutch. The Moravians and the Welsh came hither likewise; the Puritans fled Merry England and Quakers sought religious freedom in America; but the great body of the English people believing in the State and the religion of their sovereign, had no desire to risk fortune here, especially when the laws were made for their benefit even if at the expense of the colonists. Thus, with exceptions of the Quaker and the Puritan, some few Cavaliers and the paupers, the great body of the Anglo-Saxon people remained at home. In American colonization, Anglo-Saxonism was but a drop in the bucket. Among all the famous thirteen colonies there was not one settled by Saxons exclusively; and in all of the colonies the Celt predominated. The Puritans when they founded Massachusetts, rigorously excluded all who differed from them; nevertheless the Celt waxed strong in New England. "It was," says Hawthorne, "no uncommon thing in those days to see an advertisememt in the colonial paper, of the arrival of fresh Irish slaves and potatoes." Bunker Hill itself was named after a knoll in county Antrim. Faneuil Hall was the gift of a Celt, and the plan of it was drawn by Berkeley, the Irish philosopher, who said prophetically,

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way;
> The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest empire is the last."

The Boston Irish Charitable Society was organized near a century and a half ago, and the first paper mill in Massachusetts was built by a Celt named Thomas Smith. The names of Belfast, Londonderry,

Ulster, Sullivan and Bangor show the nationality of their settlers. The founders of the Empire State were Teutons; but when it passed to the English realm, James II. sent over as Governor, Colonel Dongan, an Irishman. This Governor during his term of office, brought over large numbers of Irish emigrants. Pennsylvania was the most Keltic of the colonies. The first daily paper in the United States was founded by John Dunlap, an Irishman. So great was Celtic emigration to this State that in one year (1729) there came to Pennsylvania no fewer than 6,208 persons, of whom 242 were Germans, 247 English, and 5,653 Irishmen. So numerous were Celts that Washington once said, "Put me in Rockbridge County, and I'll find men enough to save the Revolution." In Maryland it was the same. The first ship that sailed into Baltimore was Irish, though the figure-head, Cecil Calvert, was English; but the town from which he derived his title, and after which the metropolis of Maryland is named, is in Galway, Ireland. In the Old Dominion, the first settlers were in good part English. The Scotch and Welsh were very powerful, and the Irish were very numerous. The impress of the Celts in Virginia is seen in Carroll and Logan counties, Lynchburg, Burkesville, Brucktown and Wheeling.

In 1652, Cromwell recommended that Irishwomen be sold to merchants, and shipped to New England and Virginia, there to be sold as wives to the colonists. A manuscript of Dr. Lingard's puts the number sold, at about 60,000; Brondin, a contemporary, places the number at 100,000. The names of these women have become anglicized, for the English law forbade the Irish to have an Irish name, and commanded them to assume English names. North Carolina was settled mainly by the Scotch and Welsh, with English and Irish additions. So was Georgia. In South Carolina the Irish predominated. "Of all the countries," says the historian of South Carolina, "none has furnished this province with so many inhabitants as Ireland. Scarce a ship leaves any of its ports for Charleston that is not crowded with men, women, and children." So much for the so-called English colonies. Among the foremost of distinguished men in the colonial times were the Celts. The first man elected to an office, not appointed by the Crown, was James Moore, Governor of North Carolina. James Logan, the successor of Penn, and William Thompson, were both Celts. Let us glance at the Revolution; it is in this struggle that the Celt was covered with glory; and either on the field or in the forum he was always in the van. The Celts of Mecklenburg made a declaration of freedom over a year before the Declaration of Independence was made.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, was of Welsh ancestry, and thus a Celt. John Hancock inherited Celtic blood from his mother, Nora O'Flaherty. Behold the array of Celts who signed the Declaration in 1776: Carroll, Thornton, McKean, Rutledge, Lewis Hart, Lynch, Jefferson and Reed. A merchant of Philadelphia, John Nixon, first read to the people that immortal paper. Charles Thompson, Thomas McHenry and Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of the Revolution, were Celts. The poetry of the loyal English writers afford abundant proof of the influence and numbers of the Celts in those days. The first blow for Independence was struck by James

Sullivan of New Hampshire, and the first blow on sea was struck by Jeremiah O'Brien, of Machias, Maine. A Celt, Thomas Cargill, of Ballyshannon, saved the records of Concord when the British soldiery went out from Boston to destroy the military stores in Middlesex. Nor was it in the opening scenes alone that the Celts were prominent; but from the death of McClary on Bunker Hill, to the close of the war, they fought with a vigor and bravery unsurpassed. Who charged through the snowdrifts around Quebec but Montgomery, a Celt.

Who fought so bravely at Brandywine? at Bemis's Heights, who saved the day but Morgan's Irish Rifles. Was it not mad Anthony Wayne, a Celt, who won Stony Point? General Sullivan, a Celt, avenged the Wyoming Massacre. General Hand, a Celt, first routed the Hessians. The hero of Bennington was a Celt, General Stark; so were Generals Conway, Knox, Greene, Lewis, Brigadier Generals Moore, Fitzgerald, Hogan, Colonels Moylan and Butler. In fact, American annals are so replete with trophies of Celtic valor that it would be vain to narrate them all.

> "A hundred battlefields attest, a hundred victories show,
> How well at liberty's behest they fought our country's foe."

The only society that ever had the honor of enrolling the name of Washington among its members was the Friendly Knights of St. Patrick. It is an incident worthy of remark that at Yorktown it was a Celt, General O'Hara, who gave to America the symbol of England's final defeat. When the war of the Revolution was ended the Celt laid aside the sword to engage in the arts of peace and build up the industries of the country.

Twenty Irish merchants subscribed $500,000 to pay the soldiers, and they aided in every possible way the young and weak government. Then the Celtic statesmen rose to view Hamilton, Jefferson, Gov. Sullivan of New Hampshire, Gov. Sullivan of Massachusetts, De Witt Clinton of New York, John Armstrong, jr., of Pennsylvania, Calhoun, Louis McLane and George Campbell. Since those days the numbers and influence of the Celts has been constantly increasing, and were it not for the sturdy Scotchman, the Welshman, and Irishman our nation would still be a conjury of the future. On the battlefield Grant, Meade, McClellan, Scott, Sheridan, McDowell, Shields, Butler, McCook, McPherson, Kearney, Stonewall Jackson, McClernand, Rowan, Corcoran, Porter, Claiborne and Logan show the valor of the Celt. Jones, Barry, Decatur, McDonough, Stewart and Blakely are the ideals of the American sailor. Morse, McCormack, Fulton are among our greatest inventors. Jackson, Pierce, Buchanan, Wilson, Cameron, Douglas, Blaine, Arthur and Hill are our Celtic statesmen. Charles O'Conor, McVeagh, Stuart, Black, Campbell, McKinley, McLean, Rutledge are our greatest jurists. Poe, Greeley, Shea, Baker, Savage, England, Hughes, Spalding, O'Rielly, Barrett, Purcell, Keene, McCullough, Boucicault, Bennett, Connery and Jones are Celts, names famous in journalism, religion, literature and drama. The Celt, in the words of Henry Clay, are "bone of our bone" and "flesh of our flesh," thus acknowledging him to be part and parcel of our nation.

Let us leave the flowery field of rhetoric and strike the hard pan of statistics. The official census of 1870 numbers the Celts at 24,000,000, the Saxons at 5,000,000, and the whole population at 38,500,000. In proportion the Celts were five-eighths and the Saxons one-eighth of the people of the country, two-eighths being of other origin. There are now 50,000,000 inhabitants, of which (20,000,000 are Irish-Americans) five-eighths are Celts who number 32,500,000, and one-eighth Saxon, or 7,000,000, and the residue being filled with other races. Thus we see that in numbers the nation is Celtic or nearly so. Let not national vanity or prejudice of race assert itself too strongly, for here came all to obtain their just and lawful liberty.

Worcester, Mass. J. SULLIVAN.

Southern Sketches.

XVII.

IN HAVANA, CUBA.—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY, ITS PEOPLE, CHURCHES AND CIVIL INSTITUTIONS.

ON approaching the Isle of Cuba, the sight of this queen of the Antilles seemed like the realization of some beautiful Eastern dream. As our vessel neared the verdant, palm-clad hills, our party were caressed by warm, odorous breezes. The softest of blue skies looked down upon us, and we gazed on the smoothest and clearest of seas. No wonder that the brave and holy Columbus, with his crew, should feel transported with joy at the sight of the tropical isles on which they first set foot. The poetic effect of the scenes then viewed must have been greatly increased by the appearance of the native Indians, whose costumes and wild graces were so strange to European eyes.

Richly painted boats filled with gay, chattering Cubans moved briskly over the waters as we neared the entrance to the harbor. A beautiful picture now appeared before us. It seemed as if enchanted palaces, gardens, castles and towers had suddenly issued from the depths of the green, transparent waves. Nearly every building had a peculiarly exquisite tint, and all were flooded and enriched with the mellow, tropical sunlight. Fort Morro, to the left, beetled over the waves like some sombre and impregnable defence of the Middle Ages. Its golden-brown and colossal walls sprung like a master-piece of feudal art from the dark, wave-washed, slippery rocks below. The tall, slender light-house connected with it greatly added to its attractions. Soldiers in bright uniforms paced to and fro on the ramparts, while the flag of old Spain, with its mingled hues of blood and gold, floated proudly above the battlements. The harbor was narrow at the entrance and widened further on, appearing in shape like the palm of one's hand. I felt so dazzled with the splendors around me, that I could not grasp at once the beauties of individual objects.

Opposite Fort Morro stood El Castillo de La Punta, an older, but

smaller defence erected by Philip II., in 1589. Immediately behind the Morro, Fort La Cahanas spread away for nearly half a mile on the top of a picturesque range of hills. This is one of the largest forts in the world, and cost (as I was informed) thirty million dollars. When the King of Spain heard of its vast price, he took his telescope at once, and told his courtiers that so expensive a building ought to be plainly seen from the top of his Madrid palace. White-stoned cottages lined the waters to the left, and decorated the slopes of the hills, which were full of cacti, century plants and thousands of other floral beauties. Everything around us reflected the poetry of color and motion. The great walls of the prison (el Carcel) appeared at the rear of the Punta, and the hoary, weather-stained walls and towers of the cathedral were conspicuous amid the many highly colored houses of the city. The sight of this strange and picturesquely colored town made me feel like visiting the queer and lovely old Moorish cities of Spain, so charmingly described by Washington Irving.

Havana has two quarters, the *intramural* and the *extramural;* the former lies along the bay. It has the narrowest streets and the oldest buildings, dim, dusty, but poetic. The latter quarter spreads along the ocean, and has the newest structures and widest streets, adorned with palm and Indian laurel trees. The contrast from the moving ship appeared very fine, and the glowing panorama was enriched by the presence of stately men-of-war and merchant vessels from the United States, France, Spain, Italy and other nations. Every mast, spar, flag and rope was reflected on the dazzling waters. Through the vast collection of masts, golden vistas were seen up the bay. Lovely isles and emerald shores presented their wealth of waving palms, bananas, and tropical growths. The fact of the thermometer being up to eighty degrees on this February morning added immensely to the sense of enjoyment derived from these luxuriant scenes. The booming of cannon from the Morro, the sound of trumpets calling soldiers to their posts, and the whistling, laughing and shouting of boatmen contributed no little interest to the picture. Numerous boats sped here and there over the bay as our vessel anchored in the basin outside the custom-house. Each one had some lively Cuban boatmen and messengers from hotels, who came to row passengers to shore, and solicit patronage for particular houses. The whole scene presented a most animated picture, and the green, red, blue and yellow boats, with the white-dressed, broad-hatted, dark-eyed occupants looked uncommonly grand. When the health-officer came on board, each person was inspected as to his sanitary condition, and then left to excited crowds, who delivered their solicitations for patronage in excellent Spanish mixed with a little broken English. Cards, bearing pictures of "the Hotel de San Carlos," "El Teleprafo," "Hotel de Inglaterra," "de Europa," and others were tossed rather than handed to us by white-clad characters who thronged the decks. Among the smaller brown-faced, curly-headed boatmen were some lithe and powerful Cubans dressed in simple white shirt and pants, blue neckties and Panama hats. Having agreed with one of these to go from the vessel to the city at the rate of fifty cents apiece in gold, our party passed down the

companion-ladder and entered a well-built bumboat, painted in green, blue and yellow, adorned with carpets, cushions, one sail and a gorgeous awning. The soft, tropical sun shone down on this poetical scene, and as the powerful arms of the oarsmen propelled the boat, the breezes played over us and the green waters.

On embarking at the custom-house, an unpretending wooden structure, our luggage was carefully overhauled by a courteous officer, attired in spotless, light-blue linen. Passing through the building I emerged on the street where crowds of negroes, Cuban and foreigners were engaged in smoking, chatting, and watching the newly-arrived travellers. Numerous coaches were drawn up in this neighborhood, and a person could visit any part of the city in one of them for a trifling sum. The Hotel de Europa, where I intended to stay, was only a few minutes' walk from the custom-house, and was delightfully situated on the Plaza de St. Francisco, facing the bay.

The first sight of Havana reveals to the United States visitor, who never saw a Spanish city, a style of architecture, habits and scenes entirely characteristic of Spain. The streets through which I passed were but wide enough for one vehicle; the sidewalks could only accommodate one foot passenger, and the houses, usually of one story, were built of stone as thick, solid and gloomy looking as fortresses. On my way I noticed that the windows had no glass, but were as large as doors, fortified within by iron bars like those of a prison, and additionally defended by heavy, wooden shutters generally painted green. The shops were on a level with the pavement, and their rich and rare collection of goods were all exposed to the view of the public. Awnings now and then extended overhead across the street. Now some darkies and Chinamen moved along bearing big burthens on their heads, and announcing their wares in loud tones in the Spanish language. These were followed by what appeared to me to be mysterious moving stalks of corn. As the latter came nearer, the heads and legs of donkeys were seen amidst the green mass. Then came a Cuban chicken vender from the country, with a great big hat and blue shirt, leading his mule by the reins, while the panniers on each side of the animal's back were filled with live fowl. Immense wagons, laden with hogsheads of sugar and molasses, rattled over the rough pavements as they were drawn by huge oxen, that were steered by stout ropes, which were cruelly passed through their nostrils. I was not a little surprised to see three or four cows walking silently on and stopping at the doors of the houses to be milked before the public. Customers need have no fears that any adulteration could take place on such occasions, as the liquid comes from the pure and natural fountain right before their eyes. Two old sailors, each minus an arm, were singing patriotic songs and the signors, signoras and signoritas who listened to them at the doors and balconies, seemed thrilled with delight, at the musical recital of the grand victories of old Spain. Peddlers moved along with an immense heap of miscellaneous wares fixed in boxes on the backs of their mules. Tall, stately negresses, with long, trailing dresses, of flashy green and yellow, walked along quite independently, as at Key West, smoking cigars which in New York would cost twenty-five cents

a piece. One or two Cuban ladies hurried by, wearing satin slippers, silken dresses and mantillas of rich black lace. The Hotel de Europa, which I soon reached, is a large, plain, solid building adorned by a piazza, which runs along the second story, and by numerous little balconies higher up. It is a very well-managed institution, has an agreeable interpreter in its office, an excellent table, and on the hottest day a cool, refreshing breeze from the bay sweeps through the rooms. The office on the second story is reached by a large stone staircase. The house is built around a spacious courtyard, in the centre of which is a beautiful fountain, encircled by choice native flowers. The music of the fountain and the shade of the trees have a pleasing and cooling effect.

After securing my room I was shown to it by a bright-eyed, garrulous Cuban youth named "Josepho," who was well acquainted with his own, but lamentably ignorant of the English language. He tried to compensate for this drawback by a copious and intelligent use of gesture. Josepho soon led me to my room, which stood at the end of a corridor, that was flanked on one side by the courtyard, and on the other by sleeping apartments. Two great jars, of Pompeian style, stood on a side-board outside the door, and were full of cold water. These were for the use of the guests on the corridor. When I entered my room I found it had a floor of red and yellow tiles, immense, thick rough rafters overhead, painted blue and white, an iron bedstead, a great chest of drawers, no carpet, and shutters as heavy and ponderous as those of some old European prison. Yet everything was pleasant and cool. The view from the window of the bay, forts, shipping and houses was very beautiful, and, surely, I had keener apprehension of it than the lazy mulateers, whom I saw sleeping in their ox-carts below on the square, their red-blue caps and white jackets flooded in sunshine. The visitors to Cuba need not expect the luxury of a feather bed or a mattress. Neither was visible in my room. The couch consisted of a piece of canvas tightly spread over the iron frame, and strongly attached to it. A single sheet constituted the only covering, and the stranger will find that the pillow, filled with the moss of the island is not at all too soft. The nights are so pleasant that Cuban hotel keepers think this amount of bed furniture quite sufficient.

After a little rest, I decided that the famous Jesuit College, "De Belen," would be the first institution worth seeing. I went alone, and soon found it on the corner of Lutz and Compostilla Streets. A stranger cannot miss it, as it is one of the most formidable buildings in Havana. Though its style has something of the barbaric about it, yet it is chiefly so on account of its ruggedness, vastness and stern grandeur. It is built of stone, cemented and brown in color. The main arched entrance is very lofty, and on the steps as I passed by I noticed a gaunt, diseased and ragged negro, with outstretched arms soliciting alms. I rang the bell. A porter admitted me, and after asking for one of the priests in fair Spanish, I was conducted to a grand saloon up stairs and politely requested to await the arrival of Father Pinan who was conversant with English. The saloon was a magnificent apartment, about one hundred feet long by thirty wide. Its walls were adorned with

splendid paintings done by ancient masters, and all represented dear, religious scenes. The lofty white pillars and the blue mouldings of the saloon produced a charming effect. Several rows of rocking-chairs, placed in pairs so that those occupying them would face one another and converse freely, were in this saloon, as is the custom in all others in Cuba. As I was admiring the pictures Father Pinan entered, and at once welcomed me very cordially to the college. The news, from the States interested him, and he promised to give me all the information he could regarding the college. "Ah," said he, "it is good to hear that there are so many good Catholics and converts in the United States. I do hope that they will persevere earnestly."

Father Pinan's frankness, intelligence and hospitality charmed and encouraged me. Passing from the saloon through a lofty arch, we entered the Museum of Natural History, which was very large and contained a splendid collection. Here I saw gorgeous stuffed birds from tropical lands, ostrichs' eggs, skins of boas, the maha (a large, harmless snake), porcupines, sea bulls, flying fish, immense sword fish, jaws of enormous sharks, brilliant big butterflies from South America, and an immense sea cockroach caught by Spanish men-of-war and presented by a general of the navy. Very large sponges, natural crosses of white rock from Spain, splendid pearls, magnificent shells from the Pacific Ocean and Mediterranean Sea, ivory baskets and miniature churches from China, beautiful Oriental slippers, Chinese grapes and apples, royal green birds from Mexico, relics of Columbus from St. Domingo, fragments of the stone on which General Pizarro sat after his victories, cannon balls used by Cortez in his conquest of Mexico, dust from the streets of Naples, lava from Vesuvius, pebbles from Mount Ararat, fragments from the homes of the vestals of Pompeii, and some of the ruins of Ninevah. Here Father Pinan was obliged to take his leave to attend class, and his place was splendidly filled by Father Osoro, a young and engaging Spanish priest, who was passionately attached to the sciences of Natural History and Philosophy. He introduced me at once to the relics with the spirit of an enthusiast. He pointed out to me some of the remains of Babylon, grand illuminated copies of the Holy Bible and of the office of the Blessed Virgin, done on parchment by the monks in 1514, and handsomely embellished with gold. He showed me gifts from kings and princes of marvellous precious stones, opals, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, agates, amethysts, cups of agate, golden snuff-boxes, natural crosses in agate, skulls made into cases and pocket books, brilliant mosaics and rosaries of gold. Father Osoro directed my attention to the paper money of the French Revolution, of the Cuban (so-called) Republic and of St. Domingo. He showed me Roman, Spanish, Lusatanian, English, French, Belgian, Australian, German, Swedish, Danish, Chinese and Japanese coins. Here were immense stone earrings of Indians, mineral and geological relics of Guatamala, grand green crystals, teeth of antedeluvian beasts, fossils of various kinds, sulphur and iron ore of Cuba, and specimens of one hundred and eight different kinds of wood that grow on the island. I saw hundreds of other rare and lovely curiosities, but it would take a volume to describe all of them. Father Osoro next intro-

duced me to the hall of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, a fine room, full of all the modern instruments designed to practically illustrate the workings of these useful and interesting systems.

From there we went to the refectory, which was capable of seating five hundred pupils. Everything here was remarkable for neatness, solidity and order. The dormitories, containing five hundred beds, were very lofty and airy. I saw handsome crucifixes in conspicuous places here, and holy pictures, also, all to remind the pupils of the spirit of devotion which they owed to God and his saints. We noticed men washing and ironing in the large laundry; no women were employed in the house. Here were several grand marble swimming basins for the boys, with large apparatuses for hot and cold water, splendid gymnasiums, forty or fifty feet long by thirty wide, with pillars painted sky blue, and supporting a magnificent ceiling. Swings, dumb-bells, Indian clubs and instruments for raising weights were strewn all over the sawdust floors. We passed by six court-yards adorned with statues, flowers, fountains and ponds full of gold fish. I noticed in front of the church entrance a large and splendid representation of the grotto of Lourdes made by one of the Jesuit Fathers. Two noble palm-trees which grew near the grotto, added greatly to its beauty. The exterior of the church was plain, but massive in its appearance, and the interior with its handsome marble floor, paintings, frescos and altars, formed a sight of no little interest to the stranger. Soft vermillion, pink, rosy and violet reflections from the stained glass windows filled the sacred edifice, and gave an exquisite coloring to the superb old pictures. On the right, a grand and costly crucifix looked down with life-like agony on the priests who were vesting in the sacristy. Enormous chests lined the walls of several rooms, and in those were stored gorgeous vestments, wonderfully beautiful in color and material, and enriched with gold and precious stones. Costly presents from kings and Spanish grandees were shown to me by the brother sacristan, who took an honest pride in exhibiting those blessed things. Magnificent society banners, used during processions on great festivals, were subjects of intense interest to the good brother. I saw lace albs there, with crotchet work marvellously executed by hand, and adorned with brilliants. Each of these cost $1,500. The chapel of St. Placidus, attached to the church is a perfect gem with its pillars of white and gold. While in Havana, I had the pleasure of saying Mass in the Jesuit Church. Other priests were celebrating at the same time, and a magnificent congregation of men and women attended. The music was exquisitely rendered, but I could not see how the people could continue standing and kneeling so patiently all the time. In this, as in the rest of the Cuban churches, there are but a few pews. The majority of the people, who bring neither seats nor cushions with them, stand, kneel, or sit on their heels at intervals. I do not think our Catholics in the United States could muster up sufficient courage to endure all this.

After seeing the handsome, dark-eyed boys of the college, its fine library and other interesting apartments, I ascended with Father Osoro to look at the observatory on the top of the building.

This solid and business-like structure possesses the newest and

most complete astronomical and meteorological instruments, and the accuracy of the scientific results arrived at by the Fathers, has become justly celebrated. They received a manifestation of merit from the Centennial Exposition of '76, on account of their meteorological observations, and the Parisian Exhibition presented them with a magnificent medal. Father Benito Vines, the president, communicates regularly with Washington and nearly every civilized nation. After viewing the interior of the observatory, we came out on the roof, and here I beheld a novel and wonderfully lovely sight. Stone and brick walks, four or five feet wide, with railings at each side spread away, intersecting each other at different points, and all were above the dark, red-tiled roofs of the institution. Strong little edifices like watch towers, painted in blue and white, stood out prominently near the walks, and no sooner did the eye turn from these immediate objects, than it was dazzled by the superb panorama of city, ocean, bay, sky and woodland that spread before it.

Father Osoro enjoyed the expressions of admiration that escaped me, as I gazed on the high and low roofs on every side, the black turrets, the walls of houses, red, green, blue, crimson, yellow, and white all mellowed by age. Down below us were the narrow streets, the iron-barred windows, the curious shops, verandas, balconies, flag staffs, flying pigeons, flowers blooming on the roofs, and bananas growing. Away to the north-east stood the grand Morro Castle, the sentinel of the harbor, with its frowning guns, and its grand, revolving light shining like a gem above the sea. Behind it, Fort Cabaña looked long, bold and ancient, backed on the east by evergreen hills, and decorated on the south by palms and other tropical trees. The harbor, which glittered with sunlight, was full of ships, buoys, sail-boats, music and sailors. On this side of the bay appeared the old cathedral, with its dark gray walls and black and brown roof. Yellow pillars, old towers, picturesque wind-mills, brown iron stairs running up to the roofs of mansions, palaces, domes, cupolas, plants of great beauty in vases on roofs, and numerous old spires intervened. On the right, near the bay, could be seen the old church, de San Francisco (now a customs storehouse), the church de San Augustin, the church de Sancto Spiritu, and the palace of the admiral to the south, the church de Mercede, that of St. Paul, the arsenal, military hospital, gas houses, the Castello de Princepe, and the suburban gardens of the captain-general. On the north, we beheld the ocean, the Castello de Punta and the Casus de Benefecentia. The Campo de Marte, Parque de Isabella, the parade grounds, trees, statues, fountains and hotels appeared to the west. A refreshing breeze stirred an atmosphere of seventy-eight degrees, and not a particle of dust arose on street or house-top as the rain which fell on the preceding night made all things clean. I would have remained on the top of the college 'till dusk, contemplating that superb prospect, but I had no time, so bidding good-by to the kind Fathers I determined to see more of the city. Before leaving them, however, I could not help reflecting upon the immense amount of good which they were doing in Havana. Before the Liberals got hold of the Spanish government, the constitutional authority of the church in Cuba was not interfered with, but since the

accession of Freemasons and Freethinkers to power, ecclesiastical property has suffered violence from the hands of the State, and the nomination and appointment of priests and bishops to place has been arrogantly wrested from those appointed by God to legislate in spirituals, and assumed by a class of irreligious despots. Though the State pays the clergy, still it owns the church property, and entirely cripples the power of the bishop, who cannot remove a bad and refractory priest, if it suits not the pleasure of the civil authorities. Such a state of things naturally caused some demoralization among the clergy, and, as a consequence, much religious indifference among the people. Societies like the Jesuits, who have been but a few years in Havana, are gradually removing pernicious influences like these by the learning, piety and zeal which they exhibit from the pulpit and among the people. Hundreds of men, as well as of women, are drawn to the sacraments by their persuasive eloquence and self-sacrificing, holy lives. The good work will continue and bear glorious fruit, if these noble men be not persecuted in Havana. My earnest hope is that the glorious influence of Catholic Spain will protect them from danger.

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

A Valiant Soldier of the Cross.

By the Author of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy."

IN describing scenes over which mine eye has wandered, I have kept so faithfully to the land of the sun, where winter seldom or never leaves his icy footprints, that my discursive papers were not improperly styled "Southern Sketches." Yet other latitudes in America are not wholly unknown to me. Month after month have I gazed on the white monotony of unthawing snow. No one could admire more than I the chaste beauty of the feathery flakes, or the gorgeous sparkle of trees bereft of leaves and covered with crystals that flashed every hue of the rainbow. But even in this bright September day, with the mercury among the eighties, I get chilled through and through, and shake with the "shivers" when I imagine myself once more among the hard frosts of New Hampshire. Unlike the brave soldier of Christ whom I am about to introduce to the readers of the "Irish Monthly," and who found the heat of a short Northern summer simply "intolerable," the tropics and their environs rather allure me. True, soldiers and old residents speak of places between which and the lower regions there is but a sheet of non-combustible tissue paper. Nevertheless, the writer who has lived in both places would rather, as a matter of choice, summer in the Tropics than winter in New Hampshire.

Though this State, in which my hero passed the greater part of his holy life, be the Switzerland of America, a grandly beautiful section, full of picturesque rivers, tall mountains, and dreamy-looking lakes, attracting more tourists than any other place in America save Niagara,

yet I will pass over its stern and rugged scenery to write of a man whose titles to our admiration are wholly of the supernatural order.

To me, the finest landscape is but a painted picture unless a human being enliven it. Just one fisherwoman on a sandy beach, or a lone shepherd on a bleak hill-side, and fancy can weave a drama of hope and love and beauty about either. Faith tells of a beautiful immortal soul imprisoned in forms gaunt and shrunken; a prayer that we may meet again in heaven surges up in my heart. The landscape is made alive for me in the twinkling of an eye, and stretches from this lower world to the better and brighter land above. Father MacDonald was for forty-one years the light of a manufacturing town. And when I think of its looms and spindles and fire-engines, and forests of tall, red chimneys, and tens of thousands of operatives, Father MacDonald is the figure which illumines for me the weird and grimy spectacle, and casts over it a halo of the supernatural. Little cared he for the sparkling rivers, or bewitching lakes, or romantic mountains of the Granite State; his whole interest was centred in souls.

Some fifty years ago, Irish immigrants began to come timidly, and in small numbers, to the little manufacturing town of Manchester which rises on both sides of the laughing waters of the Merrimac. Here, in the heart of New Hampshire, one of the original thirteen States, and a stronghold of everything non-Catholic, these poor but industrious aliens knocked at the gates of the Puritan* for work. Strong and willing arms were wanted; and Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, learning that some hundreds of Catholics working in the Manchester factories were sighing for the ministrations of a parish, sent Father MacDonald, in July, 1844, to take charge of their spiritual interests.

William MacDonald was born in the county Leitrim, in 1813, being the youngest of a family of six sons and one daughter, whose parents were John MacDonald and Winifred Reynolds. The now aged daughter is the sole survivor of this large family. They were very strictly brought up by their virtuous, pious parents, and through long and chequered lines, were upright, honorable citizens, and thoroughly practical Catholics. Years ago, the writer was told that no descendant of Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald had ever seen the inside of a non-Catholic school. Charles and William became priests, the former emigrating when quite young. William attended the school of his native parish, where he received a solid rudimentary education, after which he pursued his classical studies in Dublin. In 1833, he joined his brother Charles, who was pastor of a church at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Father Charles died in his prime, with a high reputation for sanctity. William always carried about him a little Latin Imitation of Christ, which had also been the *vade mecum* of his beloved brother. The spiritual life of both was formed in that wonderful book, and Father William was wont to prescribe a suitable chapter in the same for every mental trouble, difficulty, or temptation referred to him.

* The Irish Catholic names, Sullivan and Carroll, are stamped on two of the ten counties of New Hamsphire, in memory of Revolutionary heroes.

Father MacDonald's education was finished in the College of Three Rivers, Canada, under the Sulpician Fathers. After his ordination he exercised the ministry in several places till sent by the Bishop of Boston to Manchester. Here he found his co-religionists and countrymen regarded as Helots, and far more despised by Yankee and Puritan than the slaves in the South by their rulers. The Irish were denied the privilege of sidewalks, and obliged, in order to avoid perpetual quarrels, to walk in the middle of the streets. Wherever they appeared, they were hissed and hooted, and "blood-hounds of hell" was the affectionate epithet the ubiquitous small boy bestowed on them. Previous to Father MacDonald's arrival, Father Daly, whose parish included nearly all New Hampshire and Vermont, used to say Mass in Manchester with unfailing regularity every three months. On one of these occasions, the floor of the temporary chapel gave way, and priest, altar, and congregation, were precipitated into the cellar. Providentially, beyond a few bruises and abrasions, no one was injured. The previous day, the bigots having heard that Mass was to be said in the room, had cut the supports from under the floor.

To these people, a priest was an object of hatred and scorn, whom they believed it would be a good work to kill, and Father MacDonald settled among them at the risk of his life. But when duty was in question, he knew not fear. *The servant is not greater than his master*, he would say: *If they have persecuted me they will persecute you also.* It was in vain they used every means their perverse ingenuity suggested to intimidate this dangerous papist. They even began to like him. Slowly but surely, he won his way among them, and within a year of his arrival he was able to hire the Granite Hall as a temporary chapel. In 1849, he built a church on a square purchased with his own patrimony, at the corner of Union and Merrimac Streets.

Besides the theological virtues which the "natives" valued not, Father MacDonald possessed all the natural virtues which they pretend to canonize. He was most frugal. To great objects he would give royally, but it was doubtful if he ever wasted a dollar. He sought to live on as little as possible, but it was that he might have more for the needy. He was industrious; not a moment of his day was lost. For many years, he was one of the only two priests in the State; but when his parochial duties left him a little leisure, he was seen to handle the trowel and use the broom. He paid cash for everything he bought, and whoever worked for him received full pay on the day and hour agreed upon: no cutting down of rates. If they wished to give to the church, very well; but they must take their pay from him to the last farthing. He was neatness personified. The fresh complexion and fine physique common among his countrymen he did not possess. Barely reaching middle height, his spare form, sharp features, sallow complexion, and keen, spectacled eyes, made him look like a son of the soil. As for energy, no Yankee ever had more, or perhaps so much. Non-Catholics knew that his power over his flock was absolute. But they admitted that his wish, his word, and his work, were always on the side of order, sobriety, frugality, and good citizenship.

When Father MacDonald's beautiful church was finished, the

Know-Nothings, or Native American Party, by way of celebrating in a fitting manner the independence of the United States, burst upon the defenceless Catholics, July 4, tore down their houses, destroyed their furniture, dragged their sick out of bed into the streets, and finally riddled the beautiful stained glass windows of the church. For these damages no compensation was ever made. An Irishman having some dispute with a native, the latter seized a monkey-wrench that was near, and killed him. Father MacDonald asked for justice, but the officials refused to arrest the murderer. Through his wise counsels, the Catholics, though boiling with indignation, did not retaliate, and, as it takes two parties to make a fight, the Know-Nothing excitement having spent itself, soon subsided. But for years, the Irishmen of Manchester and their brave pastor had to take turns at night to guard the church buildings from sacrilegious hands.

So far from being frightened at the lawlessness of the mob, Father MacDonald, at the height of the excitement, announced a daring project. He would bring nuns to Manchester, and he called a meeting of his parishioners to devise ways and means. But, for the first and last time, they strenuously opposed him. "It would be madness. They had frequently heard their employers say they would never allow a nunnery in the city." He soon saw that if he waited for encouragement from any quarter his object would never be accomplished. He built his convent. It was set on fire when completed, but he was not to be baffled. He repaired the damages. Though he declined some compensation offered on this occasion, he was not slow to express his opinion as to the effect such evidences of New England culture might have on his beloved and most generous flock. He invited Sisters of Mercy from Providence, R.I., and had the pleasure of welcoming them, July 16, 1858.

He received them in his own house, which they mistook for their convent. Great was their surprise when they heard that the handsome pillared edifice in the next square was theirs. "I will conduct you thither," said he; "but first we will visit our Lord in the church." The Rev. Mother, M. Frances Warde, and the Sisters, admired the exquisite church, and the extreme neatness and beauty of the altar. "No hand," said he, "but mine has ever touched that altar. No secular has ever been admitted within the sanctuary rails even to sweep. I myself sweep the sanctuary, and attend to the cleanliness of everything that approaches the Blessed Sacrament. But my work as sole priest here is now so arduous, that I will resign this sweet and sacred duty to you."

Schools were immediately opened for boys, girls, adults. Night schools and an academy for the higher studies followed. On account of the superior instruction given in this institution, it has always been well patronized by the best Protestant families in New Hampshire. Indeed, the success of the Sisters of Mercy in this stronghold of Puritanism has been phenomenal. During Father MacDonald's incumbency, Catholics increased from a few despised aliens to more than half the population of Manchester. He was never obliged to ask them for money; they gave him all he needed. He never failed to meet his engagements; and in one way or another every coin he handled went

to God's church or God's poor. He laid up nothing for himself. He had the most exalted ideas of the priesthood, and he carried them out to the letter in his daily life. Thousands of young men have been enrolled in his sodalities. As an example to them, he totally abstained from tobacco and from intoxicating drink. St. John's Total Abstinence Society was the pride of his heart. One of his "Sodality Boys," Right Rev. Denis Bradley, became first bishop of Manchester, and many have become zealous priests. From the girls' schools and the sodalities, too, many religious vocations have sprung, and the number of converts under instruction is always very large. This worthy priest brought free Catholic education within the reach of every Catholic in his adopted city. As soon as he finished one good work he began another, and splendid churches, convents, schools, orphanage, hospital, home for old ladies, etc., remain as monuments of his zeal. These institutions are not excelled in the country. They are all administered by the Sisters of Mercy, to whom he was a most generous benefactor.

During the forty-one years of Father MacDonald's life in Manchester, he never took a vacation but one, which his bishop compelled him to take. He was so methodical in the distribution of his time that it was said he did the work of six priests, and did it well. He knew every member of his flock, and was to all friend and father as well as priest, their refuge in every emergency. Every day he studied some point of theology, visited his schools and other institutions, and went the rounds of his sick and poor. Every home had its allotted duty, and grave, indeed, should be the reasons that could induce him to deviate one iota from his ordinary routine. His charities were unbounded, yet given with discrimination, nor did his left hand know what his right hand gave. With the sick and the aged, he was like a woman, or a mother. He would make their fires, warm drinks for them, see that they had sufficient covering. Though they all doated on "Father Mac," they must not thank him, or even pretend they saw what he was doing for them, so well did they know that he worked solely *for Him who seeth in secret.* Monday, August 24, 1885, this holy man was stricken with paralysis of the brain, and died two days later, while the bishop and the Sisters of Mercy were praying for his soul. It is almost certain that he had some presentiment of his death, as he selected the Gregorian Requiem Mass for his obsequies, and asked the choir to practise it. August 28, his sacred remains were committed to the earth, the funeral sermon being preached by the bishop, who had been as a son to the venerable patriarch. In real, personal holiness, Father MacDonald possessed the only power that makes the knee bend. Over twenty years ago, his sexton said to the writer: "I never opened the church in the morning that I did not find Father MacDonald kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament." What time he entered it, no one knew. How edifying this must have been to the poor factory hands, who were wont to beg God's blessing on their daily labor, in the short, scorching summer, and the bitter cold of the long winter, for at that time the church was not heated. Never did these children of toil miss that bent and venerable form, absorbed in prayer before the hidden Jesus, of whose august presence he had such a vivid realization.

Before such a life of toil and prayer, no bigotry could stand. By sheer force of virtue alone, this holy man wrought a complete change in the sentiments of his adversaries. Hence the extraordinary respect shown to his memory. The non-Catholic press says that no man ever exercised so much influence in Manchester for forty years as Father MacDonald, and that he was the man whom Manchester could least afford to lose. The mayor and the city government attended his obsequies in a body, and the governor of New Hampshire wrote to express his regret that absence hindered his paying the last tribute of respect to a priest he so highly revered. Business was suspended and all the factories closed, that the whole city might follow his remains to the tomb. On Sunday, August 30, the non-Catholic pulpits of the thrifty city resounded with the praises of this humble priest, whose chief characteristics were stainless integrity, an entire absence of human respect, burning zeal for God's glory, and life-long efforts to promote it. He feared no man and sought the favor of none, and his noble independence of character won him the admiration of all who had the privilege of knowing him. His death was universally deplored as the greatest calamity that ever befell Manchester. Among the Protestant ministers who eulogized him in their sermons, August 30, was Rev. Dr. Spalding, who thanked God for raising up a man whose life was remarkable "for its large consecration to Church and people, for its high earnestness, its sacrifices and unselfishness, its purity and truthfulness. God grant unto us all," he continued, "a desire to imitate this life in its devotion to others, and its trust in Him."

As a preacher, Father MacDonald was rather solid than brilliant. In manner, he was somewhat blunt. He conversed pleasantly and sensibly; but people given to gossip or foolish talk soon learned to steer clear of him. Hospitality was with him a Christian duty. If he heard that some ecclesiastic was at the hotel — and he heard everything — he would at once go for him, and place his own neat, comfortable house at his disposal. "Many a time," he would say, "has a young priest acquired a taste for card-playing by spending but one night in a hotel." So fearful was he of the least thing that might disedify the weaklings of his flock, that, when the writer knew him, he was accustomed to send to Boston for altar wine. "If I buy it here," he said, "some poor fellows will think I don't practise what I preach. They will want stimulants as well as I. Even the people who sell will never think of altar wine." Father MacDonald had a great love for the South. Its material advancement gave him pleasure, but his chief interest lay in its spiritual progress. Six years ago, the writer met him after an interval of sixteen years. After the usual greetings, he began to question: "Now, tell me, how is religion in New Orleans? Are the priests zealous? Have you a live bishop? Are the public institutions well attended by priests and religious? But, above and before all else, are your Catholic children all in Catholic schools? And have you superior schools, so that children will have no excuse for going to the godless schools? How are the Masses attended? Are the people well instructed? Do many lead lives of piety?" He was then in his sixty-seventh year, rather broken from incessant labors, but as active as ever. His hair had

changed from black to white since last we met. When I gave some edifying details, he would say: "God be praised. I am so glad of what you tell me. Thanks be to God." And he called the attention of a young priest at the other end of the room: "Listen! Hear what they are doing in the South for the school-children, and the waifs and street arabs. And all that is done for the sick and the prisoners. Oh, blessed be God! How happy all this makes me."

I felt as though I were listening to St. Alfonso, so irresistably did this remind me of him. I was no longer among the crisp snows of New Hampshire, that had crackled beneath my feet that morning. Fancy had transported me to the genial clime of Naples. I stood by the bed-ridden Bishop of St. Agatha, in the old Redemptorist's Convent at Pagani, and listened to the touching dialogue between Mauro, the royal architect, and the saint: "And the churches in the city of Naples, are they much frequented?"—"Oh, yes, Monsignor, and you cannot imagine the good that results from this. All classes, especially the working people, crowd them, and we have saints even among the coachmen." At these words the saint rose from his recumbent position, and cried out in tones of joy and triumph: "Saintly coachmen at Naples! Gloria Patri." He could not sleep for joy at this intelligence, but during the night would frequently call for his attendant: "You heard what Don Mauro said? Saints among the coachmen at Naples! What do you think of that?" Associated in our mind with the great St. Alfonso, we keep this holy priest, whom Bishop Bradley so justly styled, "The pioneer of Catholic education in New England." His flock universally regarded him as a saint, and a great saint. And, in all humility, and in perfect submission to the decrees of Holy Church, the writer is able to say, of her own knowledge and observation, that this humble, hard-working, mortified Irish priest, William MacDonald, practised in a high, a very high, degree, every virtue which we venerate in the saints of God. I never met a holier soul. I could not imagine him guilty of the smallest, wilful fault. I feel more inclined to pray to him than for him; it seems incredible that he should have anything to expiate in purgatory. May his successors walk in his footsteps, and his children never forget the lessons he taught them more by example than by word. May our friendship, a great grace to me, be renewed *in requie æterna et in luce perpetua.* Amen.

Dublin Irish Monthly.

THE AVARICIOUS MAN can not enjoy riches, but is tormented by anxiety or sickness. Others are worn out by the jealousy or envy which consume them. Others, again, wrapped in their pride, are being continually galled by the supposed indignities offered to them, and there is no sharper crown of thorns than that worn by the proud man. There is one sin which seems to be rampant in our day, and that is scepticism, or doubting God and revelation; and this also brings its own punishment in the present. On the other hand, to those who are tempted, suffering, or afflicted, Jesus Christ promised, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life."

Gerald Griffin.

LEAL heart, and brave right hand that never drew
One false note from thy harp, although the ache
Of weariness and hope deferred might shake
Harsh discords from a soul less clear and true
Than thine amid the gloom that knew no break—
The London gloom that barred the heaven's blue
From thy deep Celtic eyes, so wide to take
The bliss of earth and sky within their view!
On fleet, white wings thy music made its way
Back o'er the waves to Ireland's holy shore;
Close nestled in her bosom, each wild lay
Mixed with her sighs—'twas from her deep heart's core
She called thee: "'Gille Machree'* come home, I pray—
In my green lap of shamrocks sleep, asthore!"

ROSE KAVANAGH, in *Irish Monthly*.

Mary E. Blake.

Two years ago we concluded a slight notice of the poems of "Thomasine" (known in Ireland as Miss Olivia Knight, and in Australia as Mrs. Hope Connolly), with the following words: "A writer in the *Irish Fireside* said lately that Eva and Speranza had no successors. We could name, if we dared, three or four daughters of Erin whom we believe to be singing now from a truer and deeper inspiration and with a purer utterance." Happily, since these words were printed, two of these unnamed rivals whom we set up against the gifted wife of the new M. P. elect for Meath, and against the more gifted widow of Sir William Wilde, have placed their names on the title pages of collections of their poems. We allude, of course, to Katharine Tynan and Rosa Mulholland. Not only these whose place in literature is already secured, but higher than some to whom the enthusiasm of a political crisis gave prominence, we should be inclined to rank such Irish songstresses as the late Attie O'Brien and the living but too silent "Alice Esmonde." And then of Irishwomen living outside Ireland we have Fanny Parnell, Fanny Forrester, Eleanor C. Donnelly, and the lady whom we claim as our own in the title of this paper—Mrs. Mary E. Blake. Though the wife of a physician at Boston, she was born at Clonmel, and bore the more exclusively Celtic name of Magrath. †

* *Gille Machree*, "brightener of my heart;" the name of one of Gerald Griffin's sweetest songs.

† Amongst American women we cannot claim Nora Perry, in spite of her Christian name; but the father of Miss Louise Guiney was an Irishman. Both of these show a fresh and bright talent, which lifts them far above feminine verse-writers.

Boston claims, or used to claim, to be the literary metropolis of the United States. A prose volume by Mrs. Blake and a volume of her poems lie before us, and for elegance of typography do credit to their Boston publishers. "On the Wing"—lively sketches of a trip to the Pacific, all about San Francisco and the Yosemite Valley, and Los Angeles, and Colorado, but ending with this affectionate description of Boston aforesaid:

> And now, as the evening sun drops lower, what fair city is this that rises in the east, throned like a queen above the silver Charles, many-towered and pinnacled, with clustering roof and taper spire? How proud she looks, yet modest, as one too sure of her innate nobility to need adventitious aid to impress others. Look at the æsthetic simplicity of her pose on the single hill, which [illegible] all the mistaken kindness of her children has left of the three mountains w[illegible] her birthright. Behold the stately avenues that stretch by bridge and ro[illegible]ing her lavish favors in every direction; look at the spreading suburbs th[illegible] beyond her gates, more beautiful than the parks and pleasure grounds o[illegible]s favored sisters. See where she sits, small but precious, her pretty feet [illegible]e waters that love to dally about them; her pretty head, in its brave gilt [illegible]ear the clouds as she could manage to get it: her arms full of whatever i[illegible]nd dearest and best. For doesn't she hold the "Autocrat of the Breakf[illegible]" and Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, and Harvard College? Do not the fie[illegible]ence of Phillips, the songs of Longfellow, the philosophy of Fisk, the glory [illegible]reat Organ, and the native lair of culture, belong to her? Ah! why should [illegible]ell truth and shame the devil"— doesn't she bring us to the babies and the [illegible]ctor?

But it is not as a writer of prose that Mrs [illegible] has secured a niche in our gallery of literary portraits. Indeed [illegible]t knowing it, we have already introduced her poetry to our [illegible]: for we are pleased to find in her volume of collected poems [illegible]ymous piece which we had gathered as one of our "Flowers fo[illegible]ld's Grave," from a number of *The Boston Pilot* as far back as [illegible]. We should reprint page 171 of this volume if it were not al[illegible]und in our eighth volume (1880) at page 608. The division of M[illegible]ke's poems to which it belongs contains, we think, her best [illegible]. Her muse never sings more sweetly than in giving expression to [illegible] and grief of a mother's heart. The verses just referred to were [illegible]tterances of maternal grief: a mother's joy breaks out into the [illegible]ant and musical stanzas:—

My little man is merry and wise,
Gay as a cricket and blithe as a bird;
Often he laughs and seldom he cries,
Chatters and coos at my lightest word:
Peeping and creeping and opening the door,
Clattering, pattering over the floor,
In and out, round about, fast as he can,—
So goes the daytime with my little man.

My little man is brimful of fun,
Always in mischief and sometimes in grief;
Thimble and scissors he hides one by one,
Till nothing is left but to catch the thief:
Sunny hair, golden fair over his brow—
Eyes so deep, lost in sleep, look at him now
Baby feet, dimpled sweet, tired as they ran,
So goes the night-time with my little man.

My litttle man, with cherry-ripe face,
Pouting red lips and dimpled chin,
Fashioned in babyhood's exquisite grace,
Beauty without and beauty within, —
Full of light, golden bright, life as it seems,
Not a tear, not a fear, known in thy dreams;
Kisses and blisses now make up its span,
Could it be always so, my little man?

My little man the years fly away,
Chances and changes may come to us all, —
I'll look for the babe at my side some day,
And find him above me, six feet tall;
Flowing beard hiding the dimples I love,
Grizzled locks shading the clear brow above,
Youth's promise ripened on Nature's broad plan,
And nothing more left me of my little man.

My little man, — when time shall bow,
With its hoary weight, my head and thine, —
Will you love me then as you love me now,
With sweet eyes looking so fond in mine?
However strangely my lot may be cast,
My hope in life's future, my joy in life's past,
Loyal and true as your loving heart can,
Say, will you always be my little man?

My little man! perchance the bloom
Of the hidden years, as they come and pass,
May leave me alone, with a wee, wee tomb
Hidden away in the tangled grass.
Still as on earth, so in heaven above,
Near to me, dear to me, claiming my love,
Safe in God's sunshine, and filling his plan,
Still be *forever* my own little man.

Perhaps our Irish poetess in exile — Boston does not consider itself a place of exile — would prefer to be represented by one of her more serious poems; and probably she had good reasons for placing first in her volume the following which is called "The Master's Hand."

The scroll was old and gray;
The dust of time had gathered white and chill
Above the touches of the worker's skill,
And hid their charm away.

The many passed it by;
For no sweet curve of dainty face or form,
No gleam of light, or flash of color warm,
Held back the careless eye.

But when the artist came,
With eye that saw beyond the charm of sense,
He seemed to catch a sense of power intense
That filled the dusky frame.

And when with jealous care
His hand had cleansed the canvas, line by line,
Behold! The fire of perfect art divine,
Had burned its impress there!

Upon the tablet glowed,
Made priceless by the arch of time they spanned,
The touches of the rare Old Master's hand,
The life his skill bestowed.

. . . . . .

O God whom we adore!
Give us the watchful sight, to see and trace,
Thy living semblance in each human face
However clouded o'er.

Give us the power to find,
However warped and grimmed by time and sin,
Thine impress stamped upon the soul within,
Thy signet on the mind.

Not ours the reckless speed
To proudly pass our brother's weakness by,
And turning from his side with careless eye,
To take no further heed.

But, studying line by line,
Grant to our hearts deep trust and patient skill,
To trace within his soul and spirit still,
Thy Master Hand divine!

Mrs. Blake in one point does not resemble the two Irish woman-poets — for they are more than poetesses — whom we named together at the beginning of this little paper. Ireland and the Blessed Virgin have not in this Boston book the prominence which Miss Mulholland gives them in the volume which is just issuing from Paternoster Square. The Irish-American lady made her selection with a view to the tastes of the general public; but the general public are sure to be won by earnest and truthful feeling; and an Irish and Catholic heart cannot be truthful and earnest without betraying its devotion to the Madonna and Erin.

Irish Monthly, edited by Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J.

George Washington.

HIS CELEBRATED WHITE MULE, AND THE RACE IT MADE AWAY FROM A DEER RIFLE.

Washington has generally been credited with the introduction in America of mules as a valuable adjunct to plantation appurtenances; but very few people know that one of his favorite riding animals was a white mule, which was kept carefully stabled and groomed along with his blooded horses at Mount Vernon. In the year 1797, there was published at Alexandria for a brief period, a weekly paper called *Hopkin's Gazette*. A few numbers of this sheet are still extant. In one of them there is an account of an exciting adventure, in which Washington, the white mule, and one Jared Dixon figured. It is evident that the editor of this paper did not have an exalted opinion of the

great patriot, as he speaks of him as "a man who has the conceit of believing that there would not be any such country as America if there had not been a George Washington to prevent its annihilation." From this account it appears that Jared Dixon was a Welshman, who lived on a hundred-acre tract of land adjoining the Mount Vernon plantation. Washington always claimed that the tract belonged to him, and made several efforts to dispossess Dixon, but without success. According to the *Gazette*, Washington's overseer had, on one occasion, torn down the Dixon fence and let the cattle into the field, and various similar annoyances were resorted to in order to force Dixon to move away. But Dixon would neither surrender nor compromise, and kept on cultivating his little farm in defiance of the man who had been first in war and was now first in peace.

"It was last Thursday about the hour of noon," says the *Gazette*, "when General Washington rode up to Mr. Dixon's gate. He was mounted on his white mule, which had come down the broad road on his famous fox-trot of eight miles an hour. There was fire in the General's eye and his under lip protruded far, betokening war. His riding-boots shone in the sun, as did his gold spurs. His hair was tied with a gorgeous black ribbon, and his face was pale with resolution. Mr. Dixon and his family were adjusting themselves for dinner, when they heard the call at the gate. There was a most animated conversation between these two neighbors, in which the General informed the humble settler that he must receive a certain sum for his disputed title or submit to be dispossessed. Whereupon Mr. Dixon, who was also a Revolutionary soldier, and felt that he has some rights in this country, informed the lordly neighbor that the land was his own, that he had paid for it and built houses thereon, the children were born to him on it, and that he would defend it with his life. Continuing, he charged the general with inciting his employés to depredate on the fences and fields. It was natural that this should arouse the mettle of the modern Mars. He flew into a towering rage, and applied many epithets to Mr. Dixon that are not warranted by the Ten Commandments. He even went so far as to raise his riding-whip and to threaten personal violence. Mr. Dixon is a man of few words, but a high temper, and, not caring to have his home and family thus offended, he gave the general one minute to move away while he rushed into his house for his deer rifle. There are none who doubt the valor of the general; but there may be a few who do not credit him with that discretion which is so valuable a part of valor. Suffice it for the ends of this chronicle to say that it required only a few moments for him to turn the gray mule's head towards Mount Vernon, and, in less time than it takes to here relate, the noble animal was distancing the Dixon homestead with gallant speed. It was no fox-trot, nor yet so fast as the Derby record, but most excellent for a mule. At any rate, it was a noble race, which saved a settler's shot and a patriot's bacon, and averted a possible catastrophe that might have cast a gloom on American history."

If this narrative is strictly accurate, Washington might have replied to his refractory neighbor, on being warned away, in the language of the Nevada desperado who was put on a mule by a committee of vigilants

and given ten minutes to get out of town; "Gentlemen," said the desperado, "if this mule don't balk, I don't want but five."

Washington's Mother.

Mrs. Washington found little difficulty in bringing up her children. They were disciplined to obedience, and a simple word was her command. She was not given to any display of petulance or rage, but was steady, well-balanced, and unvarying in her mood. That she was dignified, even to stateliness, is shown us by the statement made by Lawrence Washington, of Chotauk, a relative and playmate of George in boyhood, who was often a guest at her house. He says—"I was often there with George—his playmate, schoolmate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. I have often been present with her sons—proper tall fellows, too—and we were all as mute as mice; and even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the father of his country, will remember the matron as she appeared, when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed.

A Child of Mary.

An old general was once asked by a friend how it was that, after so many years spent in the camp, he had come to be so frequent a communicant, receiving several times a week. "My friend," answered the old soldier, "the strangest part of it is, that my change of life was brought about before I ever listened to the word of a priest, and before I had set my foot in a church. After my campaigns, God bestowed on me a pious wife, whose faith I respected, though I did not share it. Before I married her she was a member of all the pious confraternities of her parish, and she never failed to add to her signature, *Child of Mary*. She never took it upon herself to lecture me about God, but I could read her thoughts in her countenance. When she prayed, every morning and night, her countenance beamed with faith and charity; when she returned from the church, where she had received, with a calmness, a sweetness and a patience, which had in them something of the serenity of heaven, she seemed an angel. When she dressed my wounds I found her like a Sister of Charity.

"Suddenly, I myself was taken with the desire to love the God whom my wife loved so well, and who inspired her with those virtues which formed the joy of my life. One day I, who hitherto was without faith, who was such a complete stranger to the practices of religion, so far from the Sacraments, said to her: 'Take me to your confessor.'

"Through the ministry of this man of God, and by the divine grace, I have become what I am, and what I rejoice to be."

Dead Man's Island.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

CHAPTER XIX.

MAT BECOMES A FENIAN.

Shortly before this, the Widow Cunningham had received the news that her poor boy had been killed in a colliery accident in Pennsylvania. This stopped the allowance which he used to send her out of his own scant wages.

The destruction of her daughter now came as the last blow that broke her long-enduring spirit. There had been a time when she would have died rather than have gone into the workhouse, but she had nothing left to live for now, and she became a pauper. The Irish workhouse soon kills what little spirit successive misfortunes have left in its occupants before their entrance, and in a few years there was nothing left of the once proud, high-spirited and splendid woman, whom we knew in the early days of this history.

Meantime, the fate of the girl had been the final influence in deciding the fate of another person. Mat Blake had fluctuated for a long time before he could make up his mind to join the revolutionary party; but on the very evening of the day on which he had seen Betty in the streets of Ballybay he made no further resistance, and that night was sworn in as a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

It is not my purpose in this story to enter at length into his adventures in his new and perilous enterprise. He had not been long in the ranks when he was recognized by Mr. James Stephens as one of the most promising members of the conspiracy, and he was chosen to do important and serious work. The funds of the organization were nearly always at the lowest ebb, and during this period of his life Mat had to pass through privations that could only be endured by a man of passionate purpose and unselfish aims. Many and many a time he had not the money wherewith to buy a railway ticket. His clothes were often ragged, and he frequently had to walk twenty miles in a day in shoes that were almost soleless. The arrangement usually was for the members of one circle to supply him with the money that would take him to the next town; and though he saw many instances of abject cowardice and hideous selfishness at this period — especially when the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act left the liberty, and to some extent, the life of every man at the disposal of the police. He also witnessed many proofs of heroic courage and noble devotion.

At length the time came when everybody expected the blow to be struck at British tyranny, and the star of Irish liberty to arise. Mat, owing to his fiery and impatient temperament, naturally belonged to

that section of the Fenian Brotherhood which demanded prompt action, and still in the age of illusions and of blinding rage, he would admit no difficulties, and feared no obstacles. Mat had sworn in hundreds of members. He had passed through the town of Ballybay on the memorable night when an Irish regiment, as it was leaving for other quarters, cheered through the town for the Irish Republic, and some of the men on whom he relied most strongly were in high authority in the police force. He knew nothing of the almost total want of arms, taking it for granted that all the wild boasts of the supplies from America and other sources were founded on facts. He was one of the deputation that finally waited upon the leaders in Dublin to hurry on the struggle.

He went down to Ballybay on the night of the 17th of March, 18—, which had been fixed for the rising. The head centre of the province had arranged to meet the men there that night with arms. The Ballybay Barracks were to be surrendered to them through one of the sergeants who belonged to the Brotherhood; and it was hoped that by the evening of the next day, the green flag would float over the castle which for three centuries had been garrisoned by the soldiers of the enemy.

Two hundred men met at the trysting place, close to the "Big Meadows." They were kept waiting for some time; impatience began to set in, and demoralization is the child of impatience. At last the head centre appeared; he had five guns for the whole party. Then the men saw that their hopes were betrayed. Most of them quietly dispersed towards their homes. That night Mat was seized in his bed, and within a few minutes afterwards was in goal. He felt that the game was up, that all his bright hopes, like those of many another noble Irish heart before him, had ended in farcical nothingness. Disaster followed upon disaster. When he made his appearance in court he saw upon the witness table one of his most trusted friends, who was about to give the evidence that would ensure his conviction.

A final outrage was in store for him. The Government had resolved, when once it had entered upon the campaign against the conspiracy, to pursue it with vigor, and judges were selected who might be relied upon to show the accused no justice during the trial, and no mercy after the conviction. Crowe, who had been made a judge shortly after his last election for Ballybay, was naturally chosen as the chief and most useful actor in this drama. During all the years that had elapsed since his treason he had distinguished himself, even above all the other judges of the country, in the unscrupulous violence of his hostility to all popular movements. Trial before him came to be regarded as certainty of conviction. The fearlessness of the man made him inaccessible to the threats that were everywhere hurled against him, and his rage became the fiercer and his violence the more relentless on the day after he found a threatening letter under a plate on his own table. He brought to his task all the ferocity of the apostate. Under all his apparent independence, his quick vanity and his hot temper made him sensitive to attack, and the Fenian Press had made him the chief target of its most vehement and most constant invective.

Mat Blake was known as one of the bitterest writers and speakers

of the movement, and some of the writings in which he had attacked Crowe displayed a familiarity with the incidents of Ballybay elections which could only have come from the pen of one who had been intimately associated with those struggles.

The two men now stood face to face — the one on the bench and the other in the dock. Crowe did not allow himself to betray any sign of previous acquaintance with the prisoner before him. The jury was selected; every man who might be supposed to have the least sympathy with National movements was rigorously excluded from the box, and Mat was tried by twelve men, of whom nine were Orangemen and the other three belonged to that Catholic-Whig *bourgeoisie* against which he had always waged unsparing war. Anthony Cosgrave was the foreman. Mat was convicted, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

The sufferings he underwent during this period I will not attempt to describe. After a very short stay in Ireland he was transferred to Portland, and there the English warders exhausted upon him all the insolence and cruelty of ignorant and triumphant enemies. One suffering, however, was in his case somewhat mitigated. He had not a large appetite, and the prison food, though coarse, was sufficient for his wants. With the generosity which characterized him, he was even ready to divide his food with those whose appetites were more exacting. Among his companions were two men, tall, robust, red-haired, who belonged to a stock of Southern farmers, and who were possessed of the gigantic strength, the huge frame, and the sound digestion of Cork ploughmen. Every day these hapless creatures complained of hunger and of cold, and Mat and Charles Reilly, another member of the *Irish People* staff, sometimes found a sombre pleasure in finding and gathering snails for them. Whenever either of them brought a snail to Meehan or to Sheil the famished men would swallow it eagerly, without even stopping to take off the shell. Meehan is now a prominent member of the Dynamite Party in New York. Sheil became insane shortly after his release, and threw himself into the Liffey.

One day, after four years' imprisonment, the Governor called Mat into his room and told him that he was free. He was transferred to Milbank, then he was supplied with a suit of clothes several times too large for him, and he went out and by the Thames, and gazed on that noble stream with the eyes of a free man.

He wandered aimlessly and listlessly along, unable yet to appreciate the full joy of his restoration to liberty. As he was passing over Westminster Bridge he was suddenly stopped by a man whom he had known in the ranks of the organization, and whom the fortune of war had not swept into gaol with the rest. The stranger looked at Mat for a few moments; gazed on the hollow eyes, the pale cheeks, and the worn frame, and, unable to restrain his emotions, burst into tears. This was the first indication Mat received of the terrible change that imprisonment had wrought in his appearance. The next day he set out for Ballybay

Meanwhile, vast changes seemed about to come over Ireland. The Fenian conspiracy had been the death-knell of the triumphant

cynicism and corruption that had reigned over the country in the years succeeding the treason of Crowe. The name of Mr. Butt, as the leader of a new movement, was beginning to be spoken of. An agitation had been started which demanded a radical settlement of the land question. Demonstrations were taking place in almost every county, and the people were united, enthusiastic, and hopeful. Several of the worst of the landlords had already been brought to their knees, and there had been a considerable fall in the value of landed property. The serfs were passing from the extremity of despair and demoralization into the other extreme of exultant and sometimes cruel triumph.

Even the town of Ballybay was beginning to be stirred, and the farmers all around joined the new organization in large numbers.

By a curious coincidence a monster demonstration was announced in Ballybay for the very day of Mat's arrival.

As Mat passed along the too well remembered scene between Ballybay and Dublin, he could not help thinking of the time when he had gone over this road on his first visit to Ireland after his departure for England. He had then thought that desolation had reached its ultimate point; but in the intervening period the signs of decay had increased. It appeared as if for every ruin that had stared him in the face on the former occasion ten now appeared. For miles and miles he caught sight of not one house, of no human face; he seemed almost to be travelling through a city of the dead.

As the newspaper containing tidings of the new movement lay before him, he leaned back in reflection, and once more thought of the days in which Crowe figured as the saviour, and then as the betrayer of Ireland. It had been a rigid article of faith with the Fenian organization that no confidence was to be placed in constitutional agitations and agitators. Mat retained in their full fervor the doctrines he had held for years upon this point; and he turned away from the accounts of the new movement as from another chapter in national folly and prospective treason. Looking out on the familiar grey and dull sky, he could see no hope whatever for the future of his country. Irish life appeared to him one vast mistake; and so far as he had any plans for the future they were of a life removed from the chaos and fret and toil and moil and disappointments and humbug of politics. He thought of returning once more to his profession; but he resolved that it would be neither amid the incessant decay of Ireland, nor surrounded by hostile faces and unsympathetic hearts in England. His thoughts were of the mighty country which had extended its hospitality and generosity to so many of his race, and had bestowed upon them liberty, prosperity, and eminence. In all these visions one figure, one sweet face mingled itself. With Mary Flaherty by his side he felt that no career could be wholly dark, no part of the world wholly foreign, and as he once more indulged in waking dreams he hummed to himself the well-known air,—

> "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
> Still wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me."

At last he was at the railway, and there were his poor old father

and his mother standing before him, their hair bleached to whiteness, trembling, feeble, with tears rolling down their cheeks. Mat was in his mother's arms in a moment.

Ballybay, even on this occasion, was true to itself. The arrival of Mat in Dublin had been announced in the newspapers, and the heart of the people throughout the country went forth to him, as it always does to those whose generous rashness has been punished by England's worst tyranny. He had been accompanied to the railway station at the Broadstone by a crowd; thousands cheered him, and shook him by the hand, and wept and laughed. The word had mysteriously gone along the line that the patriot was returning, and at every one of the stations, however small, there was a multitude to greet him warmly.

But at Ballybay, still deep down in the slough of its eternal despond, a few lorn and desolate-looking men stood on the platform. There they were once more, as if it were but yesterday, with their hands deep down in their pockets; the wistful, curious glance in their eyes, and the melancholy slouch in their shoulders. They tried to raise a cheer, but the attempt died in its own sickliness.

And then Mat left the train, walked over the station as one in a dream, and was placed upon the sidecar almost without knowing what he was doing.

There was a terrible dread at his heart; he asked his mother a question; she answered him; and then, and for the first time since he had left prison, his heart burst, his spirit broke, and he entered his father's house pallid, trembling, his eyes suffused with bitter tears.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEMONSTRATION.

And thus it came to pass that the chief characters of this story found themselves in Ballybay again on its closing day, on exactly the same spot as they were on the day when it opened.

The Land League demonstration was not prepared with any particular care or organization, the Irish people being still, even in the matter of political demonstration, in a state of childish immaturity. It turned out to be better so, for the spontaneous inventiveness of the moment suggested a programme far more dramatic and picturesque than could have occurred to the mind of the most ingenious political stage-manager. The platform had been erected on the spot where the cabin had stood which the son of the Gombeen man had overthrown so many years ago. The field now was laid in grass, which, before the demonstration waved long and green; but as the hours went on and the thousands of feet passed over it, the grass was all crushed and torn. There were half a dozen bands — two of them dressed in the showy uniform which descends from the pictures of Robert Emmet in the dock — and they played continuously and for the most part discordantly. There were also many banners, there was a long procession of men on horseback, and the heads of the horses were covered with green boughs.

Green, indeed, was everywhere; there were green banners, green scarves, green neck-ties, and the greater part of the men displayed the green ticket of the Tenant League in their hats. The air of the crowd was in no way serious, the whole affair was rather like a *fête* than a grave political demonstration. The multitudes, too, had the absence of self-control which characterizes popular demonstrations; their feelings seemed to express themselves without thought or premeditation, speech overflowed rather than fell from their lips. The result was that the cheering was continuous; now it was the arrival of a band; then the erect walk of a sturdy contingent from a distant point; sometimes it was simply the exchange of a look, that, though mute, spoke volumes, between the people in the procession and those on the sidepaths, that brought forth a wild cheer, in short the temper of the crowd was bright and electrical — the mood for unusual ideas and passionate scenes.

The good humor was hearty rather than inventive or articulate, but one man had had the genius to invent a comic device. This was a very wild creature, half beggar, half laborer, the last of a rapidly dying class in Ireland. He had got hold of a wretched nag of whom the knacker had been defrauded for many years and seated on this in fantastic dress he cudgelled it unmercifully, amid screams of laughter, for around its neck was a placard with the words, "Dead Landlordism."

About two o'clock, there was seen making a desperate attempt to penetrate through this teeming, densely-packed, and noisy multitude, a stout figure, with a face ugly, irregular, good-humored. He was dressed in a long and dull-colored and almost shabby ulster. His hat was as rough as if it had been brushed the wrong way, and he wore a suit of tweed that was now very old, but that even in its earliest days would have been scorned by the poorest shopman of the town with any pretensions to respectability, and the trousers were short and painfully bagged at the knees. But the divine light of genius shone from the brown eyes and the ample forehead. The enthusiasm of the multitude now knew no bounds. There was first a strange stillness, then, when the word seemed to have passed with a strange and lightning-like rapidity from mouth to mouth, there burst forth a great cheer, and it was known that Isaac Butt had come.

But even the Irish leader was destined to play a subordinate part in the proceedings of this strange day. It was a local speaker that stirred the hearts of the people to the uttermost, for he told the story of the eviction of the Widow Cunningham, of the death of her husband, the exile of her son, the shame of her daughter.

While he was speaking some one cried, "She'll have her own agin," and then a few of the young fellows disappeared from the platform. In the course of half-an-hour they returned. They ascended the platform, and after a while, and another pause, a strange and audible thrill passed through the multitude; and then there were passed in almost a hoarse whisper the words, "The Widow Cunningham." And she it was; acting on the hint of the speaker, she had been taken from the workhouse; and she was brought back to her old farm again and to the site of her shattered homestead and broken life. The multitude cheered themselves hoarse; hundreds rushed to the platform to seize

her by the hand; a few women threw their arms around her neck, and wept and laughed. Finally, the enthusiasm could not be controlled, and, in spite of the entreaties of the political leaders and of the priests, a knot of young men caught the poor old creature up, and carried her around the field in triumph; the crowd everywhere swaying backwards and forwards, divided between the effort to make a way for the strange procession and the desire to catch sight of the old woman. Probably few of the people there could understand the strange effect which this sight had upon them; but their instincts guided them aright in the enthusiasm with which they hailed this visible token of a bad and terrible and irrevocable past.

And how was it with the chief actor in the scene? Five years of life in a workhouse had left no trace of the handsome, long-haired, and passionate woman who had cursed the destroyer of her house and her children with wild vehemence, and had resisted the assault of the Crowbar Brigade with murderous energy. She was now simply a feeble old woman, with scanty grey hair; the light had died out of her eyes; and there was nothing left in them now but weariness and pain; her cheeks were sunk and were dreadfully discolored; in short, she was a poor, feeble, old woman, with broken spirits and dulled brain. The revenge for which she had longed and prayed had come at last; but it had come too late.

She went through the whole scene with curious and unconscious gaze, as of one passing through a waking dream, and the only sign she gave of understanding anything that was going on was that she gave a weak and weary little smile when the people cried out to her enthusiastically, "Bravo, Widow Cunningham!"—a smile as spectral as the state of things of which she was the relic. She was very wearied and almost fainting when she was brought back to the platform; and then she said, in a voice that was a little louder than a whisper, and with a strange wistfulness in her eyes, "I'd like a cup of tay."

But there was no tea to be had, and the thoughtless good-nature of the day helped to precipitate the tragedy which the equally thoughtless enthusiasm had begun. A dozen flasks were produced; a tumbler was taken from the table, and a large quantity of whiskey was poured down her throat. She became feeble, and the rays of intelligence almost disappeared from her face.

At last, as the evening fell, the crowd dispersed; the old pauper was left by the men who had brought her to the platform, and there were but a couple of women more watchful than the rest to take care of her. They tried to bring her home, but she showed a strange kind of obstinacy, and refused for a long time to move. When she was got to make a stir she seemed most unwilling to go in the direction of the workhouse, she would give no reason—for indeed she seemed either unable or unwilling to speak at all, but with the silent obstinacy of an animal she tried to go in an opposite direction. At last the two women thought it wisest to humor her, and let her go where she wished. By this time night had completely fallen, and in going down a dark boreen she managed to escape from her companions altogether. They searched everywhere around, and at last frightened, they went home for their

husbands. A party of five people—the husbands, the son of one of them, and the two women came along the boreen, guided by the dim light of the farthing dip which is the only light the Irish farmer has yet been able to use. After a long search they came to a spot well known to all of them, and then the truth burst suddenly upon them. One of the women had been at the funeral of the Widow Cunningham's husband when she was a little girl, and remembered the spot where he was buried. They all followed her there in a strange anxiety, and their anticipations proved right. On the grave of her husband they found the Widow Cunningham, and she was a corpse.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEAD MAN'S ISLAND.

THERE was one person in Ballybay at least who envied the woman that lay forever free from life's fitful fever. The day's demonstration in the town had brought no joy to Mat's heart. He had not yet learned to make any distinction between the agitators who had broken his own life and murdered the hopes of his country, and the very different class of men who had brought new life and hope to the Irish nation. The whole business of the meeting to him, therefore, appeared nothing but gabble, treason, and folly. He spent his hours, after a scornful look or two at the preparations for the speeches of the day, in wandering through the fields and streets which he had known in boyhood, and appeared to have left so very, very long ago. Every sight deepened his depression. He thought of the first day he had spent in the town long ago, when he visited Ballybay for the first time after years of absence. Then he thought that he had exhausted the possibilities of grief over the waste of a nation's life; but he now found that there were deeper depths and larger possibilities of suffering in the Irish tragedy. Famine, plague, a whirlwind, or an earthquake could not, as he thought, have worked mischief more deadly, more appalling, more complete. He saw, with a curious sinking of the heart and an overwhelming sadness, that nearly every well-remembered spot of his boyhood was marked by the ruins of a desolated home. Here was the corner where he used to turn from the one to the two mile round—as two of the walks around Ballybay were called—but where was the house with its crowd of noisy children, which he saw every morning with the same confident familiarity as a well-remembered piece of furniture in his own house? Yes: there was the little road where he remembered to have stood one day so many years ago. It was a bright, beautiful day in summer, the sky was blue, and the roses bloomed; but everything was dark to him, for Betty, his first nurse, the strongest affection of his childhood, had retired to her mother's home the day before. And as he recalled how all the world seemed to be over for him on that day, he felt the full brotherhood of sorrow, and in one moment understood all the tragic significance of the separation which emigration had caused in more than a million Irish homes. The road

had changed as though the country had been turned from a civilized to a savage land. The grass was growing thick and rank, the roses had gone, thick weeds choked festering pools, and of the little cottage in which Betty had dwelt there was not even a vestige.

And so, alas, in the town. At its entrance a whole street had disappeared, black and charred the walls stood — silent and deserted. This constant recurrence of the symbols of separation, desertion, silence, death, produced a strange numbness in his mind, and he walked along in a dream that became deeper and deeper. But he saw everything with the obscurity, and still with the strange, piercing look, of the dreamer. Turning from the houses to the people, he saw as it were in a flash the true meaning of that weary look which he had first observed as the prevalent expression of most faces; he loathed and at the same time he understood the prematurely bloated and blotched faces of so many of the young men whom he met everywhere, and read the story of the hopeless struggle against daily deepening gloom which had sought desperate relief in whiskey. He understood the procession of sad, and, as in his exalted mood he thought, spectral, men and women, that flowed in a noiseless stream to the chapel. It was May, "the month of Mary," as it is so touchingly called in Ireland, and in that month there are devotions every night in honor of the Mother of God. It was with difficulty he restrained his tears as there rose from the voices of the congregation the well-known and well-remembered hymn to the Blessed Virgin — the fitting wail of a people who dwell in a land of sorrows.

"Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy. Our Life, Our Sweetness, and Our Hope, to thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve, to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears." How well he recalled the evening long ago, when the hymn first struck him as the wail from the helpless agony of a dying nation.

Then Mat went home, and, as he entered the house, he noticed with the new-born light in his eyes many things that had escaped his attention when he first entered there in the morning. His father, as he answered the door, seemed to him to have aged ten years since he had looked at him in the morning, and he saw with a pang that seemed to squeeze his heart as in a vice that his clothes were shabby, and that even his boots were patched and broken. Then he went upstairs, and, entering the parlor noiselessly, caught sight of his mother. She turned sharply around, and to his horror and surprise he saw a fierce, violent blush overspread her pale cheek. He could not help looking at the table, and there he saw the same dread sight that had met him at so many painful crises in his life, for his mother was examining bank bills and pawn tickets. Then he rushed back in memory to the days of his own childhood, when he had wondered why it was that his mother occasionally wept as she turned over these mysterious slips of blue paper and small pieces of stiff card. The abject failure of his life never appeared to him so clearly as it did at that moment, and the sense of complete disaster was aggravated by the awful feeling that he had made others suffer even more bitterly than himself. And for a moment it seemed, too, as if his mother were resolved that he should taste the full bitterness of the moral, for she looked at him fixedly as

the blush died from her cheeks; but her heart was too touched by his look of pain, and in a moment she had kissed him on the cheek, after the frigid and self-restrained fashion of Ballybay.

Mat had a battle with himself as to whether he should visit Mary on this day; but after a while he felt that it would be a sort of savage triumph if he could fill the whole day with all the pain that could be packed within its hours. He had no idea as yet what he was going to do with the morrow, but it would certainly bring some new departure; this day he was, for this reason, the more resolutely ready to abandon to the luxury of woe.

Mary was alone when he visited the house; her husband had left town, for he did not dare, with all his courage, to aggravate the popular hatred by being visible on the day of the demonstration. She came into the room and shook hands with him, to his surprise, without any appearance of embarrassment. He looked at her without a word for a few moments, while she asked a few questions in a perfectly natural tone of voice about the meeting, his imprisonment, etc. As he looked he thought he saw a strange and mournful change in her face. The features seemed to have grown not merely hard, but coarse. He remembered the time when her upper lip had appeared to his eyes short, expressive, elegant; now it seemed to have grown long and vulgar. Her dark eyes were cold and impenetrable.

For a while they talked about indifferent things, but though he had sworn to himself a thousand times that he would never utter a word about her broken troth, his nerves were still too shaken and unsteady, after his sufferings in prison and the wearing experiences through which he had passed, to allow him to maintain complete self-control.

"And so you married Cosgrave," he said, as a beginning.

She looked at him sharply, and then answered, in the same cold and perfectly collected voice, "Yes, I married Cosgrave."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"You never cared for me?" he said with bitterness; and then the venom, which had been choking him from the hour when he heard that his betrothed was gone, overflowed. He went on, in a voice that grew hoarse in its vehemence: "Look! I have been four years in prison; in the company of burglars, pickpockets, murderers; I have been kept in silence and solitude and restraint; and yet in all these four years I never suffered a pang so horrible as when I heard that you had proved untrue."

"No," she answered, with a stillness that sounded strangely after the high-pitched and passionate tones of his voice; "I was not untrue, for I was faithful to my highest duty." Then she paused, and when next she spoke her voice was also passionate; but it was passion that was expressed in low and biting, and not in a loud tone. "You have known the life of a prison: but you have not passed through the hell of Irish poverty." . . . Then, after a pause, in which she seemed buried in an agonizing retrospect, she said — "I would marry a cripple to help my family."

She had scarcely said these words when her father entered. The father was as much changed in Mat's eyes as the daughter; he could scarcely walk; his feet seemed just able to bear him; and his hand was palsied. He did not at first recognize Mat; and when at last he knew who it was, said in the old voice, the familiar words which Mat so loathed, "Ah! the crachure! Ah! the crachure!"

Mat now had the key to the hideous tragedy which had separated him from the woman he loved, and who loved him. He looked quickly at her; but the light of momentary excitement had died out of the face, and the expression was now perfectly serene. Several reflections passed rapidly through Mat's mind. He saw clearly that the girl had not a particle of self-reproach; not a doubt of the rectitude or even the nobility of her conduct; she had immolated herself with the same inflexible resolve and unquestioning faith as the sublime murderer of Marat. Then passing rapidly in mental review the history of so many self-murdered hearts, he asked which was the more cruel — the Irish or the Indian suttee. Perhaps in that moment Mat gained more knowledge than is given to other men in years of that strangest of all, even feminine, problems — an Irish girl's heart.

For a moment the two were left alone, for the first and only time in all their lives.

"What?" said Mat, in an audible soliloquy, "is Irish life?" And then he answered the question himself as she remained silent. "A tragedy, a squalid tragedy!" But she looked at him cold, irresponsive, defiant, and he rushed away before the old man came back with the whiskey.

The wreck of this girl's nature; her acceptance in full faith of the sordid and terrible gospel of loveless marriage; the omnipotence of even a little money in a land of abject and hopeless and helpless poverty, brought the realities of Irish life with a clearness to his mind more terrible than even uprooted houses and echoless streets.

He accepted the invitation of a friend to take a row up the river, beautiful with its eternal and changeless beauty amid all this wreck of hopes and blasting of lives.

They passed a small island.

"What is that called," asked Mat of the boatman.

"Dead Man's Island."

"What did you say?"

"Dead Man's Island."

"A——h,——Dead—Man's—Island!"

THE END.

GOING ON FOOT TO ROME. — In these days, when pilgrims go to Rome and Jerusalem by railway and steamer, it is refreshing to hear that the old-fashioned pilgrim may still be found. The last of these appears to be Ignacio Martinez, a native of Valladolid, who has nearly completed his pilgrimage to the Holy Place begun two years ago.

The Boys in Green.

AFTER reading the Reminiscences of the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, published in late numbers of DONAHOE'S, it occurred to the writer that a few incidents which came under my own personal observation, in which that regiment figured, occurring over twenty-three years ago, may be of interest to the survivors of the gallant Ninth, or their descendants. It may also interest the general public, and your Irish-American readers in particular, for my experience will speak more particularly of the corps with which my fortunes were cast — Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher's Irish Brigade. It was originally composed of three regiments, viz., Sixty-Third New York, Eighty-Eighth New York, and Sixty-Ninth New York, all organized in New York City, but some of its companies hailing from Albany, Boston, etc. The writer of this was connected with the Albany Company K, Sixty-Third Regiment, in the capacity of "high private" when the regiment was organized. This paper is merely intended to give an account of a few incidents in which the brigade participated, not by any means as a history of that organization.

It is well known to those familiar with events at the beginning of the war, that the Washington authorities decided to change McClellan's base of operations in the movement against the rebel capital (Richmond, Va.), to the Peninsula. Accordingly, in the spring of 1862, over one hundred thousand men and material of the Army of the Potomac, at that time, and subsequently, the largest and best disciplined body of troops in the service of the Republic, were sent by water to Fortress Monroe, Ship Point, and adjacent places for disembarkation. Very few people in civil life have any conception of the labor attending an operation of this kind. Not alone was this immense body of men carried by water, but all the material as well: heavy and field artillery; animals for the same; horses for the cavalry; and baggage, ammunition and supply trains. Thanks to the superiority of our navy at the time, the movement was entirely successful. It is true a few sailing crafts, and some armed rebel vessels showed themselves, but they took refuge up the York, Pamunkey, Elizabeth and James Rivers, to be afterwards destroyed as the Union Army advanced.

The writer was at the time on detached service (recruiting) in New York City; but at the period the advanced vessels of the flotilla reached the Peninsula he received orders to rejoin his regiment. Accordingly I left Albany (depot for recruits) April 11, 1862, in charge of twenty-two men, eleven for Sixty-Third and eleven for Eighty-Eighth Regiments, reaching Fort Monroe April 14, by steamer from Washington. I shall never forget the impression made on my civilian mind as we steamed under the frowning guns of the weather-beaten Fort, in the gray of the morning. It impressed me with awe, as the black muzzles of the "War Dogs" bade defiance in their silent grandeur to rebels in arms and European enemies, who, at the time, entertained anything but friendly feelings towards the Republic.

The achievement of the famous *Monitor* was, at the time, in everybody's mouth. Your older readers will remember how the "Yankee Cheese-Box," the gallant Worden in command, put in appearance in Hampton Roads, a day or two after the finest wooden war ships in the government service were sent to the bottom, by the guns and ram of the rebel *Merrimac*. When the saucy, insignificant-looking craft boldly steamed for the victorious rebel iron-clad, the officers on board could not believe their senses, never having seen anything like the mysterious stranger before; but when fire and smoke belched forth from the *Monitor's* revolving turret, they were reminded that they had better look to their guns. Not being able to damage the stranger with their British cannon, the rebel tried the effect of its powerful ram; but the "cheese-box" divining its intentions, nimbly got out of harm's way. Its powerful eleven-inch guns in the turret continued to pound the iron sides of the *Merrimac*, until the latter thought "discretion the better part of valor," and sought safety in flight by ascending the Elizabeth River to Norfolk, not before being badly damaged in the encounter. Notwithstanding the rebel had numerous guns of the most approved pattern, their shot glanced harmlessly from the *Monitor's* revolving turret, the only object visible above water. You may think we looked upon the champion with no little pleasure as she peacefully lay in the channel, with steam up, waiting for the appearance of its powerful adversary, which never came. (The *Merrimac* was so badly damaged in the encounter, its commander, Jones, blew her up sooner than see her in the enemy's hands.) The masts of the ill-fated *Cumberland* and her consorts were plainly visible in the distance, where they sank with their brave tars standing nobly by their guns.

I am afraid the editor of the MAGAZINE will get impatient with my description before coming to the Ninth. The writer goes into these particulars because another generation has come on the scene since they happened, and it may interest them.

After landing with my detachment of twenty-two men, we turned our faces landward to find the army then moving towards Richmond. On the way we passed through the village of Hampton, and subsequently were much interested in looking over the battlefield of Big Bethel, where Magruder made his first fight on the Peninsula, not long previous, and where the Union troops were roughly handled. Gen. Joseph B. Carr, of Troy, N. Y., in command of the Second New York Volunteers, one of the most successful Irish-American soldiers of the late war, took a prominent part in this battle. It is thought he would have retrieved the blunders of some of the Union officers, if he had not been ordered to retire by Gen. B. F. Butler, who was in command. Gen. Carr is now serving out his third successive term as Secretary of State of New York. He recently ran for Lieutenant Governor on the Republican ticket; and although he failed to get elected, he ran nearly nine thousand votes ahead of his ticket. The rebel field works were just as they left them. The neighboring forests told the story of the desperate conflict by the manner in which they were torn from the effects of the artillery.

It was a long and tedious journey before we struck the army of

"Little Mac;" and when the shades of night began to envelope us, the little squad was footsore, tired and hungry, having covered twenty-four miles since leaving the steamer. To add to our inconvenience, we had eaten nothing since leaving the vessel, and then a limited supply of "hard tack," washed down with coffee. The location of Meagher's Brigade was among the uncertainties. All our inquiries of troops in the vicinity were fruitless.

Learning from the men of a battery, encamped on the edge of a clearing, that an Irish Regiment was not far distant, inquired the name (State and number).

"I think, sergeant," said the officer addressed, "that it is an Irish Regiment from Massachusetts, but I do not know the number; they have an Irish flag anyhow." Thanking the captain for the information, we sought the locality of the Irish boys and their green flag.

"Halt! who comes there?" demanded a sentinel, pacing his beat, a few yards from the road, as the squad approached in the twilight.

"Friends!" was the response.

"Advance, friends, and give the countersign!"

We had no "countersign," and could not give it. I did the next best thing, and addressed the sentinel thus:

"We are Union soldiers, trying to find our regiment, having landed this morning at Fortress Monroe. We are tired and without anything to eat, since early this morning. Be good enough to tell us the name of that regiment yonder."

"That is the Ninth Massachusetts, Col. Tom Cass," was his response.

"Call the corporal of the guard; I would like to see the colonel."

"Corporal of the guard, Post Five!" he lustily called out, at the top of his voice.

"Corporal of the guard, Post Five!" was repeated in succession by the respective posts; bringing that officer on the run, in a few minutes to the post designated.

I repeated the request to the "corporal of the guard," a bright little man, about twenty-four years old. He requested us to remain where we were until the "officer of the guard" was consulted, "for ye know we are in the enemy's counthry, and we must be cautious." We assented, of course. Presently a lieutenant made his appearance, and after hearing our story, told us to follow him. We passed the guard and made our way to the colonel's quarters, before which a soldier was leisurely pacing. The lieutenant entered, but returned in a moment and desired me to follow him. I did so, and found myself in a group of officers. I saluted and came to "attention."

"Well, sergeant, what can we do for you?" kindly asked an officer with the eagles of a colonel on his shoulders.

"We are benighted, sir; my men and I landed at the Fort this morning, and are on the way to find our regiments. We have had nothing to eat in twelve hours. We're hungry and tired, and claim your hospitality for the night."

"May I ask what command you belong to, sir?"

"My regiment is the Sixty-Third New York, colonel, and the detachment is for that regiment and the Eighty-Eighth New York."

"What! Gen. Meagher, the Irish Brigade! Consider yourself at home, sergeant. The best in our camp is at your service. You can have all you can eat and drink, and a place to rest. Orderly," addressing a soldier in front of the tent, "send Sergeant —— to me."

"I see by your chevorons you are a non-commissioned officer. May I ask your name?" addressing me.

"Sergeant J—— D——, Company K, colonel," was my response.

The sergeant made his appearance, and Col. Cass (for we learned, subsequently, it was he) gave him directions to take Sergeant D—— and his men, and give them everything they wanted for the night, and their breakfast before leaving in the morning. As we were about retiring the colonel remarked:—

"The night is chilly, sergeant; fog is heavy, malaria abroad, and you are tired. Wouldn't you like something in the way of liquid refreshments?"

"Thanks, colonel," I replied; "but the Sixty-Third is a temperance regiment.* We took the pledge from Father Dillon, last January, on David's Island, New York Harbor, for the war."

"Is it possible? I am glad to hear it! God bless you. I trust you will keep your pledge, not only for the war, but for all future time." I thanked him, gave him a salute and retired.

We certainly found ourselves in "the hands of our friends." Sergeant —— (unfortunately my diary is silent as to his name) took us to his quarters, and that being inadequate, lodged out some of the strangers. Coffee was made for us at the company's kitchen, and in less than half an hour there was enough of that delicious beverage steaming hot before us, with a mountain of "hard tack," to feed a company, instead of twenty-three men. The wants of the inner man being attended to (and we did the spread full justice) brier wood and tobacco were called into requisition. We found ourselves the centre of an interested crowd, for it got noised abroad that a squad of Gen. Meagher's men was in Sergeant ——'s quarters. "Taps" were sounded at the usual hour, but, by permission of the "officer of the day" the lights in the sergeant's tent, and others adjoining, were not extinguished, out of respect to the New Yorkers. During the evening song and story were in order, and at this late day it will not be giving away a secret to say that the "liquid refreshments," so kindly offered by the colonel were not ignored by many present, for the Ninth had a sutler with it, whose supply of "commissary" was yet abundant to be taken as an antidote against the malaria.

*While the Sixty-Third was in Camp of Instruction on David's Island, in the East River, opposite New Rochelle, N. Y., it was under the spiritual care of Father Dillon, an enthusiastic young priest. He was an ardent advocate of temperance. Like all green troops, the Sixty-Third had some reckless members, who frequently took a "dhrop" too much. Before leaving for the seat of war, at the conclusion of a powerful temperance discourse, he proposed to the assembled regiment that every man and officer take the temperance pledge, "for the war." One thousand uplifted hands responded, and while he slowly read the words of the pledge the men repeated them; and this was how the Sixty-Third became "a temperance regiment."

At day-break the regiment was roused from slumber by the soul-stirring sounds of the "reveille" which reverbrated through the dark pine woods of the "sacred soil." The strangers were prevailed on to take a hasty cup of coffee, and as the men were forming for company drill, we bade them "good-by," and sought our own regiments, which we found in camp in a clearing, at Ship Point, nine miles from Yorktown, then held by the enemy.

The writer did not see the Ninth again until the 27th of June following (1862), and the occasion was a sad one. When McClellan's right wing was crushed like an egg shell under Gen. Fitz John Porter, on the north bank of the Chickahominy, two brigades of Sumner's Second Corps (Meagher and French's) were ordered from the centre of our lines at Fair Oaks to check the victorious march of the overwhelming masses of the enemy. After fighting like Spartans for two days, the twenty-seven thousand men under Porter were outflanked by the enemy who were sixty-five thousand strong. Porter's troops were compelled to retire, and by sundown they were in full retreat towards the temporary bridges constructed by our troops, over the Chickahominy. At this juncture the two brigades mentioned were ordered from our centre to check the advance of the now victorious enemy.

The force engaged at Gaines' Mill was: Union, 50 Regiments, 20 batteries, 27,000 men. Confederate: 129 Regiments, 19 batteries, 65,000 men. Losses: Union, killed, 894; wounded, 3,107; missing, 2,836; total, 6,837. Confederate: Somewhat larger, especially in killed and wounded. Perhaps in the whole history of the war there was no battle fought with more desperation on both sides than that of Mechanicville (June 26), and Gaines' Mill (June 27). Fitz John Porter handled his army with such ability that his inferior force repelled repeated attacks of the flower of the rebel army under Lee and Jackson; and if it were not for the blundering of the cavalry, under Gen. Cook, through whose instrumentality Porter's lines were broken, he would have repelled all efforts to drive him to the river. As an evidence of the desperate nature of the conflict, it may be mentioned that one Rebel regiment (Forty-Fourth Georgia) lost three hundred and thirty-five men.

We got there, about eight miles, at eight o'clock, having pushed on by forced marches all the way, but too late to change the fortunes of the day. We did check the advancing and exalting Rebels, who supposed a large part of the Union army had come to the rescue. Forming our lines on top of the hill (Gain's) with an Irish cheer we went down the northern side of the hill pell-mell for the enemy. The pursuers were now the pursued. The Rebels broke and fled before Irish steel. To advance in the darkness would be madness. The regiments were brought to a halt. So as to deceive the Confederates as to the number of reinforcements, the position of each regiment was constantly changed. In one of these movements, the right of the Sixty-Third struck a rebel battalion, halted in the darkness, and for a time there was temporary confusion. The grey coats were brushed aside instantly, getting a volley from the right wing of the Sixty-Third as a reminder that we meant business.

Fitz John Porter pays this tribute to the brigade as to the part it

took on this occasion: "French and Meagher's brigades of Sumner's corps, all that the corps commanders deemed they could part with, were sent forward by the commanding general. . . . All soon rallied in rear of the Adams House behind Sykes and the brigades of French and Meagher sent to our aid, and who now with hearty cheers greeted our battalions as they retired and reformed."

While resting on our arms the dead and wounded were thick all around — friend and foe. Alas! not a few were our brothers of the Ninth Massachusetts. They told us in whispers how they repelled the enemy all day, and not until they were flanked by the Rebels did they give way before their repeated charges. The remnant of the regiment I subsequently saw next morning, in the rear, few in numbers, but with its spirit unbroken.

Having held the enemy in check to permit our broken battalions and the wounded to recross the Chickahominy, the two brigades silently left the field before dawn the next morning, blowing up the bridge behind us, thus stopping the pursuit. The two brigades occupied their old places behind the breastwork, at four the next morning, completely exhausted, but gratified that we were instrumental in checking the enemy, and saving from capture a large part of the army.

Four days later, July 1st, the bloody conflict of Malvern Hill was fought — the last of the Seven Days' Battles. Meagher's brigade, at that time consisting of the Sixty-Third, Eighty-Eighth, and Sixty-Ninth New York and one regiment from Massachusetts (Twenty-Ninth), had arms stacked in a beautiful valley, in the rear of the struggling hosts. All day long the storm of battle raged, and the men of the brigade were congratulating themselves that for once, at least, we would not be called upon to participate. Each regiment was ordered to kill several sheep and beeves, found the same day on the lands of a rich Virginian. While the companies were being served, a staff officer was seen riding at full speed to Gen. Meagher's head-quarters, his horse wet with foam. The men knew what that meant. We had seen it before. In a few minutes the "long roll" sounded in every regiment, and in less time than it takes to write these lines, the brigade was on the march. We knew from the sound of the guns that we were not going from but nearing the combat. Turning a ridge in the south-east, a fearful sight met our view. Thousands of wounded streamed to the rear, in the direction of Harrison Landing, on the James. Men with shattered arms and legs, some limping, all bloody and powder-stained. Many defiant, but the badly wounded moaning with agony. The head of the column, with Gen. Meagher and staff in front, turned sharply to the right, with difficulty forcing our way through the wounded crowds. We learned, subsequently, that after repelling the enemy with fearful slaughter all day, towards nightfall they pressed our left and attempted to seize the roads on our line of retreat to the James. Not till then were Meagher's men called on, and promptly they responded. While hurrying to the front, the Sixty-Third being the third regiment was halted. At this moment a volley from the left between us and the river, swept through our ranks. Seventeen men of the regiment fell, among them being Col. John Burke, who received a ball in the knee.

He fell from his horse, but the mishap was for the moment kept from the men. Lieut.-Col. Fowler assumed command, and before the Rebel regiment had time to reload, four hundred smooth bores sent a withering volley crashing through their ranks. This put a quietus upon them.

"What regiment is this?" demanded an officer on horseback, surrounded by his staff, who came galloping up as the men reloaded.

"This is the Sixty-Third New York, general," responded Lieut.-Col. Fowler of that regiment.

"I am Gen. Porter, in command of this part of the field. I order you to remain here to support a battery now on its way to this spot. Do you understand, sir?"

"Yes, general; the Sixty-Third always obeys orders," was the lieutenant colonel's prompt response, and Gen. Porter disappeared to the front.

While halted here for the appearance of the battery, a crowd of men coming from the front, in the now gathering darkness, attracted my attention. I should say there were not more than fifty men all told — perhaps not more than thirty. They were grouped around their colors, which I discovered to be a United States flag and a green standard. The men were the most enthusiastic I ever saw. They were cheering, and their voices could be plainly heard over the roar of battle. Some were without caps, many were wounded, and all grimmy from powder, and every few moments some one of them called for "three cheers for the stars and stripes."

"Let us give three for the green flag, boys."

"Give the Rebels h—— boys!" To one officer in front cheering, who had his cap on the point of his sword, I inquired:

"What regiment is this, captain?"

"Why, don't you know?

"This is all that is left of the old Ninth Massachusetts — all that is left of us boys!

"Our dead and wounded are in the woods over there!

"Oh! we lost our colonel, boys; the gallant Cass, one of the best fighters and bravest man in the army!

"We saved our colors, though, and we had to fight to do it!

"Go in, Irish Brigade! Do as well as the Ninth did!

"Three cheers for the stars and stripes!

"Give three for the old Bay State!

"Hurrah!"

And the remnant of the splendid regiment filed to the rear in the darkness; but still their cheers could be heard for quite a distance over the rattle of musketry and the sound of the guns.

"The battery! The battery! Here comes the battery!" was heard from a hundred throats, as it wildly thundered and swept from the rear, regardless of the dead and dying, who fairly littered the field. God help the dying, for the dead cared not! The iron wheels of the carriages, and feet of the horses, discriminate not between friend and foe. It will never be known how many were ground to pulp that July evening as Capt. J. R. Smead's Battery K, Fifth United States Artil-

lery came in response to the command of the gallant Porter, who saw the danger of having his left turned. Three batteries were ordered up by Gen. Porter, viz: Capt. J. R. Smead; Capt. Stephen H. Weed, Battery I, Fifth United States Artillery; and Capt. J. Howard Carlisle, Battery E, Second United States Artillery.

"Forward, Sixty-Third! Double quick! march!" shouted Capt. O'Neil, the senior line officer, who was now in command.

"Forward! Double quick!" was repeated by each company commander, and the Sixty-Third followed the lead of the battery into the very jaws of death, many of them to meet their brothers of the Ninth, who just passed over the silent river, on the crimson tide of war!*

Had the repeated and desperate efforts of the enemy succeeded in turning the Union left, as was feared towards nightfall, a dire disaster awaited the splendid army of McClellan. How near we came to it may be judged from the fact that all the reserves were brought into action, including the artillery under Gen. Henry J. Hunt. The instructions to Smead, Carlisle and Mead, when hurried up to defend the narrow gorge, with their artillery, through which the Confederates must force their way on to the plateau, were to fire on friend and foe, if the emergency demanded it. This is confirmed by a letter to the writer from Fitz John Porter. "These batteries were ordered up," he says, "to the narrow part of the hill, to be used in saving the rest of the army, if those in front were broken, driven in and pursued, by firing, if necessary, on friend as well as foe, so that the latter should not pass them. I went forward with you to share your fate if fortune deserted us, but I did not expect disaster, and, thank God, it did not come!"

These are the words of as brave and loyal an American as ever drew his sword for the Republic. Few men, perhaps none, in the army at that time, with our limited experience in war, could have handled his troops as Gen. Porter did at Gaine's Mill and Malvern. He desperately contested every inch of ground on the north bank of the

* Here is Gen. Porter's tribute to the part taken by the brigade in the terrific struggle at Malvern Hill: "I sent an urgent request for two brigades. Sumner read my note aloud, and fearing he could not stand another draft on his forces, was hesitating to respond, when Heintzleman, ever prompt and generous, sprang to his feet and exclaimed: 'By Jove! if Porter asks for help, I know he needs it.' The immediate result was the sending of Meagher by Sumner, and Sickles by Heintzleman. This was the second time that Sumner had selected and sent me Meagher's gallant Irish Brigade, and each time it rendered invaluable service. . . . It was at this time, in answer to my call for aid that Sumner sent me Meagher, and Heintzleman sent Sickles, both of whom reached me in the height of battle, when, if ever, fresh troops would renew our confidence and insure success. While riding rapidly forward to meet Meagher, who was approaching at a double quick step, my horse fell, throwing me over his head, much to my discomfort, both of body and mind. . . . Advancing with Meagher's brigade, accompanied by my staff, I soon found that my forces had successfully driven back their assailants. Determined, if possible, satisfactorily to finish the contest, regardless of the risk of being fired upon by our artillery in case of defeat, I pushed on beyond our lines into the woods held by the enemy. About fifty yards in front of us, a large force of the enemy suddenly arose and opened with fearful volleys upon our advancing line. I turned to the brigade, which thus far had kept pace with my horse, and found it standing like a stone wall, and returning a fire more destructive than it received, and from which the enemy fled. *The brigade was planted.* My service was no longer needed, and I sought Gen. Sickles, whom I found giving aid to Couch. I had the satisfaction of learning that night that a Confederate detachment, undertaking to turn Meagher's left, was met by a portion of the Sixty-Ninth New York Regiment, which advancing, repelled the attack and captured many prisoners."

Chickahominy, although his force was only twenty-seven thousand against sixty-five thousand of the enemy. Again at Malvern, the Rebels, maddened with successive defeats, were determined to annihilate the grand army of the Potomac with a last superhuman effort. They probably would have succeeded had a less able soldier been placed in command at that critical point. But, as will be seen from the above extract, the General never for a moment lost hope of being able to successfully repulse the enemy, for no man knew the material he had to do it with better than he.

What a pity that the services of such an able soldier should have been lost to the army and the country, a few weeks later, through the petty jealousies of small men, who wanted a scape-goat to cover up their own shortcomings. For over twenty years this grand American soldier, the soul of honor, who would at any moment sacrifice his life sooner than be guilty of an act inconsistent with his noble profession, has been permitted to live under the unjust stigma cast upon him. The day will surely come, and it is not far distant, when the American people will blush for the great wrong done Fitz John Porter. They will agree with the late general of our armies, a man whose memory will be forever held in grateful remembrance by his country (U. S. Grant), who, after careful and mature investigation of his conduct at the Second Battle of Bull Run, said deliberately, that Fitz John Porter should not be censured for the mismanagement of that ill-fated battle. In military affairs Gen. Grant was always a safe guide to follow.

After a careful review of Gen. Porter's case, Gen Grant wrote President Arthur, under date of December 22, 1881, as follows :

"At the request of Gen. Fitz John Porter, I have recently reviewed his trial, and the testimony held before the Schofield court of inquiry held in 1879. . . . The reading of the whole record has thoroughly convinced me that for these nineteen years I have been doing a gallant and efficient soldier a very great injustice in thought and sometimes in speech. I feel it incumbent upon me now to do whatever lies in my power to remove from him and from his family the stain upon his good name. . . . I am now convinced that he rendered faithful, efficient and intelligent service. . . . I would ask that the whole matter be laid before the attorney-general for his examination and opinion, hoping that you will be able to do this much for an officer who has suffered for nineteen years a punishment that never should be inflicted upon any but the most guilty."

It was many months before I again saw the Ninth Massachusetts; but what a contrast to its appearance on that glorious April morning, in 1862, when I was the recipient of its warm hospitality among the pines on the threshold of the advance on the rebel capital.

JOHN DWYER.

LEO XIII. has sent to the Emperor of Germany and to Prince Bismarck copies, specially printed and bound, of the Encyclical. His Holiness adds to the present to the Chancellor a copy of the *Novissima Leonis XIII. Pont. Max. Carmina.* A note of very emphatic and reverent praise of the poems has been communicated to the official German press.

A Christmas Carol.

Ah, weep not, friends, that I am far from ye,
And no warm breathéd words may reach my ears;
One way is shorter, nearer than by sea,
Prayers weigh with God and graces wait on tears;
As rise the mists from summer seas unseen,
To fall in freshening showers on hill and plain,
So prayer sent forth from fervent hearts makes green
The parched bowers of one whose life was vain.

Pray for me day and night these Christmas hours,
This the one gift I value all beyond;
Aid me with supplication 'fore those powers
Who have regard for prayer, th' angelic bond —
All ye who love me knock at Jesus' gate,
As for one standing outside deep in snow,
Tell him a sorrowing soul doth trembling wait,
And none but He can ease its load of woe.

Ah, friends! of whom I once asked other things,
Refuse me not this one thing asked again;
Shield me, a naked soul, with sheltering wings,
From rush of angry storms and bitter rain —
I cannot stand the gaze of mine own eyes;
That I escape myself implore our Lord —
Ah, me! I learn he only's rightly wise
Who seeks in all th' exceeding great reward.

From self that I be freed, O Father will!
Lord Jesus from the world protect me still,
Spirit paraclete, over the flesh give victory,
And o'er the devil a lasting crown to me!

JAMES KEEGAN.

THE *Catholic Review:* Irish-America contributes to the new Parliament one of the strongest members of the Nationalist party, Mr. T. P. Gill, for some years past assistant editor of the *Catholic World*, and previously a prominent journalist in Ireland, where, during the imprisonment of Mr. William O'Brien, he took the editorial chair of *United Ireland* until Mr. Buckshot Forster made it too hot for him. In the cooler climate of New York he still did good service to his party, in disabusing numbers of many ill-grounded misapprehensions and misconceptions, and in strengthening the sympathies, by increasing the information, of all well-wishers of Ireland. His work will be felt in England.

The Late Father Tom Burke.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co., of London, have published, in two volumes, the "Life of the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P.," by William J. Fitzpatrick, F. S. A. We give a few extracts:

"Some one complained to Father Burke one day that his sermons were too 'flowery;' but it was not just criticism if the term was intended to imply that they were florid. His answer was characteristic. 'And what should they be but floury — seeing my father was a baker?' It was also in allusion to his father's calling that he was wont to boast, when questioned as to his family, that they were 'the best-bread-Burkes' of Galway.

"'When I hear him preach,' said Bishop Moriarty, 'I rejoice that the Church has gained a prize; when I hear him tell a story, I am tempted to regret that the stage has lost him.'

"A Protestant lady listening to his lecture on divorce said: 'I am bound to become a Catholic out of self-respect and self-defence.'

"During the visit of the Prince of Wales to Rome His Royal Highness went to the Irish Dominicans and to the Irish College. Father Burke was asked to guide the prince through the crypt of St. Sebastian, his Royal Highness being, it was understood, particularly anxious to see the paintings with which the early Christians decorated the places where rested their dead. Some English ladies, mostly converts, in Rome at the time, were divided in their devotion to the Prince and to the catacomb pictures — the most memorable religious pictures of the world. That evening they begged Father Burke to tell them exactly what His Royal Highness said of the frescoes. The question was parried for some time; but when the fluttered expectation of the fair questioners had risen to a climax, Father Burke showed hesitating signs of his readiness to repeat the soul-betraying exclamations of the Prince. 'Well, what *did* he say?' they cried, in suspense. 'He said — well, he said — 'Aw!'"

"In 1865, Father Burke succeeded the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in the pulpit of Sta Maria del Popolo in Rome; and it is a little coincidence that the famous Dominican, a year or two earlier, when Prior of Tallaght, succeeded also the Cardinal's relative in the pulpit of the Catholic University. 'Father Andedon,' says Mr. Fitzpatrick, 'had been for some years a very popular preacher in the church of the Catholic University. On the retirement of Father Andedon to England, to which he was naturally attached by birth and belongings — for Dr. Manning was his uncle — Father Burke took his place in the pulpit.' It was here, by the way, that the 'Prince of Preachers' introduced the class of sermons known as 'Conferences,' and associated with Lacordaire and the pulpit of Notre Dame. Father Burke had never seen Lacordaire; but the Dean of the Catholic University, who had been listening to Lacordaire for years, was greatly struck by Father Burke's resemblance, as a preacher, to his great brother Domini-

can in France. The likenesses between preachers, as between faces, are sometimes subtle things! Bishop Moriarty, returning from Rome, paused in Paris, where he heard yet another Dominican orator, Père Monsabré, preaching at Notre Dame. When next he saw Father Tom, he said to him — 'Do you know Monsabré reminded me very much of you?' 'Now,' said Father Tom — telling the story to his friend, Father Greene — 'this was very gratifying to me. Père Monsabré was a great man, and I thought it an honor to be compared to him, and I told the Bishop so, adding, 'Might I ask you, my lord, what was the special feature of resemblance?' Now 'David' (the Bishop's Christian name) had a slow and deliberate and judicious way of speaking that kept me very attentive and expectant. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll tell you what struck me most. When he went up into the pulpit, he looked around him deliberately and raised up his hand and — scratched his head.'"

"In the maddest sallies of Father Tom there was generally to be found a method. His exuberances when he was Prior of San Clemente, for instance, were attributed to his desire that his tonsure might not be made to bear the weight of a mitre: 'It got whispered among the cardinals' (writes Canon Brownlow), 'that their eminences were at times the objects of his jokes, and that he even presumed to mimic those exalted personages. Some of them spoke seriously about it, and asked the Dominican Cardinal Guidi to admonish him to behave with greater gravity. Cardinal Guidi repaired to San Clemente, and proceeded to deliver his message, and Father Burke received it with becoming submission. But no sooner had the cardinal finished than Father Burke imitated his manner, accent and language, with such ludicrous exactness that the cardinal burst into a fit of laughter, and could not tell him to stop.'

"The venerable Father Mullooly was equally foiled by another phase of the young friar's freakishness, when, on being remonstrated with for what seemed to be an undue indulgence in cigars, Father Tom represented it as rather dictated by a filial duty, for the Pope, he said, had sent him a share of a chest of Havanas, worth a dollar each, which a Mexican son had forwarded to the Vatican.

"But the other side of the man came out in his sermons when he succeeded Dr. Manning — hurriedly called to England to attend the death-bed of Cardinal Wiseman — as occupant of the pulpit of Santa Maria del Popolo, and on many subsequent occasions: 'When I lift up my eyes here (he said in speaking of the 'Groupings of Calvary'), it seems as if I stood bodily in the society of these men. I see in the face of John the expression of the highest manly sympathy that comforted and consoled the dying eyes of the Saviour. It seems to me that I behold the Blessed Virgin, whose maternal heart consented in that hour of agony to be broken for the sins of men. I see the Magdalen as she clings to the cross, and receives upon that hair, with which she wiped His Feet, the drops of His Blood. I behold that heart, humbled in penance and inflamed with love — the heart of the woman who had loved much, and for whom he had prayed. It seems to me that I travel step by step to Calvary, and learn, as they unite in Him, every lesson of suffering, of peace, of hope, of joy, of love."

Our Neighbors.

The Irish in Canada.

Montreal Gazette: The matter of Mr. Curran's speech on the occasion of the opening of St. Ann's Hall is worthy of more than passing notice. He chose for his theme the progress of the Irish race in Canada, and although the groundwork of his address was placed in Montreal, the deductions to be drawn from the statistics presented may, with equal propriety, be applied to any section of Canada in which the Irish colony is located. The Irish people are, for what reason it is unnecessary to inquire, essentially colonists, much more so as respects the mass than those of Scotland and England, and in no country or clime have they found a more hospitable welcome or a more prosperous resting-place than in Canada. In Nova Scotia, in New Brunswick, in Prince Edward Island, in Quebec, in Ontario, Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen are found in the front rank of the professions, of agriculture, of industrial enterprise, while in the affairs of State they exert a large and legitimate influence. Any one acquainted with the commercial life of Halifax, or Montreal, and the agricultural districts of Ontario, will bear witness that no more loyal and law-abiding, no more intelligent and progressive, no more industrious and thrifty people than the descendants of Irishmen are to be found. As to the progress of the race in Montreal, Mr. Curran was able to present many interesting facts. From a community so small that, in the expressive words of the late Dr. Benjamin Workman, a good-sized parlor carpet would cover all the worshippers in the church, they have grown, by continuous and healthy progression, into a population of thousands, possessed of wealth, of influence, of activity, of loyal citizenship, with its established schools, its district congregations, its charitable institutions, its temperance societies, which have administered the pledge to more than twenty-five thousand people. In the two facts that since 1867 the assessed value of real estate possessed by the Irish people in Montreal has increased from $3,500,000 to more than $12,000,000, and that on the books of the City and District Savings Bank there are eleven thousand Irish names, mostly of the working classes, whose deposits exceed $2,000,000, the highest testimony of the industry and opportunity of the race is found. The prosperity of the Irish is not singular in this free country, but, brought out as Mr. Curran has done, it serves to exemplify the splendid field for honest toil Canada affords.

The French in Canada.

An Ottawa correspondent writes: — The race prejudices between the French and Anglo-Saxon elements of the country seem to be acquiring violent vitality. Such a consummation as a fusion of the two races is out of all calculation. The French Canadians will continue, as they have always been, isolated from their fellow Canadians; nor would this matter very much if good feeling and mutual tolerance prevailed

between the two races. An incident has just fanned this race animosity into a flame. A Toronto newspaper recently libelled a French Canadian regiment which was sent on service to the North-West. This regiment, for obvious reasons, was not sent where there was any chance of its being employed against Riel's Half-breeds. The editor was brought from Toronto to Montreal to answer for his writing before the Law Courts, and has just been condemned to pay a fine of two hundred dollars. As the editor left the court, a French Canadian officer attacked him with a whip, and in the street he was surrounded by a furious mob, incited by the inflammatory articles which the French papers of Montreal had been daily publishing during the course of the trial. To crown all, whilst endeavoring to defend himself from this violence, the hapless editor was arrested by the police and dragged before the police magistrate, who very properly discharged him. But the editor is a Toronto man, and now Toronto has indignantly taken up his cause, raising subscriptions to indemnify him for the cost of the trial — the "persecution," as it is called — and organizing an anti-French movement. All this is very regrettable seeing that the future of the Dominion depends so much upon a state of harmony between the rival races. There are indications clear and unmistakeable that French Canada is yielding to a tendency towards old France, which can have none other than a sinister effect upon the prospects of this country if permitted to develop.

Quebec Province.

Toronto Mail: To-day there are in Quebec three universities, namely, Laval, McGill, and Lennoxville, three hundred secondary colleges and academies, three Normal schools, twenty-five special schools, and about six thousand primary schools, each grade of school being conducted on the principle that it is better to teach a pupil little and teach it well, than to turn him loose upon the world crammed with a smattering of everything and a knowledge of nothing. The expenditure on education is a large and constantly increasing item in the Provincial accounts; but the people cheerfully pay it, for they are well aware that intelligence is the first condition of success in modern life. [Intelligence and education are not synonyms.]

Whatever may be the result, in the future, of the experiment of erecting a French nationality in Canada, it is only right to say that the builders are building well, and setting an example of energy, courage and unity which we, in this richer province, might do worse than follow.

Dominion Misrule.

Toronto Tribune: The Rev. Père Andre, superior of the Oblate Fathers in the Northwest Territories, says the "rebellion" is chargeable to the abnormal system of government to which the country had been subjected. He affirms that if there had been a responsible government with authority and power to remedy the grievances of the half-breeds, there would have been no "rebellion." He maintains that the *rôle* played by Riel in the "rebellion" was forced upon him. Listen to

Father Andre's own words: "It can, in all truth, be stated, and the affirmations of the government to the contrary will not destroy the fact, that it was the guilty negligence of the government at Ottawa that brought Riel into the country. The half-breeds, exasperated at seeing themselves despised, and at being unable to obtain the slightest justice, thought the only means left to them to secure the rights which they demanded was to send for Riel. He, in their opinion, was the only man capable of bringing the authorities at Ottawa to reason. Riel came, and we know the ruin which he gathered about him, but the government may well say *mea culpa* for their delay in taking measures which would have preserved the peace of the country."

The Old Year's Army of Martyrs.

THE year just past will long be known in the missions of the East as the year of martyrs. In presence of its events, it seems almost wrong to call only the early age of Christianity the Age of Martyrs. Brief accounts have already been given in the public prints; but our readers will be glad to have copious extracts from the letters of the survivors among the missionaries, who have seen their flocks, with their brethren, slaughtered by thousands. We give these the more willingly, as there has so far been no full review of Catholic Mission work in the English language. This tale of steadfastness in faith is also a new incentive to love of the Sacred Heart of our Lord.

Mgr. Colombert, vicar-apostolic of Eastern Cochin China, writes under date of August 29, 1885: "This mission, tranquil and flourishing two months ago, is now blotted out. There is no longer any doubt that twenty-four thousand Christians have been horribly massacred. . . . The mission of Eastern Cochin China is utterly ruined. It has no longer a single one of its numerous establishments! Two hundred and sixty churches, priests' houses, schools, orphan asylums, everything is reduced to ashes. The work done during two hundred and fifty years must be begun anew. There is not a single Christian house left standing. . . . The Christians have seen the massacre of their brethren and the conflagration of their houses. They have experienced the pangs of hunger, and have felt the heat of the sun on the burning sands. They must now undergo the hardships of exile, far from their native land and the graves of their forefathers."

During this time of terror and destruction, several priests had lost their lives, some under circumstances of horrible barbarity. New telegrams continued to announce to the Christians of the West that their brethren were daily called on to lay down their lives. Thus, on the 17th of October, a dispatch to the venerable superior of the seminary of Foreign Missions at Paris, announced that, besides one more missionary and ten native priests, seven thousand Christians had just been massacred. Letters, which arrived later, contained painful par-

ticulars of what had before been known only in its general outline of horror.

Five of the refugee missionaries wrote on the 15th of August: "We dare not enter into new details on this catastrophe. We will only say that to find in history a disaster to be compared to ours, it would be necessary to go back beyond the Sicilian Vespers, to the acts of vandalism of the savage hordes which swept over, one by one, the vast provinces of the Roman empire. A fact which adds to the horror is that this series of slaughters and butcheries of our Christians has been done in a country without means of communication or defence. In this way conflagration and carnage have spread as widely as our Catholic parishes were numerous. They were scattered here and there over a great extent of territory, from the north to the south. On this account the murderers and incendiaries have been able to accomplish their infamous designs with impunity. We believe that never have there been seen so many massacres and conflagrations, following one on the other for two or three weeks continuously, on so vast a scale and at so many points at the same time, with such ferocity and rage on the part of unnatural fellow-countrymen who were exterminating their unarmed brothers.

"Alas! our souls are sad unto death at the sight of the extent of our misfortunes. New dispatches will soon inform you how many survivors are left of twenty-nine missionaries and seventeen native priests, of more than forty male teachers of religion, of one hundred and twenty students of Latin and theology, of four hundred and fifty native religious sisters, and of forty-one thousand Christians.

"In order that these almost incredible misfortunes may not be thought exaggerated, even by those who are ill-disposed, God has permitted that laymen in great number — officers and soldiers of the French post, officers and sailors of the war-ship moored in the harbor of Qui-nhon, the crew and passengers of the steamer which came to port August 5th — should witness the horrible sight of ten or twelve different centres of conflagration. There were as many fires as there were Christian settlements. These lighted up the horizon all along the shore for several miles. The officers, soldiers, and travellers were for the most part strangers, and in some cases indifferent to everything that concerns the missions. They have seen with their own eyes and with lively emotion the greatness of the disasters which have befallen us. . . . Missionaries and Christians, we have literally been deprived of everything: clothing, houses, rice, vestments for the celebration of the holy Mass and the administration of the sacraments, books; we are in need of everything. Scarcely one of us was able to save any part of his possessions. But that which has the most saddened us missionaries, is to have been forced to be present, down-hearted and powerless, during the ruin and extermination of our Christians. How many times have we repeated the words of Scripture: *I saw the oppressions that are done under the sun, and the tears of the innocent, and they had no comforter: and they were not able to resist their violence, being destitute of help from any. And I praised the dead rather than the living.* (Eccl. iv. 1–2.) Yes, happy are those among us who died before wit-

nessing all these calamities, in comparison of which a typhoon, an inundation, even a pestilence, would seem only ordinary misfortunes."

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Parnell's Strength.

MR. PARNELL will have eighty-six followers in the new Parliament. From biographical sketches of them the following facts have been gleaned:—Twenty-three have had some collegiate education; twenty-five have sat in previous Parliaments; nine of them are lawyers, six editors, four magistrates, four merchants, three physicians, two educational workers, two drapers, three tavern-keepers, four farmers, two grocers, one carpenter, one blacksmith, one florist, one watchmaker, one tailor, one dancing-saloon owner, and one manager of a dancing-school. There are also a brewer, an ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, a Secretary to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, a Baronet, and a Knight. It appears that the members are mostly men of the middle classes, who labor in some profession or trade for a living. Only two men with titles are on the list. The plebeian calling and humble origin of so many of the new Irish members has thrown the English aristocrats into a frightful state of mind, and the landed gentry who are to be rubbed against by these mudsills in St. Stephen's have lashed themselves into a fury upon the subject. To add to the enormity of the offence, these men do not do business by wholesale, or on a large scale, but are mere humble tradesmen, publicans, and artisans. The grocers, for instance, are common green grocers, who wait on patrons with aprons tied about their waists, and the carpenter, blacksmith, tailor, and others, actually work with their hands! The Tories feel that evil days have fallen upon the land. They deplore the fact that the system of non-payment of members, which has so long kept poor men out of Parliament, has been broken down. They point out that if the Irish are allowed to pay their own members, and even to send to America for money for that purpose, the pernicious system will soon spread to England, and the House of Commons will be utterly debased. Some irritation against America is also expressed. Of course, the Tories say, they could expect nothing better from the Irish in America; but of those Americans who promoted or patronized the fund, they speak in terms of both sorrow and anger. The *St. James's Gazette*, after pointing out the plebeian character of the Parnellite members, says: "Are these capable to reproduce the ancient glories of Parliament? Shall they dominate the inheritors of the great names which have made Parliament illustrious?" The Radicals rather enjoy the situation. Many of them are taking up the cudguls in Ireland's behalf, in the hope that the Irish new-comers will unite with the British workingmen, who have been elected by the Radicals. There are about a dozen of such members elect. They include a mason, a glass-blower, a tailor, a boot-maker, and a laborer. The Radical papers urge the workingmen and self-made men, from both sides of the Irish Channel, to combine and beard the aristocrats in their hereditary den — the House of Commons.

Irish-American.

A Silly Threat.

THE statement that English "Liberal" employers are about to discharge Irish workingmen throughout Great Britain, because they voted with Parnell, is ridiculous on its face, and is worthy only of the malignant genius of the persons who supply cable news to a portion of the American press. The same canard was started on the world's rounds immediately after the London explosions of a year ago. All this kind of nonsense is originated in the press rooms of London for the purpose of diminishing the Irish-American activity in the Irish cause. The originators are silly enough to believe that the Irish in the United States might stop aiding Mr. Parnell if they thought their kindred in England would be made to suffer by the agitation.

Great causes cannot consider the sufferings of individuals, or aggregations of individuals, in working out their objects. Whether a few suffer or whether millions suffer cuts no figure in a fight for principle, or for the greatest good of the greatest number. If mankind were constructed on that chicken-hearted basis, no great movement for the benefit of the human race could ever have succeeded. It was not pleasant for the American Revolutionists, most of whom were husbands and fathers, to be compelled to leave their families unprotected, and, in many cases exposed to the attacks of England's savage allies, for the purpose of joining the patriot ranks under the leadership of Washington.

When the soldiers of the French Republic rushed to arms, and defended France successfully against all Europe, during the last decade of the eighteenth century, they did not think of the privations of the bivouac, of the horrors of the battlefield, of the sorrow of their families, they thought only of France and of liberty.

In the War of the Rebellion millions of Union men sacrificed home, wife, children, all that could make life dear, for what they believed to be a cause superior to all domestic considerations. They died by hundreds of thousands, and, in too many cases, left their families destitute; but they saved the Union and thus preserved freedom, prosperity and happiness to the countless millions of America's future.

So is it with the cause of Ireland. Even should some English employers discharge thousands of their Irish workmen, which is highly improbable, that is no reason why the Irish people should abandon the path of duty. If Ireland should attain her freedom, it will not be long necessary for Irish working people to be dependent on Englishmen, or other foreigners, for a livelihood. They will find enough to do at home, in developing the resources and winning back the lost industries of their country. Americans were not afraid to give up one million men to the sword that the republic might be saved. Irishmen in America or elsewhere cannot be terrified into neutrality by a threat that a few thousands of their kindred in Great Britain may be thrown out of employment because of Parnell's agitation.

The Citizen, Chicago.

The Pope on Christian Education.

LETTER OF LEO XIII. TO THE PRELATES OF ENGLAND ON THE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

To Our Venerable Brethren, Henry Edward, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the Title of Sts. Andrew and Gregory on the Cœlian Hill, Archbishop of Westminster, and the other Bishops of England, Pope Leo XIII.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction — Your proved fidelity and singular devotion to this Apostolic See are admirably shown in the letter which we have lately received from you. Our pleasure in receiving it is indeed increased by the further knowledge which it gives us of your great vigilance and anxiety in a matter where no care can be too great; we mean the Christian education of your children, upon which you have lately taken counsel together, and have reported to us the decisions to which you came.

In this work of so great moment, venerable brethren, we rejoice much to see that you do not work alone; for we know how much is due to the whole body of your clergy. With the greatest charity, and with unconquered efforts, they have provided schools for their children; and, with wonderful diligence and assiduity, they endeavor by their teaching to form them to a Christian life, and to instruct them in the elements of knowledge. Wherefore, with all the encouragement and praise that our voice can give, we bid your clergy to go on in their meritorious work, and to be assured of our special commendation and good-will, looking forward to a far greater reward from our Lord God, for whose sake they are laboring.

Not less worthy of commendation is the generosity of Catholics in this matter. We know how readily they supply what is needed for the maintenance of schools; not only those who are wealthy, but those, also, who are of slender means and poor; and it is beautiful to see how, often from the earnings of their poverty, they willingly contribute to the education of children.

In these days, and in the present condition of the world, when the tender age of childhood is threatened on every side by so many and such various dangers, hardly anything can be imagined more fitting than the union with literary instruction of sound teaching in faith and morals. For this reason, we have more than once said that we strongly approve of the voluntary schools, which, by the work and liberality of private individuals, have been established in France, in Belgium, in America, and in the Colonies of the British Empire. We desire their increase, as much as possible, and that they may flourish in the number of their scholars. We ourselves also, seeing the condition of things in this city, continue, with the greatest effort and at great cost to provide an abundance of such schools for the children of Rome. For it is in, and by, these schools that the Catholic faith, our greatest and best

inheritance, is preserved whole and entire. In these schools the liberty of parents is respected; and, what is most needed, especially in the prevailing license of opinion and of action, it is by these schools that good citizens are brought up for the State; for there is no better citizen than the man who has believed and practiced the Christian faith from his childhood. The beginning, and, as it were, the seed of that human perfection which Jesus Christ gave to mankind, are to be found in the Christian education of the young: for the future condition of the State depends upon the early training of its children. The wisdom of our forefathers, and the very foundations of the State, are ruined by the destructive error of those who would have children brought up without religious education. You see, therefore, venerable brethren, with what earnest forethought parents must beware of intrusting their children to schools in which they cannot receive religious teaching.

In your country of Great Britain, we know that, besides yourselves, very many of your nation are not a little anxious about religious education. They do not in all things agree with us; nevertheless they see how important, for the sake both of society and of men individually, is the preservation of that Christian wisdom which your forefathers received, through St. Augustine, from our predecessor, Gregory the Great; which wisdom the violent tempests that came afterwards have not entirely scattered. There are, as we know, at this day, many of an excellent disposition of mind who are diligently striving to retain what they can of the ancient faith, and who bring forth many and great fruits of charity. As often as we think of this, so often are we deeply moved; for we love with a paternal charity that island which was not undeservedly called the Mother of Saints; and we see, in the disposition of mind of which we have spoken, the greatest hope, and, as it were, a pledge of the welfare and prosperity of the British people.

Go on, therefore, venerable brethren, in making the young your chief care; press onward in every way your episcopal work, and cultivate with alacrity and hopefulness whatever good seeds you find; for God, who is rich in mercy, will give the increase.

As a pledge of gifts from above, and in witness of our good-will, we lovingly grant in the Lord to you, and to the clergy and people committed to each one of you, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 27th day of November, in the year 1885, in the eighth year of our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.

BISHOP SPALDING ON STIMULANTS. — I hate drink, because it destroys the good in life. I find in my own experience that I am more myself, while under total abstinence, than when I was a moderate drinker. Life is sweeter, fonder, freer to me as a total abstainer than as a moderate drinker. So I say, if you want to get the most out of your life, if you want to sympathize with your fellow-man, to feel the true force of your beginning, abstain from alcoholic stimulants.

Te Deum.

THE course of the general election has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the Irish leader. Our success has been such as might well take our breath away with joy. The Irish race at home and in the stranger's land have risen to the height of the great crisis with a unity and soldier-like discipline absolutely unparalleled in the world's history, and their magnificent enthusiasm has swept all before it. Three grand results may already be chalked up, and they involve triumphs that a few years ago would have been deemed the ideal of crazy dreamers. The Nominal Home Rulers are effaced to a man. The once proud Irish Whig party, who for a quarter of a century held undisputed sway over the Irish representation, is literally annihilated. If Mr. Dickson should be a solitary survivor, he will survive not as a living force in Irish politics, but as the one bleak and woe-begone specimen now extant of a race of politicians who once swarmed over four-fifths of the constituencies of this island. The third great achievement of the election campaign, and the mightiest of all, is that the Irish vote in England has been proved to demonstration to be able to trim and balance English parties to its liking, and consequently to make the Irish vote in Ireland the supreme power in the English legislature. It is impossible to over-estimate the magnitude of these results. The causes of joy are absolutely bewildering in number. A few years ago, the National voice in Ireland was heard only as a faint, distant murmur at Westminster. It could only rumble under ground in Ireland, and every outward symptom of Irish disaffection could be suppressed with the iron hand without causing one quiver of uneasiness at Westminster, much less shaking Ministries and revolutionizing parties. Even at home Nationalism was a shunned creed. It was not respectable. The few exponents it occasionally sent to Parliament were regarded as oddities. The mass of the Irish representation were as thoroughly English party-men as if they were returned from Yorkshire. To-day what an enchanted transformation scene!

A month since Mr. Parnell's party was but a fraction of the Irish representation. The Irish Whigs and Nominal Home Rulers combined outnumbered them, without counting the solid phalanx of Ulster Tories. Where are the three opposing factions to-day? The Nominal Home Rulers have died off without a groan. The Northern Whigs have committed suicide by one of the most infatuated strokes of folly ever recorded in political annals. The Tories have shrunk within the borders of one out of thirty-two counties in Ireland, with precarious outposts in three others; and they are beside themselves with exultation because they have managed to save Derry and Belfast themselves by a neck from the jaws of all-devouring Nationalism. Nor is the seizing possession of seven-eighths of the Irish representation the only or even the greatest fact of the day. The Nationalists have not only won, but over four-fifths of the country they have reduced their opponents to

a laughing-stock in the tiny minorities in which the Loyal and Patriotic Union have obligingly exhibited them. The overwhelming character of the Nationalist victory would not have been a tithe so impressive had not our malignant enemies insisted upon coming out in the daylight in review order, and displaying their pigmy insignificance to a wondering world. A string of uncontested elections would have passed off monotonously unimaginatively. It would have been said the country was simply dumb and tame and terrorized. But the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union have guarded us against any mistake of that sort. They valiantly spent their fifty thousand pounds in challenging the verdict of the country, and the country is answering in thunder-tones that will reverberate to the most distant times. Uncontested elections in Dublin City, for example, would have attracted but little notice. It was known that the Nationalists were in overwhelming strength on the register; but the croakers of the *Scotch Times and Express* might still have exercised their imagination in bragging what wonders the loyalists might have performed, if they thought it worth while. But the Loyal and Patriotic Union heroically determined that national spirit in Dublin should not be allowed merely to smoulder for want of fuel. They determined to brand their faction with impotence in eternal black and white. They delivered their challenge with the insolence and malignity of their progenitors of the Penal Days, and the result was such a tornado of national feeling as never shook the Irish capital before; a tornado before which the pigmies who raised it are shivering in affright. Magnificent as are the results in Ireland, however, our countrymen in England have achieved the real marvels of the campaign. They have brought the towering Liberal majority tumbling like a house of cards. They have in fifty-five constituencies set up or knocked down English candidates like ninepins. With the one unhappy exception of Glasgow, where tenderness for a Scotch radical gave a seat to Mr. Mitchel-Henry, the superb discipline of the Irish electorate has extorted the homage as well as the consternation of English party managers. They have made Mr. Parnell as supreme between rival English parties as the Irish constituencies have effaced the Whig and Nominal factions who disputed his supremacy. Ten thousand times, well done, ye brave and faithful Irish exiles. On the day of Ireland's liberation you will deserve to rank high in the glorious roll of her deliverers.

United Ireland, Dublin.

EIGHTY-SIX TO EIGHTEEN.— This is the way the Irish representation now stands, eighty-six men in favor of making Ireland a nation, eighteen wanting to keep her a province, and a province on which they can selfishly batten. The elections in every way have borne out the forecast of the Irish leaders, who calculated eighty-five as the minimum strength of the National party. Mr. Gladstone will now be gratified to learn that in response to his late Midlothian addresses, this nation has spoken out in a manner which cannot be falsified or gainsaid, demanding the restoration of its stolen Parliament. The loyalists, with all the power of England at their back, and money galore at their command,

can point to only one whole county out of the thirty-two which has remained solid for the Union. Antrim alone sends up a solid Tory representation, and with it the only vestige that is left of the "Imperial Province" is some fragments of Down, Derry and Armagh — in all of which the Nationalists also have won a seat. On the other hand, in four Northern counties — Monaghan, Cavan, Fermanagh and Donegal, the loyalists have not carried a single division, and won only one out of four in Tyrone. How much more "unity" do the English want? The excuse hitherto has been that Home Rule could not be granted because Ireland was itself divided on the subject; but even that wretched pretence is now forever at an end, for almost since the dawn of history no such practical unanimity was ever shown by any nation.

Rapidity of Time's Flight.

SWIFTLY glide the years of our lives. They follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the persons we once knew — the scenes in which we were once actors. They appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gayety of his soul. The wheels of Time cannot move too rapidly for him. The light of hope dances in his eyes; the smile of expectation plays with his lips. He looks forward to long years of joy to come; his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds; he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear the shouts of applause. Look at him again. He is now in the meridian of life; care has stamped its wrinkles upon his brow; disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye; sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance. He looks backward upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their futility. Each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and discovers that the season of youth, when the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the only season of enjoyment. Who is he of aged locks? His form is bent and totters, his footsteps move but rapidly toward the tomb. He looks back upon the past; his days appear to have been few; the magnificence of the great is to him vanity; the hilarity of youth, folly; he considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one and disappoint the other. The world presents little to attract and nothing to delight him. A few more years of infirmity, inanity and pain must consign him to idiocy or the grave. Yet this was the gay, the generous, the high-souled boy who beheld the ascending path of life strewn with flowers without a thorn. Such is human life; but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.

THE best education in the world is that got by struggling for a living.— *Wendell Phillips.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

CHOOSING OCCUPATIONS.

FIVE little girls sat down to talk one day beside the brook.
Miss Lizzie said when she grew up she meant to write a book;
And then the others had to laugh, till tears were in their eyes,
To think of Lizzie's writing books, and see her look so wise.
Miss Lucy said she always thought she'd like to teach a school,
And make the horrid, ugly boys obey her strictest rule.
Miss Minnie said she'd keep a shop where all the rest must buy,
And they agreed to patronize, if "prices weren't too high."
Miss Ada said she'd marry rich, and wear a diamond ring,
And give a party every night, "and never do a thing!"
But Nellie, youngest of them all, shook out each tumbled curl,
And said she'd always stay at home, and be her mother's girl.

A CHILD AND A WASP.

AMONG the passengers on a train going West, was a very much over-dressed woman, accompanied by a bright-looking Irish nurse girl, who had charge of a self-willed, tyrannical two-year-old boy, of whom the over-dressed woman was plainly the mother. The mother occupied a seat by herself. The nurse and child were in a seat immediately in front of her. The child gave frequent exhibitions of temper, and kept the car filled with such vicious yells and shrieks, that there was a general feeling of savage indignation among the passengers. Although he time and again spat in his nurse's face, scratched her hands until the blood came, and tore at her hair and bonnet, she bore with him patiently. The indignation of the passengers was made the greater because the child's mother made no effort to correct or quiet him, but, on the contrary, sharply chided the nurse whenever she manifested any firmness. Whatever the boy yelped for, the mother's cry was, uniformly: "Let him have it, Mary." The feelings of the passengers had been wrought up to the boiling point. The remark was made audibly here and there that "it would be worth paying for to have the young one chucked out of the window." The hopeful's mother was not moved by the very evident annoyance the passengers felt, and at last fixed herself down in her seat for a comfortable nap. The child had just slapped the nurse in her face for the hundredth time, and was preparing for a fresh attack, when a wasp came from somewhere in the car and flew against the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once

made a dive for the wasp as it struggled upward on the glass. The nurse quickly caught his hand, and said to him coaxingly: "Harry, mustn't touch! Bug will bite Harry!" Harry gave a savage yell, and began to kick and slap the nurse. The mother awoke from her nap. She heard her son's screams, and, without lifting her head or opening her eyes, she cried out sharply to the nurse: "Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have it at once!" Mary let go of Harry. She settled back in her seat with an air of resignation; but there was a sparkle in her eye. The boy clutched at the wasp, and finally caught it. The yell that followed caused joy to the entire car, for every eye was on the boy. The mother woke again. "Mary," she cried, "let him have it!" Mary turned calmly in her seat, and with a wicked twinkle in her eye said: "Sure, he's got it, ma'am!" This brought the car down. Every one in it roared. The child's mother rose up in her seat with a jerk. When she learned what the matter was, she pulled her boy over the back of the seat, and awoke some sympathy for him by laying him across her knee and warming him nicely. In ten minutes he was as quiet and meek asa lamb, and he never opened his head again until the train reached its destination.

THE PREHENSILE TAILED COENDOU.

THE Havre aquarium has just put on exhibition one of the most curious, and especially one of the rarest, of animals — the prehensile tailed coendou (*Synetheres prehensilis*). It was brought from Venezuela by Mr. Equidazu, the commissary of the steamer *Colombie*.

Brehm says that never but two have been seen — one of them at the Hamburg zoological garden, and the other at London. The one under consideration, then, would be the third specimen that has been brought alive to Europe.

This animal, which is allied to the porcupines, is about three and a half feet long. The tail alone, is one and a half feet in length. The entire body, save the belly and paws, is covered with quills, which absolutely hide the fur. Upon the back, where these quills are longest (about four inches), they are strong, cylindrical, shining, sharp-pointed, white at the tip and base, and blackish-brown in the middle. The animal, in addition, has long and strong mustaches. The paws, anterior and posterior, have four fingers armed with strong nails, which are curved, and nearly cylindrical at the base.

Very little is known about the habits of the animal. All that we do know is, that it passes the day in slumber at the top of a tree, and that it prowls about at night, its food consisting chiefly of leaves of all kinds. When it wishes to descend from one branch to another, it suspends itself by the tail, and lets go of the first only when it has a firm hold of the other.

One peculiarity is that the extremity of the dorsal part of the tail is prehensile. This portion is deprived of quills for a length of about six inches.

The coendou does not like to be disturbed. When it is, it

advances toward the intruder, and endeavors to frighten him by raising its quills all over its body. The natives of Central America eat its flesh and employ its quills for various domestic purposes.

The animal is quite extensively distributed throughout South America. It is found in Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, Guiana, and in some of the Lesser Antilles, such as Trinidad, Barbados, Saint Lucia, etc.

LITTLE QUEEN PET AND HER KINGDOM.

With these words the stranger vanished, and Pet trotted on her way again, with the clock and key in her pocket.

She had not gone far till she began to notice a great many little cabins and cottages about the country, which looked very bare and uncomfortable. "Surely these must belong to the poor!" she thought; "and I daresay that is a very poor man who is following the plough over in that field."

She walked across the meadows until she reached the ploughman, and having noticed that his clothing was very bad indeed, and that he looked worn and sad, she formed her wish, and the next moment she was following the plough as if she had been at it all her life. She had passed completely into the man; there was not a vestige of her left outside of him; she felt her hands quite hard and horny; she took great long steps over the rough ground; she cried "Gee-up!" to the horses; and she knew very well if she could only look into a glass she should see, not Pet any more, but the sunburnt man toiling after his plough. She was quite bewildered by the change at first, but presently she began to interest herself greatly in all the new thoughts that poured into her mind. After a time she quite lost sight of her old self, and felt *that she was the man.* She put her horny hand in her pocket, and found that the clock and key were there safely, and this consoled her with the thought that she was not hopelessly buried in the ploughman. When the sun went down she stopped ploughing and went home to a little cottage which was hidden among some bushes in a field.

Half a dozen little hungry children, with poor, scanty clothing came running to meet her.

"Oh, father!" they cried, "mother has been so ill to-day, and neighbor Nancy says she will never get well without some wine to make her strong!"

The ploughman groaned at hearing this. "Ah," thought he, "where can I get money for wine? I can scarcely earn food enough for so many; and who will give me wine?"

Pet was greatly distressed at finding these painful thoughts throbbing through and through her. "At home in my palace," she said, "everybody drinks a bottle of wine a day, and they are not sick, and are all strong. I must see about this afterwards." Then she went into the cottage, and the first thing she did was to take the clock out of her pocket and wind it up with the little key, and hang it on a nail on the wall.

"What is that you have got?" said the poor woman from her straw bed.

"Oh, it is a clock that a gentleman made me a present of," said the ploughman.

The eldest girl now poured out some porridge on a plate and set it down before her father. Pet was very hungry, and was glad of anything she could get; but she did not like the porridge, and thought

that it was very different indeed from the food she got at home. But while she was eating, the poor man's thoughts quite overwhelmed her.

"What is to become of them all?" he thought. "I have ten children, and my wages are so small, and food and clothing are so dear. When the poor wife was well, she used to look after the cow and poultry, and turn a little penny, but now she is not able, and I fear——"

"Oh, father! father! the cow is dead!" cried four boys, rushing into the cottage.

And the poor man bowed his head on the table and groaned.

"Why, this is dreadful!" thought Pet. "Is this really the sort of thing that poor people suffer. How I wish the month was up that I might do something for them!" And she tried to glance at the clock, but could not, because the man kept his eyes bent on the ground.

Pet was kept awake all that night by the ploughman's sad thoughts, and very early in the morning she was hard at work again, carrying a heavy heart with her all about the fields. Day after day this went on, and she was often very hungry, and very sad at hearing the complaints of the hungry children, and seeing the pale face of the sick woman. Every day things became worse. The ploughman got into debt through trying to procure a little wine to save his wife's life, and when rent-day came round he had not enough money to pay. Just as things arrived at this state, the clock ran down, and Pet, who had taken care to put it in her pocket that morning along with the key, suddenly found her own self standing alone in the field, watching the poor ploughman following his plough, exactly as she had at first beheld him. She at once began running away as fast as she could, when she was stopped by her friend Time, who stood in her path.

"Where are you running to now?" asked he.

"I am hurrying home to my palace to get money, and wine, and everything for these poor people!" cried Pet.

"Gently!" said Time, "I cannot allow it so soon. You must continue your experiences and trust the poor ploughman and his family to me; I will take care of them till you are able to do something for them. Were you to go back to your palace now, you would be kept there, and I should no longer be able to stand your friend; on the contrary, I might, perhaps, against my will, be forced to prove your enemy. Go on now, and remember my instructions."

And he vanished again.

Pet travelled a long way after this, and as she had to beg on the road for a little food and a night's lodging, she had very good opportunities for seeing the kindness with which the poor behave to each other. Mothers, who had hardly enough for their own children to eat, would give her a piece of bread without grumbling. At last, one evening, she arrived at a splendid large city, and felt quite bewildered with the crowds in the streets and the magnificence of the buildings. At first she could not see any people who looked very poor; but at last, when lingering in front of a very handsome shop window, she noticed a shabbily-dressed young girl go in at a side door, and something about her sad face made Pet think that this girl was in great distress. She formed her wish, and presently found that *she, Pet, was the girl.* Up a

great many flights of stairs she went, passed gay show-rooms where fine ladies were trying on new dresses, and at last she arrived at a work-room where many white-faced girls were sewing busily with their heads bent down. The little seamstress, who was now one with Pet, had been out matching silks for the forewoman of the work, and now she sat down with a bright heap of satin on her knees. "Oh, dear!" thought Pet, as she threaded her needle, "how very heavy her heart is! I can hardly hold it up; and how weak she is? I feel as if she was going to faint!" And then Pet became quite occupied with the seamstress's thoughts as she had been once with the ploughman's. She went home to the girl's lodging, a wretched garret at the top of a wretched house, and there she found a poor old woman, the young girl's grandmother, and a little boy asleep on some straw. The poor old woman could not sleep with cold, though her good grand-daughter covered her over with her own clothes. Pet took care to hang up her clock, newly wound, as soon as she went in; and the poor old woman was so blind she did not take any notice of it. And, oh, what painful dreams Pet had that night in the girl's brain! This poor child's heart was torn to pieces by just the same kind of grief and terror which had distracted the mind of the ploughman: grief at seeing those she loved suffering want in spite of all her exertions for them, terror lest they should die of that suffering for need of something that she could not procure them. The little boy used to cry with hunger; the young seamstress often went to work without having had any breakfast, and with only a crust of bread in her pocket. It was a sad time for Pet, and she thought it would never pass over. At last, one day the poor girl fell ill, and Pet found herself lying on some straw in the corner of the garret, burning with fever, and no one near to help her. The poor old woman could only weep and mourn; and the boy, who was too young to get work to do, sat beside her in despair. Pet heard him say to himself at last, "I will go and beg; she told me not, but I must do something for her." And away he went but came back sobbing. Nobody would give him anything; everybody told him he ought to be at school. "And so I should be if she were well," he cried; "but I can't go and leave her here to die!" The sufferings of the poor girl were greatly increased by her brother's misery; and what was her horror when she heard him mutter suddenly: "I will go and steal something. The shops are full of everything. I *won't* let her die!" Then before she had time to stop him he had darted out of the room.

Just at this moment Pet's clock ran down, and she flew off, forgetting Time's commands, and only bent on reaching her palace. But her strange friend appeared in her path as before.

"Oh, *don't* stop me!" cried Pet. "The girl will die, and the boy will turn out a thief!"

"Leave them to me! leave them to me!" said Time, "and go on obediently doing as I bid you."

Pet went away in tears this time, still fancying she could feel the poor sick girl's woful heart beating in her own breast. But by-and-by she cheered herself, remembering Time's promise, and hurried on as fast as she could. She met with a great many sad people after this

and lived a great many different lives, so that she became quite familiar with all the sorrows and difficulties of the poor. She reflected that it was a very sad thing that there should be so much distress in her rich kingdom, and felt much puzzled to know how she could remedy the matter. One day, having just left an extremely wretched family, she travelled a long way without stopping, and she had not seen a very poor-looking dwelling for many miles. All the people she met seemed happy and merry, and they sang over their work as if they had very little care. When she peeped into the little roadside houses she found that they were neatly furnished and comfortable. Even in the towns she could not find any starving people, except a few wicked ones who would not take the trouble to be industrious. At last she asked a man what was the reason that she could not meet with any miserable people?

"Oh," he said, "it is because of our good king; his laws are so wise that nobody is allowed to want."

"Where does he live? and what country is this?" asked Pet.

"This is Silver-country," said the man, "and our king lives over yonder in a castle built of blocks of silver ornamented with rubies and pearls."

Pet then remembered that she had heard her nurses talk about Silver-country, which was the neighboring country to her own. She immediately longed to see this wise king and learn his laws, so that she might know how to behave when she came to sit on her throne, and she trotted on towards the Silver Castle, which now began to rise out of a wreath of clouds in the distance. Arrived at the place, she crept up to the windows of the great dining-hall and peeped in, and there was the good king sitting at his table in a mantle of cloth of silver, and a glorious crown, wrought most exquisitely out of the good wishes of his people, encircling his head. Opposite to him sat his beautiful queen, and beside him a noble-looking lad who was his only son. Pet, seeing this happy sight, immediately formed her wish, and in another moment found herself the king of Silver-country sitting at the head of his board.

"Oh, what a good, great, warm, happy heart it is," thought Pet, and she felt more joy than she had ever known in her life before. "A month will be quite too short a time to live in this noble being. But I must make the best of my time and learn everything I can."

Pet now found her mind filled with the most wonderfully good, wise thoughts, and she took great pains to learn them off by heart, so that she might keep them in her memory forever. Besides all the education she received in this way, she also enjoyed a great happiness, of which she had as yet known nothing, the happiness of living in a loving family, where there was no terrible sorrow or fear to embitter tender hearts. She felt how fondly the king loved his only son, and how sweet it was to the king to know that his boy loved him. When the young prince leaned against his father's knees and told him all about his sports, Pet would remember that she also had had a father, and that he would have loved her like this if he had lived. She could have lived here in the Silver Castle forever, but that could not be. One day the little gold clock ran down and Pet was obliged to hasten away out of Silver-country.

She made great efforts to remember all the king's wise thoughts, and kept repeating his good laws over and over again to herself as she went along. She was now back again in her own country, and the first person she met was a very miserable-looking old woman who lived in a little mud hovel in a forest, and supported herself wretchedly by gathering a few sticks for sale. She was so weak, and so often ill that she could not earn much, and she was dreadfully lonely, as all her children were dead but one; and that one, a brave son whom she loved dearly, had gone away across the world in hope of making money for her. He had never come back, and she feared that he too was dead. Pet did not know these things, of course, until she had formed her wish and was living in the old woman,

This was the saddest existence that Pet had experienced yet, and she felt very anxious for the month to pass away. After the happiness she had enjoyed in Silver-country, the excessive hardship and loneliness of the old woman's life seemed very hard to bear. All day long she wandered about the woods, picking up sticks and tying them in little bundles, and, perhaps, in the end she would only receive a penny for the work of her day. Some days she could not leave her hut, and would lie there alone without anything to eat.

"Oh, my son, my dear son!" she would cry, "where are you now, and will you ever come back to me?"

Pet watched her clock very eagerly, longing for the month to come to an end; but the clock still kept going and going, as if it never meant to stop. For a good while Pet thought that it was only because of her unhappiness and impatience that the time seemed so long, but at last she discovered to her horror that her key was lost!

All her searches for it proved vain. It was quite evident that the key must have dropped through a hole in the old woman's tattered pocket, and fallen somewhere among the heaps of dried leaves, or into the wilderness of the brushwood of the forest.

"Tick, tick! tick, tick!" went that unmerciful clock from its perch on the wall, all through the long days and nights, and poor Pet was in despair at the thought of living locked up in the old woman all her life. Now, indeed, she could groan most heartily when the old woman groaned, and shed bitter tears which rolled plentifully down the old woman's wrinkled cheeks and over her nose.

"Oh, Time, Time, my friend!" she thought, "will you not come to my assistance?"

But though Time fully intended to stand her friend all through her troubles, still he did not choose to help her at that particular moment. And so days, weeks and months went past; and then the years began to go over, and Pet was still locked up in the miserable old woman.

Seven years had passed away and Pet had become in some degree reconciled to her sorrowful existence. She wandered about the forest picking up her sticks, and trying to cheer herself up a little by gathering bouquets of the pretty forest flowers. People passing by often saw the sad figure, all in gray hair and tatters, sitting on a trunk of a fallen tree, wailing and moaning, and, of course, they thought it was altogether

the poor old woman lamenting for her son. They never thought of its being also Pet, bewailing her dreary imprisonment.

One fine spring morning she went out as usual to pick her sticks, and looking up from her work, she saw suddenly a beautiful, noble-looking young figure on horseback spring up in a distant glade of violets, and come riding towards her as if out of a dream. As the youth came near she recognized his bright blue eyes and his silver mantle, and she said to herself:

"Oh! I declare, it is the young Prince of Silver-country; only he has grown so tall! He has been growing all these years, and is quite a young man. And I ought to have been growing too; but I am left behind, only a child still: if, indeed, I ever come to stop being an old woman!"

"Will you tell me, my good woman," said the young prince, "if you have heard of any person who has lost a little gold key in this forest. I have found—"

Pet screamed with delight at these words.

"Oh, give it to me, give it to me!" she implored. "It is mine! It is mine!"

The prince gave it to her, and no sooner did it touch her hand than the clock ran down, and Pet was released from her imprisonment in the old woman. Instantly the young prince saw before him a lovely young maiden of his own age, for Pet had really been growing all the time though she had not known it. The old woman also stared in amazement, not knowing where the lady could have come from, and the prince begged Pet to tell him who she was, and how she had come there so suddenly. Then all three, the prince, Pet, and the old woman, sat upon the trunk of a tree while Pet related the story of her life and its adventures.

The old woman was so frightened at the thought that another person had been living in her for seven years that she got quite ill; however, the prince made her a present of a bright gold coin, and this helped to restore her peace of mind.

"And so you lived a whole month among us and we never knew you?" cried the prince, in astonishment and delight. "Oh, I hope we shall never part again, now that we have met!"

"I hope we shan't!" said Pet; "and won't you come home with me now and settle with my Government? for I am dreadfully afraid of it."

So he lifted Pet up on his horse, and she sat behind him; then they bade good-by to the old woman, promising not to forget her, and rode off through the forests and over the fields to the palace of the kings and queens of Goldenlands.

Oh, dear, how delighted the people were to see their little queen coming home again. The Government had been behaving dreadfully all this long time, and had been most unkind to the kingdom. Everybody knew it was really Pet, because she had grown so like her mother, whom they had all loved; and besides they quite expected to see her coming, as messengers had been sent into all the corners of the world searching for her. As these messengers had been gone about eight or

nine years, the people thought it was high time for Queen Pet to appear. The cruel Government, however, was in a great fright, as it had counted on being allowed to go on reigning for many years longer, and it ran away in a hurry out of the back door of the palace, and escaped to the other side of the world; where, as nobody knew anything of its bad ways, it was able to begin life over again under a new name.

Just at the same moment a fresh excitement broke out among the joyful people when it was known that thirty-five of the queen's royal names, lost on the day of her christening, had been found at last. And where do you think they were found? One had dropped into a far corner of the waistcoat pocket of the old clerk, who had been so busy saying "Amen," that he had not noticed the accident. Only yesterday, while making a strict search for a small morsel of tobacco to replenish his pipe, had he discovered the precious name. Twenty-five more of the names had rolled into a mouse-hole, where they had lain snugly hidden among generations of young mice ever since; six had been carried off by a most audacious sparrow who had built his nest in the rafters of the church-roof; and none of these thirty-one names would ever have seen the light again only that repairs and decorations were getting made in the old building for the coronation of the queen. Last of all, four names were brought to the palace by young girls of the village, whose mothers had stolen them through vanity on the day of the christening, thinking they would be pretty for their own little babes. The girls being now grown up had sense enough to know that such finery was not becoming to their station; and, besides, they did not see the fun of having names which they were obliged to keep secret. So Nancy, Polly, Betsy, and Jane (the names they had now chosen instead) brought back their stolen goods and restored them to the queen's own hand. The fate of the remaining names still remains a mystery.

Now, I daresay, you are wondering what these curious names could have been; all I can tell you about them is, that they were very long and grand, and hard to pronounce; for, if I were to write them down here for you, they would cover a great many pages, and interrupt the story quite too much. At all events, they did very well for a queen to be crowned by; but I can assure you that nobody who loved the little royal lady ever called her anything but Pet.

Well, after this, Pet and the Prince of Silver-country put their heads together, and made such beautiful laws that poverty and sorrow vanished immediately out of Goldenlands. All the people in whom Pet had lived were brought to dwell near the palace, and were made joyous and comfortable for the rest of their lives. A special honor was conferred on the families of the spiders and the butterfly, who had so good-naturedly come to the assistance of the little queen. The old gowns were taken out of the wardrobe and given to those who needed them; and very much delighted they were to see the light again, though some of the poor things had suffered sadly from the moths since the day when they had made their complaint to Pet. Full occupation was given to the money and the bread-basket; and, in fact, there was not a speck of discontent to be found in the whole kingdom.

This being so, there was now leisure for the great festival of the marriage and coronation of Queen Pet and the Prince. Such a magnificent festival never was heard of before. All the crowned heads of the world were present, and among them appeared Pet's old friend Time, dressed up so that she scarcely knew him, with a splendid embroidered mantle covering his poor bare bones.

"Ah," he said to Pet, "you were near destroying all our plans by your carelessness in losing the key! However, I managed to get you out of the scrape. See now that you prove a good, obedient wife, and a loving mother to all your people, and, if you do, be sure I shall always remain your friend, and get you safely out of all your troubles."

"Oh, thank you!" said Pet; "you have, indeed, been a good friend to me. But — I never found that jewel that you bid me look for. I quite forgot about it!"

"I am having it set in your Majesty's crown," said Time, with a low bow.

Then the rejoicings began; and between ringing of bells, cheering, singing, and clapping of hands, there was such an uproarious din of delight in Goldenlands that I had to put my fingers in my ears and run away! I am very glad, however, that I stayed long enough to pick up this story for you; and I hope that my young friends will

"Never forget
Little Queen Pet,
Who was kind to all
The poor people she met!"

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

IN THE SNOW.

BRAVE little robins,
Cherrily singing,
Fear not the snow-storms
Winter is bringing.

Each to the other
Music is making,
Courage and comfort
Giving and taking.

"What," cries Cock Robin,
"Matters the weather,
Since we can always
Bear it together?"

"Sweet," his mate answers,
Ever brave-hearted,
"None need be pitied
Till they are parted."

ON the other side of the Atlantic, the little boys used not to celebrate Christmas by blowing unmelodious horns. They would assemble in gangs before their elder friends, and sing such Christmas Carols as the following, which seldom failed to bring the coveted Christmas gift:

"God save you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Christ Our Lord and Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."

A LITTLE BOY'S GREETING.

BEHOLD a very little boy
Who wishes to you here,
In simple words of heartfelt joy
A happy, bright New Year.

May heaven grant your days increase
With joys ne'er known before;
And may God give you health and peace
To-day and ever more.

BOYS READ THIS.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready made with womanhood or manhood; day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business — prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds a pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never become a noble, generous, kind man — a gentleman.

HOUSE KNOWLEDGE FOR BOYS.

THE Governor of Massachusetts, in an address before the Worcester Technical School, June 25th, said some words that are worthy of noting. He said: "I thank my mother that she taught me both to sew and to knit. Although my domestic life has always been felicitous, I have, at times, found this knowledge very convenient. A man who knows how to do these things, at all times honorable and sometimes absolutely necessary to preserve one's integrity, is ten times more patient when calamity befalls than one who has not these accomplishments."

A commendation of "girls' work" from such an authority emboldens the writer to add a word in favor of teaching boys how to do work that may be a relief to a nervous, sick, worried, and overworked mother or wife, and be of important and instant use in emergencies. A hungry man who cannot prepare his food, a dirty man who cannot clean his clothes, a dilapidated man who is compelled to use a shingle nail for a sewed-on button, is a helpless and pitiable object. There are occasions in almost every man's life when to know how to cook, to sew, to "keep the house," to wash, starch, and iron, would be valuable knowledge. Such knowledge is no more unmasculine and effeminate than that of the professional baker.

"During the great Civil War, the forethought of my mother in teaching me the mysteries of household work was a 'sweet boon,' as the late Artemus Ward would say. The scant products of foraging when on the march could be turned to appetizing food by means of the knowledge acquired in boyhood, and a handy use of needle and thread was a valuable accomplishment."

Circumstances of peculiar privation compelled the writer, as head

of a helpless family, to undertake the entire work. The instruction of boyhood enabled him to cook, wash, starch, iron, wait on the sick, and do the necessary menial labor of the house in a measureably cleanly and quiet manner. This knowledge is in no way derogatory to the assumptive superiority of the male portion of humanity; a boy who knows how to sweep, to "tidy up," to make a bed, to wash dishes, to set a table, to cook, to sew, to knit, to mend, to wait on the sick, to do chamber work, is none the less a boy; and he may be a more considerate husband, and will certainly be a more independent bachelor, than without this practical knowledge. Let the boys be taught housework; it is better than playing "seven up" in a saloon.

THE BEAN KING.

In the year 1830, the feast of the Epiphany was celebrated at the court of Charles X., according to the old Catholic custom. For the last time under the reign of this monarch one of these ceremonies was that a cake should be offered to the assembled guests, in which a bean had been concealed, and whoever found that he had taken the piece containing the bean was called the bean-king, and had to choose a queen. Besides the king, there were several members of both lines of the house of Bourbon at the table. The Duke of Aumale distributed the cake. All at once the Duke de Chartres called out:

"The Duke of Bordeaux (Chambord) is king."

"Why did you not say so, Henry?" the Duchess de Berry asked her son.

"Because I was sorry to be more fortunate than the others," replied the prince.

The little king chose his aunt, the Duchess of Orleans, for his queen of the day.

The accession of the little king was made known to the people without, and shouts of joy filled the streets of Paris. Charles X. was well pleased, and asked many questions of the little Duke de Bordeaux, the answers from a boy of ten years old already showing his noble character.

"As you are now a king, Henry, which of your predecessors do you propose to imitate?"

"I will be good like you, grandpapa, firm like Henry IV., and mighty like Louis XIV.," replied Henry, after some consideration.

"And whom would you name as your prime-minister?" asked the king again.

"The one who flattered me least."

"And for your private adviser?"

"The one who always tells me the truth — the Baron von Damas."

"Very good, Henry," interposed his mother, "but what would you ask of God in order that you might be able to reign well?"

"Mamma, for firmness and justice."

Providence has not willed that the Duke de Chambord should realize the ideas of the Bean king; but for the whole of his life he remained true to the promise of his youth.

GO TO WORK, YOUNG MAN!

THE present age seems to be very prolific in the production of numbers of young men who have somehow or other, educated themselves up to the belief that they were created to make their living by doing nothing. Every city, town, and village in the land is filled to overflowing with young men who are idle — hunting clerkships, or some place where they hope to obtain a living without work. Numbers are hanging around, living from hand to mouth, living upon some friend, waiting for a vacancy in some overcrowded store; and, when a vacancy occurs, offering to work for a salary that would cause a shrewd business man to suspect their honesty; and when remonstrated with by friends, and advised to go to work, they invariably answer, "I don't know what to do."

We would say to these who want to know what to do, go to work. There is work enough to do by which you can earn an honest living and gain the respect of all those whose respect is worth seeking. Quit loafing about, waiting and looking for a clerkship in a store with a wheelbarrow-load of goods. Get out into the country on a farm, and go to work. What to do? Why, in the Mississippi bottoms there are thousands of acres of virgin growth awaiting the stroke of the hardy axe-man, and thousands of acres of tillable land that need only the work of the sturdy plowman to yield its treasures, richer far than the mines of the Black Hills; and yet you say you don't know what to do?

Go to work — go to the woods — go to the fields — and make an honest living; for we have in our mind's eye numbers of men whose talents are better suited to picking cotton, than measuring calico; to cutting cord wood than weighing sugar; to keeping up fencing, than books, and to hauling rails, than dashing out whiskey by the drink; and we can assure you that the occupations you are better adapted for are much more honorable in the eyes of persons whose respect is worth having.

A LITTLE girl asked her father one day to taste a most deli apple. What remained was ruefully inspected a moment, whe asked: "Do you know, papa, how I can tell you are big without lo at you?"—"I cannot say," was the reply. "I can tell by the bi took out of my apple," was the crushing reply.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

The Poles.

WE have been taught from our boyhood days to regard the Polish people as second to none in obedience to their church; except the Irish, they have suffered more for the Faith than any other peoples in Europe. We are, therefore, grieved to see in some of our Western cities a spirit of rebellion unworthy of the sons of De Kalb and Kosciusko. There is something radically wrong. In the following article, from our esteemed contemporary, the *Lake Shore Visitor*, published at Erie, Pa., the editor hints at the causes of the troubles, which, we trust, may be corrected by the ordinaries of the dioceses where the troubles have occurred. The *Visitor* says: The Poles, who seek a living in this country, are men determined to make times lively in their old country fashion. In Buffalo, Detroit, and other cities, they have turned out in fighting trim, and expressed a loud determination to have things ecclesiastically their own way or perish. These church riots are a scandal, and, if the truth were known, they have their origin in nine cases out of ten in the encouragement and conduct of the men who are placed over these people as pastors. A bad priest can make mischief, and, generally speaking, a bad priest can not make his condition any worse by making all the trouble he possibly can. If he knew anything at all he should know that he can hope to gain nothing by inciting a set of ignorant people to riot. In Buffalo the fuss had its origin from a clerical source, and in Detroit a man with an outlandish name, whom the herd seem to admire, is acting anything but prudently. Perhaps only one-half of what is sent over the wires can be regarded as true, but even that would be bad enough. The Poles by their conduct are not making for themselves an enviable name; and they will soon be regarded, even by the civil authorities, as a rebellious people. Surely, in this free country, they can have nothing to complain of. They have all the rights and privileges that other men have, and if they were sufficiently sensible to mind their own affairs and take care of themselves, they would get along quietly, and soon make their influence felt. They cannot expect a free church, nor can they expect that any priest who is not what he should be will be allowed to lead them astray. When a bishop sees fit to make a change, these people should regard the action of the bishop as a move made in their interests, and should not only be willing to submit, but even pleased to see that such an interest is taken in them. When people such as they are, or any other for that matter, undertake to pronounce on the fitness of a pastor they, as Catholics, know they are going too far. In their youth they were taught the Catechism, and that little book certainly tells them whence the approval must come. The riot in Detroit will not, in all probability, amount to anything; but the few who were killed or hurt, will rest upon some one's shoulders as a responsibility, and that load cannot be very suddenly laid down. Unfortunately, for the poor people, they are not blessed, generally speaking, with the guidance of the good priests they knew in their own country, and having too much confidence in every man who claims to be a priest, they are easily led by the designer. The danger will pass over in a few years, when the Polish churches will be supplied with men as priests every way reliable, and men not forced from any country to seek a livelihood amongst strangers.

The Catholic Mirror.

THE *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, Md., is now the leading Catholic journal of the United States. Its recent achievement in being the first paper to publish the Pope's Encyclical *Immortale Dei* was something remarkable. Its Roman correspondent is a gentleman in the inner circles of the spiritual authorities of the church, while its Irish correspondent enjoys the confidence of the National party leaders. Among its special contributors is numbered Dr. John Gilmary Shea. In all respects it is a model Catholic newspaper, and it promises further improvements for this year.

SHORTLY after we commenced the publication of our MAGAZINE, we received a similar letter to the following from Mr. P. S. Gilmore. After more than a quarter of a century's acquaintance, the friendship of our old friend is as fresh as ever. His congratulations, we assure him, are cordially reciprocated:

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE:—Enclosed please find check for $10.00 which place to credit for MAGAZINE, and may I have the pleasure of renewing it many, many times, to which, I am sure, you will say, "Amen," which is equal to saying, "Long life to both of us." Wishing you a merry Christmas and many a happy New Year, I remain, dear Mr. Donahoe, always and ever, Sincerely yours,

P. S. GILMORE.

RT. REV. JAMES A. HEALY, Bishop of Portland, Me., sailed for Europe in the Allan Steamer Parisian, from Portland, (accompanied by his brother, Rev. Patrick Healy), on the 31st of December. The brothers will spend most of the winter in Naples, and will proceed to Rome.

THE LATE FATHER MACDONALD.—We give an extremely interesting article in our MAGAZINE this month on the life and labors of good Father MacDonald, lately deceased at Manchester, N. H. The authoress, we learn, is in a Convent of Mercy in New Orleans.

FAULT has been found with the translation of the late Encyclical letter of the Pope. Why could not arrangements be made in Rome for an authentic translation of all such documents for the English-speaking Catholics throughout the world? We are sure the Vatican would furnish such a translation if requested by the heads of the Church in America, Australia, etc. Will the *Catholic Mirror*, who has a correspondent in the Vatican, see that, in the future, we shall have an authorized translation for the English-speaking Catholics throughout the world?

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE.— The fourth year commences with the January number, which, we think, is the best issued. The *Advocate* is devoted to a record of mission labor among the colored race. The price is only 25 cents a year. Just send 25 cents to Editor *St. Joseph's Advocate*, 51 Courtland St., Baltimore, Md. Here is a notice from the last issue, which should encourage every Catholic in the country to subscribe not only for the *Advocate*, but send donations for the conversion of our colored brethren. "What thoughtfulness and charity, all things considered, for the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston to send ten dollars to this publication! The gift was, indeed, a surprise, total strangers as we are personally to his Grace and without any application or reminder, directly or indirectly, beyond the public appeal in our last, suggested by similar kindness on the part of two esteemed members of the Hierarchy! Will not others follow suit? What if our every opinion is not endorsed, so long as faith and morals are safe in our hands, and promoted in quarters *never reached before* by the Catholic press. Let it be remembered that the sphere in which we move is traversed in every direction by a non-Catholic press, white and colored, the latter alone claiming from one hundred to one hundred and thirty periodicals edited and published by colored men who have naturally a monopoly of their own market. Is the first Catholic voice ever heard in that chorus to be hushed when those very men welcome us, quote us, thank us, actually watch the point of the pen lest it wound Catholic feelings, employ the most emphatic terms to attest our sincerity as true friends of their people, and pointing to our episcopal and clerical support, assure their readers that 'the great Catholic Church' has ever been the friend of the poor and the oppressed? For all this, thanks to the Catholic spirit in the *course we have pursued!*"

A CHINESE INDUSTRY.—*New York Tablet:* It is not alone the Irish and Americans who are combatting against England's monopoly of the world's trade. She has met with an enemy in an unexpected quarter. Ah Sin has struck at one of her staple commodities, and promises to become an energetic competitor for one of her most flourishing branches of business. For many years Birmingham was the great depot for the manufacture of idols for the heathen nations, and thousands of Englishmen lived on the profits of this trade. Now, we are told, a Chinaman at Sacramento, California, has established a factory for manufacturing idols and devils for use in Chinese processions and temples. If this be true, thousands of workmen will be thrown out of employment in Christian England.

The Catholic Columbian: If no Catholic has ever yet been elected President of the United States, the widow of one President, Mrs. Polk, is a convert, and three cabinet officers were Catholics: James Campbell, Postmaster General from 1853 to 1857; Roger B. Taney, Attorney General and Secretary of the Treasury, from 1831 to 1834; and James M. Schofield, Secretary of War, from 1868 to 1869.

THIS year, Easter Sunday falls upon St. Mark's Day, April 25th, — which is its latest possible date. The last time this occurred was in 1736 (old style), and it will not fall again on the same day of April until 1943.

MR. PARNELL considers William O'Brien's victory in South Tyrone, and T. M. Healy's conquest of South Londonderry, the two greatest personal triumphs of the Irish parliamentary campaign.

Chicago Citizen: It is officially announced by Mr. Alexander Sullivan that the Hon. Richard J. Oglesby, governor of Illinois, has accepted the invitation to preside at the monster meeting to be held in the Exposition Building on the occasion of Mr. Parnell's visit to this city. The date is set for January 21. By a unanimous vote of the committee of arrangements it was decided that no resident of the city of Chicago would speak at that meeting. All the honors will be given, as they ought to be, to the governor of the State, the Irish leader and his lieutenants, and to distinguished Irish-Americans from outside cities as may desire to address the people of Chicago.

PRIESTS IN POLITICS.—*Montreal True Witness:* There are those who object, with all generosity, to the clergy taking part in political movements. There could be no more illogical cry. It has been the too great severance of religion from the affairs of the public that has enabled so many unfit persons to obtain parliamentary election and tended to degrade politics. These people go to make laws affecting morality, education, and the conditions of social existence too often without the slightest fitness for that great duty and task. The clergy are the spiritual guides of the people, the custodians of the most important influences which affect humanity. To say that they should abstain from endeavoring to affect administration in a beneficial manner, is to say not only that they should de-citizenize themselves, but that they should violate their pledges and abandon their sworn duty. Those who think the clergy are not doing honor to their office by participating in politics take a very narrow view of the case. Without, perhaps, intending to do so, they play into the hands and promote the ends of those conspirators who are endeavoring to destroy Christianity and the moral system based upon it.

IN reply to a letter, calling Cardinal Newman's attention to the recent revival of the vigorous old lie which attributes to him the statement that he regarded the Established Church as the great bulwark against atheism in England, his Eminence has written as follows: My dear——. Thank you for your letter. I know by experience how difficult it is, when once a statement gets into the papers, to get it out of them. What more can I do than deny it? And this I have done. I always refer inquirers to what I have said in my "Apologia." The Anglican bishops say that Disestablishment would be a "national crime," but Catholics will say that the national crime was committed three hundred years ago. Yours most truly,—

J. H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

DROP THE OATHS.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen:* Labor organizations ought not to be lightly condemned. Our Ameri-

can trade unions are among the most salutary associations that we have. In Chicago, recently, they incurred the displeasure of the Socialists, because they would not allow socialism to flaunt itself at one of their demonstrations.

They all tend to promote providence, social union and independence. They "keep the wolf away from the door" of hundreds.

The case of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is one in point. During the twenty years of its existence the Brotherhood has paid out nearly $2,000,000 in insurance to the families of engineers who have been killed or permanently disabled. The motto of the brotherhood is: "Sobriety, Truth, Justice and Morality."

The more stress that is laid upon sobriety in all labor organizations the better.

It is to be regretted that some trade unions take the form of secret societies, and thus tempt Catholic workingmen (of whom there are thousands), to violate dictates of conscience. Labor leaders ought to reason that this is not right. These organizations need Catholic artisans, and Catholic workingmen need these organizations, provided they are honestly, soberly, and candidly conducted.

THE number of members of the new House of Commons never before elected to Parliament is 332. This has had no parallel since the first Parliament under the Reform Bill of 1832. The ultimate figures of the election are: Liberals, 334; Conservatives, 250; Parnellites, 86. The coalition of the last two has thus a majority of two. This, compared with the last Parliament, will leave the Liberals weaker by 17 votes, and the Conservatives stronger by 12 votes. The Liberals have gained 80 votes in the counties and lost 91 in the towns. An immense number of Liberal members of the last Parliament are beaten. The list is over 80, including 11 Ministers.

AN HEROIC SISTER.— Mgr. Sogara, Bishop of Trapezepolis and Vicar-Apostolic of Central Africa, telegraphs that a despatch has reached him from Egypt containing the gratifying intelligence of the liberation of two sisters who were imprisoned in the Soudan, and whose freedom has been procured by Abdel Giabbari, Mgr. Sogaro's envoy in the Soudan. The striking historical spectacle presented by General Gordon's long and lonely journey on his camel across the desert to Khartoum has been eclipsed in its sublimity by the feat which has just been performed by Sister Cipriani, who has just traversed the same weary, arid waste on foot, accompanied by a single Arab attendant. Gordon's name will live forever in story, side by side with the great knights, historical and legendary, of the olden time. The labors of the noble and heroic Sister Cipriani, though attended with as much personal danger, and performed in a higher sphere, will, perhaps, meet with little earthly recognition. Be it so. She wants no fleeting fame. Sufficient for her is the consciousness that she has done her duty by those whom she was sent to soothe and comfort by her gentle and devoted ministrations.

THE *Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, Wis., has entered upon its sixteenth year. We are pleased to see it is well sustained, as it deserves to be. Long life to the *Citizen*.

RIGHT REV. DR. SULLIVAN, recently consecrated Bishop of Mobile, declined to accept a purse of one thousand dollars from his late congregation in Washington, advising them to present it to his successor for the benefit of the church. He said he came among them with nothing, and preferred to take nothing away with him. Such admirable unselfishness shows what a devoted pastor the parishioners of St. Peter's, Washington, have lost and the Diocese of Mobile has gained.

CATHOLIC "SOCIETY."— Some of our people, especially among those who are rich in worldly goods and deal in worldly literature, are heard to complain that there is no "society" among Catholics. Well, every one knows that most of our people are poor, and have not time or occasion to study the laws of etiquette or the language of diplomacy. Those good people who seek society elsewhere, however, would do well to lend their fellow-Catholics the light of their example and shine by the contrast they create. Better far than cutting a very poor, figure in Protestant society will they find it to teach their own co-religionists the amenities of social life. They had better be first with their own than a poor second with strangers; honored among the faithful than despised by the dissenter. Ah! this aping after society, besides being pitiful and ridiculous, soon takes the faith

out of our people. Their children marry outside the household of faith, and, with their children's children, are lost to the Church. What does it profit to gain the whole world and lose your soul?

MR. JOHN DILLON, presided at a meeting of the Nationalists in Dublin, and spoke warmly in praise of the courage of the Ulster Nationalists, who had fought their battles throughout with vigor and determination. The Protestant farmers in Ulster were men whose promises could be relied upon. He could never forget the sacrifices they had made for him at the last election, or the fact that five hundred of them had voted for Mr. Healy. Though he himself had been defeated in North Tyrone, he had been gratified even in defeat. The men who had voted in those places, where there was no chance for a Nationalist, deserved the thanks of the Irish people for the loyalty with which they had obeyed the command of the leaders, and trampled upon their old prejudices and local feelings. Whigs had disappeared from Ulster, and would never re-appear, unless in honorable alliance with the Nationalists.

THE grand old man, Gladstone, celebrated his seventy-sixth year on the 29th of December. May he live to accomplish the pacification of Ireland.

ORANGE BLUSTER.—Mr. John E. Macartney, who was the Tory member for Tyrone in the last Parliament, but who was ousted in the late elections by the National candidate, declares that the adoption of any form of Home Rule would be in direct violation of the Constitution, under the provisions of which thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen have invested money in Ireland. To grant Ireland Home Rule, he says, would be to destroy the minority in Ireland, and the English people would be held responsible for the consequences. An Orange demonstration was held in Armagh, where several prominent "Loyalists" made violent speeches in opposition to the Home Rule doctrine. Following its leaders, the meeting adopted a series of resolutions declaring that a resort to Home Rule principles would be certain, sooner or later, to end in civil war, and exhorting the "loyalist" party to do its utmost to resist the efforts of the Home Rule advocates. The resolutions also commended the "loyalists" in Ireland to "the sympathy of all Protestants throughout the British Kingdom!" "The Ulster Orangemen are ready to come to the front," said one of the speakers, amid great applause, "and when their services are wanted sixty thousand men can readily be put into the field, for active service, in the defence of the cause of loyalty to the government."

VERY REV. JOSEPH D. MEAGHER, for years pastor of St. Louis Bertrand's Church, in Louisville, Ky., has been elected Provincial of the Order of St. Dominic in the Unites States, at St. Rose's, Washington County, Ky.

THE article in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, said to have been inspired by Mr. Parnell, beseeching Irishmen to remember Mr. Gladstone's difficulties, and to "be prepared to accept a reasonable compromise on our extreme rights, if a sacrifice of our principal rights be not involved," is in the true spirit. If this advice be followed, the outlook will be hopeful for Home Rule.

THE most remarkable thing about the Irish elections is the fact that not one supporter of Mr. Gladstone was elected.

THE College of the Propaganda announces that up to November 1st, in the vicariate of Cochin China, 9 missionaries, 7 native priests, 60 catechists, 270 members of religious orders and 24,000 Christians were massacred; 200 parishes, 17 orphan asylums, and 10 convents were destroyed and 225 churches were burned.

ON the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee in 1887, ten cases of beatification will be decided. Three "Beati" belonging to the Jesuits will be canonized, viz: Blessed Bergmans, Claver, and Rodriguez. The Venerable de la Salle, Clement Hofbauer, C. SS. R., and Ines de Beningain, a Spanish nun, will be beatified.

LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.—At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., editor of the *Nation*, was elected Lord Mayor of the city for this year. Mr. Sullivan is known all over the world, wherever Irishmen congregate, by his fine and stirring humorous

and pathetic ballads for the Irish people. Personally, Mr. Sullivan is a gentle and gentlemanly man, much beloved by his family and a large circle of friends. He has always preserved the high-minded and patriotic traditions of the *Nation* newspaper, the columns of which were enriched by many of his brilliant songs and ballads long before he succeeded his brother, the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, as its editor. Mr. Sullivan is the father-in-law of Mr. Healy, M. P., Mr. Parnell's able lieutenant.

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.—A Madrid correspondent gives an account of the ceremony at the Escuriél, on the occasion of the funeral of the King of Spain. "The procession from the station," he writes, "wound slowly up the hill to the monastery. When the funeral car reached the principal door it was closed. The Lord Chamberlain knocked for admittance. A voice inside asked, 'Who wishes to enter?' The answer given was 'Alfonso XII.' The doors were then thrown open. The prior of the monastery appeared. The body was carried into the church and placed on a raised bier before the high altar. The coffin was then covered with the four cloaks of the noble orders. A thousand tapers were lighted, and the church assumed a magnificent appearance. Black hangings embossed with the arms of Spain covered the stone walls. The Mass was said and the *Miserere* sung. The coffin was raised once more and carried to the entrance of the stairs leading down to the vaults. No one descended there," continues the correspondent, "except the Prior, the Minister of Grace and Justice, and the Lord Chamberlain. The coffin was placed on a table in a magnificent black marble vault, in which the kings of Spain lie in huge marble tombs all around. Now came the most thrilling part of the ceremony. The Lord Chamberlain unlocked the coffin, which was covered with cloth of gold, raised the glass covering from the King's face, then, after requesting perfect silence, knelt down and shouted three times in the dead monach's ear, '*Señor, Señor, Señor!*' Those waiting in the church upstairs heard the call, which was like a cry of despair, for it came from the lips of the Duke of Sexto, the King's favorite companion. The duke then rose, saying, according to the ritual, "His majesty does not answer. Then it is true, the King is dead." He locked the coffin, handed the keys to the prior, and, taking up his wand of office broke it in his hand and flung the pieces at the foot of the table. Then every one left the monastery, as the bells tolled, and the guns announced to the people that Alfonso XII. had been laid with his ancestors in the gloomy pile of Philip II."

THE Catholic committees of the north of France, assembled in Congress at Lille, have addressed to the Pope a letter of adhesion to the Encyclical, in which the whole teaching of the Papal document is recapitulated at considerable length.

THE question of submitting to arbitration the case, "Ireland *vs.* English Rule in Ireland," is again mooted. One man is named as arbiter. He is known as Leo XIII., whose master-piece of power and wisdom appeared in our January MAGAZINE.

A LETTER from South Mayo tells that on the polling day a curious sight was the descent from the mountains of Partry of one hundred voters, mounted on hardy ponies, who arrived in a body at the polling station with National League cards in their hats.

NEWS from Gorey tells of a wonderful welcome given to Sir Thomas Esmonde, on his arrival at home after his election. The horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn by the people amidst a multitude cheering and waving hats in wild excitement. The town and surrounding hills were illuminated, and the young baronet was escorted to his residence, Ballynestragh, by bands of music and a torchlight procession, including many thousands of people. His tenants came out to meet him before he reached Ballynestragh, bearing torches, and a great display of fireworks greeted his entrance into his demesne. Sir Thomas Esmonde threw open his entire house for the night, and dancing was kept up by the tenants till morning.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, in his recent message to Congress, makes allusion to the rejection of Mr. Keiley by Austria. He says: A question has arisen with the Government of Austria-Hungary touching the representation of the United States at Vienna. Having, under my

constitutional perogative, appointed an estimable citizen of unimpeached probity and competence as Minister to that Court, the Government of Austria-Hungary invited this government to cognizance of certain exceptions, based upon allegations against the personal acceptability of Mr. Keiley, the appointed Envoy, asking that, in view thereof, the appointment should be withdrawn. The reasons advanced were such as could not be acquiesced in without violation of my oath of office, and the precepts of the Constitution, since they necessarily involved a limitation in favor of a foreign government upon the right of selection by the Executive, and required such an application of a religious test as a qualification for office under the United States as would have resulted in the practical disfranchisement of a large class of our citizens, and the abandonment of a vital principle in our Government. The Austro-Hungarian Government finally decided not to receive Mr. Keiley as the Envoy of the United States, and that gentleman has since resigned his commission, leaving the post vacant. I have made no new nomination, and the interests of this Government at Vienna are now in the care of the Secretary of Legation, acting as *charge d'affaires ad interem.*

INAUGURATION.— Monday, January 4, was inauguration day in the principal cities in Massachusetts. In Boston, the usual ceremonies took place. Mayor O'Brien delivered one of his best addresses. Rev. Father Welch, S. J., of the church of the Immaculate Conception, acted as chaplain on the occasion.

MICHAEL DAVITT, in a recent interview, said: "If Home Rule is granted to Ireland, it is difficult for me to see how the Irish members can continue to sit in the parliament at Westminster, unless the colonies are similarly represented in that body. The appointment of a prince of the royal family as viceroy of Ireland would be a mistake, as Ireland requires a statesman of tact and brains to administer the government, not a royal show.

"ONCE A CITIZEN, ALWAYS A CITIZEN," is what Bismarck says. The great Chancellor is determined to have no fooling. If a German becomes an American citizen, or a citizen of any other land, old Bis. thinks he has no business in Germany, and will not have him there. When a man runs away from his native land rather than carry arms for her protection, and flies to another country, becomes naturalized, and then returns home to make a living, the scheme is so thin that the example is dangerous. An iron-handed man knows how to deal with such cases, and he winds them up with a bounce.

THE Sacred College at present consists of 60 members, of whom 26 were created by Pius IX., and 34 by Leo XIII., and that there are 10 vacancies. Of the Cardinals 34 are Italian; 11 Austrian, German, or Polish; 5 French; 4 English or Irish; 4 Spanish, and 2 Portuguese.

THE *English Catholic Directory* for 1886 says there are at present in Great Britain no less than 1,575 churches, chapels, and stations; not including such private or domestic chapels as are not open to the Catholics of the neighborhood — an increase of 11 on 1884. These places of worship are served by 2,576 priests as against 2,522 last year. Since the beginning of the year 91 priests have been ordained, of whom 56 are secular and 35 regular.

A ROSY OUTLOOK.— *Chicago News:* The new year dawns upon the United States as the most favored nation in the world. Business is reviving in every department. Our storehouses and granaries are full to overflowing. We are free from all foreign entanglements. The public health is good, and with reasonable care there is nothing to dread from foreign pestilence. We can look back upon 1885 with grateful hearts, and forward to 1886 with hope and confidence.

CATHOLICS IN PARLIAMENT.— Catholics have no need to complain of the result of the elections, so far as it affects their special interest, observes the *Liverpool Catholic Times.* In the late House of Commons representatives of the Faith had sixty seats. In the new House they will have eighty-two. Of these, Catholic Ireland contributes seventy-nine, England two, and Scotland one. We have already commented upon the return for the Oban Division of Argyllshire of Mr. D. H. MacFarlane, who enjoys the distinction of being the first Catholic member of Parliament returned by Scotland since the

so-called Reformation. English Catholics cannot, however, be congratulated upon the part they took in the electoral struggle. To the last Parliament they sent but one representative, Mr. H. E. H. Jerningham; and to that which will commence its labors in a couple of months they have returned only two—Mr. Charles Russell, Q. C., for South Hackney, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, for the Scotland Division of Liverpool. And more than half the credit of securing the return of these two gentlemen is due to the Irish electors in this country.

FOR the first time in the history of Boston a colored man has obtained a political office — he has actually received a policeman's baton. This is wonderful news, indeed, for, although Massachusetts has been prominent in denouncing the South for her treatment of the colored man, whom she has extensively favored with office, Boston, at least, has now had the first opportunity of practicing her doctrine; and let us hope that the man's name — Homer — will be classical enough to counteract her surprise. — *Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

Massachusetts has done more than that for the colored race. Several of them have been elected to the general court; one has been on the bench for some time; and there are several practising lawyers in our courts. Can Maryland say as much for our colored brethren?

THE POPE CONGRATULATED. — Emperor William of Germany and Queen Christiana of Spain have sent telegrams to Pope Leo, expressing their thanks for his services, and for his equitable decision as arbitrator in the Carolines controversy.

OUR MAGAZINE.—This hearty notice is from Father Phelan's *Western Watchman:* DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for January, came to us last week as bright as a new shilling, much enlarged, and, as usual, overflowing with such original and interesting reading for Irish-Americans as is to be found in no other paper or magazine published on the planet. We predict for the publisher many years of prosperity to continue the good work.

NEW ENGLAND MEN AND WOMEN are dying out, or they are not producers. Even the fisheries no longer breed American seamen for the naval service. Three-fourths of the crews that man the fishing fleets are Portuguese, Spaniards and Italians.

Boston Herald: — Ireland would be better fixed politically, if its condition should be made like a State in our Union, rather than like a province the same as Canada. Canada has no representation in the imperial Parliament. Great Britain ought to have a Parliament for imperial purposes, with representatives from her dependencies, and another for her local affairs. It has long been apparent that the British Parliament cannot properly consider both general and local matters.

IT appears that the reported wholesale boycotting of Irish workingmen in England stated in a dispatch of the New York *Sun* to have been resolved upon at a meeting of a Liberal Club, was entirely without foundation in fact, not even heard of at the National Liberal Club or at the London Office of the *Freeman's Journal*, the chief Nationalist organ.

PARNELLITE MEETING.— A day or two before the opening of the new Parliament this month, a general meeting of the Irish parliamentary party, including as many of the Nationalist members as are then in London, will be held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, when, it is stated in London Nationalist circles, a definite course of parliamentary action will be decided upon, and the Parnellite programme for the session will be finally adopted, subject only to such deviations as the exigencies of the political situation may render admissable and desirable. In the event of a short adjournment of the House, after the election of the speaker and the swearing in of the members, it is understood that the January meeting of the Irish parliamentary party referred to will be adjourned to the day previous to that on which the business of the House will begin about the usual date in February.

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.— The new house is progressing favorably, and is nearly under roof. There will be a lecture in aid of the building on Sunday evening, January 17. Hon. Mr. Keiley, lately appointed Minister to Italy and Austria, will deliver the lecture. Subject: The Present Prospects of Irish Freedom. The lecture will take place at the Boston

Theatre. Tickets, 75, 50, and 35 cents. The announcement of so interesting a subject, and the fame of the lecturer should fill the house to overflowing. His Honor, Mayor O'Brien, will preside.

OUR MAGAZINE.—*Notre Dame Scholastic:* With the January number, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE begins its fifteenth volume. It is an interesting and instructive periodical, and deserves well of the reading public. The "Memoir of His Eminence John Cardinal McCloskey," by Dr. John Gilmary Shea, which appears in the present number, is a priceless memento of our first American prince of the Church, and imparts valuable information concerning some points of the early history of the Church in our country. Besides, there is a collection of readable articles, which it would take too long to name. The editor promises still greater attractions for the new volume, and we sincerely hope his enterprise will meet with all the encouragement it so well deserves. The MAGAZINE is published at Boston, Mass.

THE Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, Treasurer of the National League in America, announces that he has sent $80,000 to the League in Ireland since Oct. 1.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.—In answer to a question on the eventual solution of the French political difficulty, the Bishop of Angers says: "When I spoke of the affairs of French Catholics, and, above all, of those of my diocese," said his Lordship, "I was within my domain. But of the future of Catholic France the less conversation and the more prayer the better. I believe that Providence will bless the Apostolic spirit of our missionaries, and the obscure zeal of our Sisters of Charity. I believe, with Monseigneur Dupanloup, that the French Church, with fifty thousand priests, and more, daily saying Mass, and hundreds of thousands of innocent children praying in her churches, must emerge triumphant from this terrible crisis. Ask me nothing of Pretenders or of the Republic. The work of a Catholic Bishop in France is too absorbing to be overwhelmed by difficulties of political detail. We must be patriots, worthy citizens, and faithful Catholics, and leave the rest to God. The great bulk of the French people is not deceived. A cloud is passing over the nation; but the bright sun will soon pierce through that cloud, and a reaction will set in. The sooner the better, say I."

CATHEDRAL T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—The Cathedral Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society is making extensive preparations for its third annual social, which takes place in Parker Fraternity Hall, Wednesday evening, February 10th. Tickets are selling very rapidly, and the committee of arrangements will spare nothing to make the occasion an enjoyable one to all who attend. The officers of the society are as follows: Spiritual director, Rev. James F. Talbot, D. D.; President, John F. Marrin; vice-president, William J. Keenan; recording secretary, James P. Gorman; financial secretary, Jeremiah Conners; treasurer, Patrick Cooney; sergeant-at-arms, Dennis Desmond.

ABSTEMIOUSNESS AT CHRISTMAS.—The following circular was issued by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminister:—A Plenary indulgence may be gained by all persons who — besides making a good Confession and received worthily the Holy Communion, and praying for the intention of his Holiness — shall, on Christmas Eve, on Christmas Day, and on the following day, abstain from all intoxicating drinks. The faithful are earnestly exhorted to endeavor to obtain the Plenary Indulgence; and to offer up this little self-denial as an act of intercession, reparation, and expiation for those who sin against God by drunkenness and intemperance especially at this time.

WE regret to learn from the *Catholic Mirror* that Mr. William Doherty, formerly of St. John, New Brunswick, is lying dangerously ill at his residence, No. 142 Edmondson Avenue. Mr. Doherty came to Baltimore about eleven years ago, in part on account of the climate. He has been suffering for years with heart disease. He has received the last Sacraments from the hands of his son, Rev. William J. Doherty, S. J., rector of the Church of Our Lady, at Guelph, Ontario, Canada, who reached Baltimore the day before. Mr. William Doherty was born in Ireland, June 8th, 1800, and went to New Brunswick when a young man. He was for many years one of the most

prominent Catholics in St. John, and was president of St. Vincent de Paul Society in that city. He has two daughters with him, and two who are nuns. One of the latter is Madame Letitia Doherty, assistant superioress of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Kenwood, Albany, N. Y.; the other is in the Elmhurst Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Providence, R. I.

THERE are at present two hundred "widowed" parishes in the Diocese of Posen, Germany. Of these, only forty-five have any auxiliary supply, so that no less than one hundred. and fifty-five parishes, with a population of 200,000 souls and more are without any priest at all.

IF the Associated Press may be trusted, Bishop O'Farrell has expressed the opinion that the two American cardinals will be the Archbishop of Baltimore and the Archbishop of New York.—*Catholic Mirror.*

The Associated Press is not to be credited on Catholic or Irish matters. It is more than probable that one of the hats will crown the head of the venerable Archbishop of Boston.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY has received ten thousand Rosaries from Belgium. They are blessed by the regular canons of the Holy Cross Order, and they have the extraordinary indulgence of five hundred days and the Bridgetine indulgence of one hundred days, together with the Holy Father's blessing, attached to the devout recital of every "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" upon them. Address Rev. A.Granger,C.S.C., Notre Dame, Ind.

THE Italian Government has just published the list of deaths from cholera during the years 1884 and 1885. In the former year, there were 27,000 cases, and 14,000 deaths. In the latter year there have been over 6,000 cases, and 3,000 deaths. Palermo was the great sufferer this year, as Naples was in 1884. Better nutrition during both epidemics caused a noted diminution in cases and in deaths.

THE *Germania* says that the Holy Father has expressed a wish to know the state of Catholic Missions in the German Colonies. He feels very keenly the arbitrary conduct of the Imperial Gover ment, and has expressed to the Prussian Minister his astonishment at the prejudice exhibited in Berlin.

REFERRING to the Letter of the Holy Father to Cardinal Manning and the Bishops of England, which we give elsewhere, the *Moniteur de Rome* says that it constitutes "the recompense and the consecration" of the noble and heroic efforts of his Eminence and the English Episcopate in the cause of Christian education.

THE 22nd of February is the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. We give many incidents of his life in this issue of our MAGAZINE.

THE IRISH CONVENTION.— Patrick Egan, president of the Irish National League of America, has received a cablegram from T. M. Harrington, M. P., secretary of the National League in Ireland, in which he states that Mr. Parnell will not be able to attend the League convention intended to be held in Chicago in January next, and that he is "inclined to think it best to postpone the convention until after the meeting of parliament in February." It is, doubtless, the desire of the Irish party to know with some definiteness the probable outcome of the present situation before making any authoritative announcement of their plans, or before sending any message to their American brothers; and it also seems that they regard Mr. Parnell's constant presence on the scene of negotiations as indispensable. The convention, in accordance with this suggestion, is, therefore, postponed to a date to be determined upon hereafter between the executive of the American League and Mr. Parnell. Mr. Egan will call the National Committee of the American League together some day in January, by which time there may be information from Ireland enabling a definite date to be fixed for the convention.

MUNSTER BANK.— In reply to a letter from Mr. T. N. Stack to the liquidators, inquiring when the sum of £500,000 now in their hands would be distributed amongst the creditors, the liquidators of the Munster Bank have written to say that there is £650,000 in hands, that the mere routine work of arranging for a dividend occupies a considerable time, but that they expect to pay an instalment in March.

PRIVILEGES FOR MAYNOOTH.—In reply to a petition from the Irish Episcopate, the Holy Father, through the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, has granted to the Superiors of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, the privilege of presenting students for ordination to the Diaconate and Subdiaconate on days which are ordinary doubles. This important concession, however, can be made use of only once in the year.

GRANT'S EVIL GENIUS.—The enemies of the Catholic Church should get up a big purse of bright new dollars as a testimonial to Parson Newman, as—only for the influence of his evil genius—it is very likely that General Grant would have died a Catholic. The *Saint Joseph's Advocate*, in a brief notice of the death of General Grant, says that Grant was not a bigot—his Indian Agency policy and Des Moines speech to the apparent contrary notwithstanding. Parson Newman was, in matters of religion, his evil genius; and the evil genius had this apology (though no excuse) that he was pushed at him from *behind*. It is our sincere opinion that if the Catholic side of this great man's family had possessed a Newman in zeal, eloquence and polish, Mount McGregor would have witnessed its most historic *Catholic* death, July 22, 1885.

THE CHINESE MUST GO.—*San Francisco Monitor:* There seems to be a general determination among the people all over this coast that the Chinese must go. Already they have been forcibly expelled from several towns in Washington territory and Oregon, as well as from towns in this State. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and the laboring portion of the white race will not suffer their right of life, liberty and happiness to be destroyed by the interference of Chinese coolies.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—A large and commodious seminary for the Foreign Missions is about to be opened in Bavaria. In the latter country a grand old abbey has for years stood empty and deserted. Father Amhreim, a Benedictine, under the auspices of the Propaganda, and with the consent of the Bavarian Government, has restored the abbey, and is now fitting it up as a seminary. The students who will enter this new Missionary College will devote themselves to the African missions, as their brethren in the college of Steil give themselves wholly to the Chinese mission. German Catholics may be proud of their missionary enterprise.

DYNAMITE!—Millionnaire Cyrus W. Field, of New York, raised a monument to Andre, the English spy, with great pains and expense. Some other party razed it, a few nights ago—with a dynamite cartridge. Robert Simons, while trying to kill fish at Little Rock, Ark., with dynamite, exploded some of the stuff in his pocket, and his right arm was blown off in a jiffy.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE says: "Politics now simply means food and clothes and decent houses for Irishmen and women at home; they mean the three great corporal works of mercy; they mean the protection of the weak against the strong, and the soil of Ireland for the Irish race rather than for a select gang of strangers and spoliators."

THE LANDLORD WAR is raging in Ireland. The Boycotting campaign is being pushed. This chorus is intoned by "T. D. S." and caught up throughout the land:

"'Tis vain to think that all our lives
We'll coin our sweat to gold,
And let our children and our wives
Feel want and wet and cold;
We first must help ourselves, and then,
If we have cash to spare,
Let landlord, and such idle men,
Come asking for a share;
So landlords, and grandlords,
We pledge our faith to-day—
A low rent, or no rent,
Is all the rent we'll pay."

A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.—Sympathetic Friend: I say, Toombs, old man, you're not looking well. Want cheerful society, that's it! I shall come and spend the evening with you, and bring my new poem, "Ode to a Graveyard!"

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.—One of the unexpected effects of the public excitement consequent upon the general election has been the revelation of some of the most grotesque vagaries of Protestantism that have ever come under our notice. One clergyman told his parishioners not to scruple about telling lies as

to the party for which they intended to vote. Another characterized the Liberals as "a set of devils." Archdeacon Denison, an octogenarian ecclesiastic, informed his audience at a public meeting that they "might as well cheer for the devil as for Mr. Gladstone."

MGR. SEGHERS, who, imbued with apostolic zeal and self-sacrifice, resigned the archdiocese of Oregon, to dedicate himself to the conversion of the Indians, has arrived at Vancouver Island, and has already begun his holy work assisted by a party of devoted Belgian missionaries.

THE decree for the introduction of the cause for the beatification and canonization of Joan of Arc has been signed at last. The late Mgr. Dupanloup labored hard in this affair, and doubtless the progress made is partly owing to his unwearied efforts.

A SCOTCH COLONY is about being planted in Florida. A man named Tait is the organizer of the projected settlement, and is expected to bring fifty families with him from Glasgow. These are only the pioneers, and it is expected that in two years one thousand families from Scotland will be located in Florida. We welcome every industrious emigrant who comes here to better his fortune, and hope the projected colony will be a success. But we also hope they will be more patriotic than were the Scotch in 1775, who raised the English flag at the Cross Roads in North Carolina, and fought against American Independence.

THE LATE VICTOR HUGO.—Very noble, and certainly very true, was the appeal which Victor Hugo made for religious instruction in 1850: "God will be found at the end of all. Let us not forget Him, and let us teach Him to all. There would otherwise be no dignity in living, and it would be better to die entirely. What soothes suffering, what sanctifies labor, what makes man good, strong, wise, patient, benevolent, just, at the same time humble and great, worthy of liberty, is to have before him the perpetual vision of a better world, throwing its rays through the darkness of this life. As regards myself, I believe profoundly in this better world; and I declare it in this place to be a supreme certainty of my soul. I wish, then, sincerely, or, to speak strongly, I wish ardently for religious instruction."

IT is thought that the Parliament which has just been elected will be short-lived. In a comparatively brief space of time there will be another appeal to the constituencies.

REMINISCENCES of Irish-American Regiments in the Union Army during the Rebellion, are spoken of in an article elsewhere. The article is furnished to us by the editor and proprietor of the *Sandy Hill* (N. Y.) *Herald*, John Dwyer, Esq.

BANK OF IRELAND SHARES. — Shares of the Bank of Ireland, which a year ago were quoted at £340, are quoted at £274. This is a government Orange Bank. It refused to assist the Munster Bank, which was the principal cause of its failure.

A STATUE of the late Lord O'Hagan will shortly be placed in the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin.

A CATHOLIC ceases to be a Catholic the moment he becomes a Free Mason. He may continue to believe all articles of Catholic faith and even go to church; but he is cut off from the body of the faithful by the fact of excommunication, and cannot receive the Sacraments while living, nor sepulchre in consecrated ground when dead. By resigning from the lodge, and giving up the symbols, he can be restored to the communion of the Church.

THE Lady Mayoress of Dublin has been presented with a silver cradle, commemorative of the birth of a daughter during her official year. The gift was from the members of both parties in the Corporation and the citizens.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., says that Ireland will be satisfied with nothing less than the same amount of independence granted by England to Canada Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., says that the same amount of independence as New York or Illinois has in the Federal Union would do. These two declarations may be regarded as the maximum and minimum of the present national demand. Mr. Parnell has, very wisely, made no sign. He lies in wait for future developments.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Lynch, Cole & Meehan, New York.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1886. Price, 25 cents.

We refer the reader to the advertisement on another page for the contents, etc., of this Irish year book. It is indispensable in every Irish family at home and abroad, like our own MAGAZINE. The publishers are also the editors and proprietors of the *Irish-American* newspaper, which has stood the tug of war for nearly forty years. The price is only 25 cents. It is worth three times 25 cents. Address the publishers or any bookseller.

Fr. Pustet & Co., N. Y. and Cincinnati.

THE POPE: THE VICAR OF CHRIST; THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH. By Rt. Rev. Monseigneur Capel, D.D., Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. Price, 25 cents.

The preface explains the scope of the work, which we give:

Is the Pope possessor of supreme and universal authority over the whole of the Christian Church, is the Pope the Vicar of Christ: are questions of the greatest moment to all believers in Christianity. If the Pope holds such power and position, then is there the absolute need of subjection to him in things spiritual. The subject has been treated by me from different stand-points during my tour in the States. The substance of such discourses is now given to the public. To meet the demands on time made by the active, busy life in America, the matter is presented as concisely as possible, and in short chapters. The intelligence and general information displayed by the people in all parts of the States which I have visited permit me, while presenting a small book for popular use, to treat the subject for an educated people anxious for solid knowledge. To those who wish to prosecute the further study of this question I recommend the following works, to which I have to express my indebtedness: Archbishop Kenrick's "Primacy of S. Peter," Allies' "See of S. Peter," Wilberforce's "Principles of Church Authority," Allnatt's "Cathedra Petri," and "Faith of Catholics" (Vol. II.), containing the historical evidence of the first five centuries of the Christian era to the teaching concerning the Papacy. T. J. CAPEL.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1885.

McGowan & Young, Portland, Maine.

ECHOES FROM THE PINES. By Margaret E. Jordan.

Maine should be represented among the States which has a large Catholic population. The first, and the only, Catholic Governor of the New England States, was Governor Cavanagh in Maine. There were few Catholics in that State during his administration. To-day, Maine would not give her suffrages to a Catholic. Why? Because in Governor Cavanagh's days the Catholics were in a great minority, and the Puritans did not fear them. As the Catholic body increases, hatred springs up; but Maine is coming back to the old faith.

She has now a prelate who is alive to the necessities of his people, and is doing everything in his power to establish the Faith of Kale and the other martyrs who died for their religion.

Who would have thought in Governor Cavanagh's days (a half a century ago), that there would be a grand cathedral, convent, schools and a Catholic publishing house in Portland? But such is the fact. The house has issued an excellent book but a few months ago, and now we have some sweet poems from the genial pen of Miss Margaret E. Jordan. The authoress has not so many "flourish of trumpets" as some others, but her Muse is pathetic and heartfelt. The critics may not give her the meed of praise they would confer upon others, but her Catholic heart will endear her to the love she bears our Blessed Mother, and her devotion to the poetic visions of the "old land." We believe Miss Jordan hails from the beautiful vale of Avoca, where the poet Moore imbibed his inspirations.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1886. By Prof. J. A. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, Ia.

This is the eleventh year of this publication. Our good friend, Prof. Lyons, gives his readers an excellent New Year's dish. "Capital and Strikes," by our friend, Onahan, of Chicago, is timely. We wish it could be read by the strikers and the Knights of Labor, all over the country. There are also articles on the late Vice-President, by William Hoynes, A. M. "A Nation's Favorite," by Rev.

Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., and other excellent articles both in prose and verse.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

NOTED SANCTUARIES OF THE HOLY FACE; or, the Cultus of the Holy Face, as practised at St. Peter's of the Vatican and other celebrated shrines. By M. L'Abbe Jouvier. Translated from the French by P. P. S. With preface by Most Rev. W. H. Elder, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati.

The devotion to the Holy Face is spreading throughout the Catholic world. The Discalced Nuns are foremost in their efforts to spread this devotion. This little book is published at their urgent solicitations. We recommend to all devout Catholics the purchase of this book.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1886; with full official reports of all dioceses, vicariates, prefectures, etc., in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Ireland, England and Scotland. Unbound, $1.25. Bound, $1.50. An edition comprising only the church in the United States, 50 cents.

This is the fifty-fourth annual publication. It composes a great body of information interesting to every Catholic. All families should have it in their houses.

ALL of the above books may be obtained of Messrs. Noonan and Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THEFT OF A VALUABLE BOOK.— A valuable book has been stolen from the library of the Minerva, Rome. It is one of the very few copies of the works of Lactantius, which were printed at the Benedictine monastery of Santa Scholastica, near Subiaco, in the year 1465. So rare are the copies of this work, that the price of a single copy has reached 15,000 francs, or £600. The most minute inquiries have been made, but the missing volume has not been traced.

A SELECTION of the late Lord O'Hagan's speeches, as revised by himself, will very shortly be published by Messrs. Longmans & Co. The volume opens with a speech on the Legislative Union delivered at a meeting of the Repeal Association in 1843, and closes with Lord O'Hagan's speeches in the House of Lords in 1881-82 on the Irish Land Laws. The work is edited by Lord O'Hagan's nephew, Mr. George Teeling, and contains numerous biographical and historical notes.

THE ANGEL GUARDIAN ANNUAL FOR 1886.— Seventh year. Published by the House of the Angel Guardian; Boston, Mass. Price 10 cents. Besides the matter contained in Almanacs generally, this little annual has also a collection of interesting and instructive articles. There are several excellent engravings, prominent among which are portraits of Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Williams, Daniel O'Connell, Rev. G. F. Haskins, and Hon. Hugh O'Brien, Mayor of Boston, accompanying biographical sketches.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR'S new book, *Gladstone's House of Commons*, will be issued by Messrs. Ward and Downey early next week. In the preface the author says: —"It would be too much to ask the reader to believe that these sketches betray none of the bias natural to one who took a somewhat active part in many of the scenes described. But an effort was made at impartiality." The volume is called *Gladstone's House of Commons*. The justification of the title is the commanding position held in the last Parliament by the overwhelming personality of Mr. Gladstone.

MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Trusting," Duet, by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "Only for Thee," Polka Mazurka, by Fliege. "Chant du Paysan," by Alfonso Rendando. "Silver Trumpets," by Viviani, viz.: No. 1, "Grand Processional March." No. 2, "Harmony in the Dome," as played at St. Peter's in Rome. "Gavotte," by Rudolph Niemann. "Potpourri," from "Mikado," for four hands, arranged by C. D. Blake. "Chimes of Spring," by H. Lichner. "Mikado," Galop by Geo. Thorne. "The Banjo Companion," viz.: "Nymphs' Dance," by Armstrong. "Rag Baby Jig," by same. "Gavotte du Pacha," by F. Von Suppe. "Always Gallant Polka," by Fahrbach. "Carlotta Walzer," by Millocker. "Happy Go Lucky, Schottische," by De Coen, and "O Restless Sea," by C. A. White, all arranged for Banjo. "Rosalie Waltz," by Pierre Duvernet. "Morning Prayer," by Strealboy. "La Gracieuse," by Ch. Wachtmann. "Mikado Waltzes," by Bucalossi.

Books: "The Folio," for January, 1886, brimful of good reading interspersed with excellent music. "Ferd. Beyers' Preliminary Method for Pianoforte." Part 2, "Melodies for Violin and Piano," and "Melodies for Flute and Piano." All these works issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co's best style.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CARDINAL.

CARDINAL PANEBIANCA has lately died in Rome at the age of seventy-seven. He was not a society cardinal, as he lived a hard life, slept on the boards, his board being also simple bread and water, with a morsel of cheese now and then by way of a luxury. He despised riches, and has died rich.

BISHOPS.

RT. REV. F. X. KRAUTBAUER, bishop of Green Bay, Wis., for over ten years, was found dead in his bed at the Episcopal residence, morning of the 17th of December. He had recently been a sufferer from apoplexy, which finally took him off. The suddenness of his death has cast a gloom of sadness over the entire Catholic population. Bishop Krautbauer was born in the parish of Bruck, near Ratisbon, Bavaria, in 1824, being in his sixty-first year at the time of his death.

AT half-past six o'clock Friday morning, December 4, Rt. Rev. Dominic Manucy, third bishop of Mobile, Ala., died after a lingering illness. He was born in St. Augustine, Fla., in the year 1823, and received his education in Mobile, at the College of St. Joseph, Spring Hill. On the 20th of January, 1884, he received his appointment from Rome to the bishopric of Mobile, and on March 30th, of the same year, was duly installed. In the July following his health failed, and he was compelled to send his resignation to the Pope. The Pope, however, took no action on the resignation until more than a year had passed. Then Bishop Jeremiah O'Sullivan was appointed as his successor to the Bishopric of Mobile, and to him Bishop Manucy delivered up the keys of the cathedral on the first day of November, 1885. Since the succession Bishop Manucy has remained at the episcopal residence, where he has been at all times carefully attended by the priests of the parish and the people of his congregation. Bishop Manucy was no ordinary person, but, on the contrary, his whole life and its actions stamped him as a man of more than usual ability. As a man he showed himself, when in health, to be of strong and decisive will, possessed of an open-hearted, frank nature, and charitable to the furtherest degree. He was a man of thorough education, a profound and able logician, and was reckoned as one of the best theologians of the Catholic Church. In his various offices as priest and bishop, he was at all times alive to the interest of his church and its people. The spiritual needs of his flocks never escaped his observation, and were never left unsupplied.

PRIESTS.

GERMAN literary papers report with regret the death at Kilchrath, in Holland, of one of the most learned Jesuits of our times, Father Schneemann, at the age of fifty-six. He was chief editor of the well-known periodical, "Stimmen von Maria Laach." When the Jesuits had to quit Germany in 1872 he came to reside in England, but the climate not agreeing with him, he went to Holland, where he taught divinity in a diocesan college.

REV. GEORGE RULAND, C. SS. R., who died a few weeks ago in Baltimore, was provincial of the Redemptorists for many years. He was a fellow student of Archbishop Heis, of Milwaukee, and a pupil of Doctor Doellinger. He was a man of marked talent, and his influence will be greatly missed.

REV. PHILIP J. MCCABE, rector of the cathedral at Hartford, Conn., died in that city on the 9th of December, greatly regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

REV. FATHER JAMISON, S. J., the well-known and highly esteemed Jesuit died at Georgetown College, D. C., on night of 8th December, after a very long illness. He was born in Frederick City, Md., on June 19, 1831; in 1860 he was ordained to the priesthood in the Eternal City, by Cardinal Franson. Then returning to the United States, he labored at different times, as assistant pastor in Georgetown, Md., Washington, D. C., Philadelphia,

THE HUMORIST.

A CASE wherein the comparison was odious, indeed: *Judge*—"What sort of man, now, was it whom you saw commit the assault?" *Constable*—"Shure, your Honor, he was a small, insignificant crathur, about your own size, yer honor."

SIDNEY SMITH said to his vestry, in reference to a block pavement proposed to be built around St. Paul's: "All you have to do, gentlemen, is to put your heads together and the thing is done."

AFTER dinner one day, Mr. Porcine took his little boy aside and administered this reproof: "Johnnie, you eat too fast and too much. You are a regular pig."—"Yes, sir," acquiesced Johnnie, blandly. "Do you know what a pig is?" inquired Mr. Porcine severely. "Yes, sir."—"What?"—"A hog's little boy." Mr. Porcine changed the subject.

Examiner—"What is the color of this flag?"—*Engineer*—"Green, sir."—"Right. Now close your left eye. What is the color of this flag?"—"Green, sir. Dark green."—"Just so. Shut your right eye. What flag am I waving now?"—"A blank one, sir."—"Nonsense. It's bright red. And this flag?"—"Black, sir."—"Pshaw, sir! it is white. Your left eye seems a little off."—"Well, may be it is. It is a glass eye, sir."

"WELL," said a lawyer, as he entered his condemned client's cell, "good news at last."—"A reprieve," eagerly exclaimed the prisoner. "No, not a reprieve, but your uncle has died and left you £500, and now you can meet your fate with the satisfying feeling that the noble efforts of your lawyer in your behalf will not go unrewarded."

"HULLO, Sandy! Why haven't you cleaned my carriage as I told you last night?"—"Hech, sir, what for would it need washing? It will be just the same when you'll be using it again."

"YOU Americans," said an Englishman to a young lady, "have no ancestry to which you can point with pride."—"That is very true," she assented. "Most of our ancestors came from England, you know."

A METHODIST minister once started a church in a young Western town; but for want of pecuniary support was soon obliged to abandon. His farewell sermon to the lukewarm brethren was characterized by more heat than elegance. He ended thus: "At the last day the Lord will say to St. Peter, 'Where is your flock?' and St. Peter will answer, 'Here, Lord.' He will say to Calvin, 'And where are your sheep?' Calvin will reply, 'Here, Lord;' and so all of the shepherds can answer. But when he asks me, 'Where are your sheep?' how will you feel when I am compelled to reply, 'Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs?'"

GREAT CÆSAR, WHAT A COW!—The following is vouched for by a brother editor, and notwithstanding his general reputation for veracity is, without doubt, true. An elderly and well-known gentleman of Boston, who, while he likes to sit at the convivial board will not touch any thing spirituous, devoting all his attention to the lacteal fluid, was invited out a few nights ago by a party of choice spirits. A huge milk punch had, however, been prepared for him, and when he was asked what beverage he would prefer, his reply was as usual, "Well, I guess I'll take a little milk." The punch was brought, and all eyes were turned toward him to note the effect. Raising the glass he took a sip, and then another; at the third, however, he drained the tumbler, smacked his lips, and looked lovingly at the empty glass, observed: "Great Cæsar, what a cow!"

"YOUNG gentleman," said the lecturer in chemistry, "coal exposed to the elements loses ten per cent of its weight and power. This is due to the action of the alkali constituents of—"—"But what if there is a dog sleeping near the coal, Professor?"—"None of your levity, young man. This is a serious matter." "That's what dad thought, when seventy-five per cent of his coal pile disappeared during three nights of exposure. Then he asked my advice as a student in chemistry, and I told him to buy a dog. He bought a dog with bay-window teeth and the spring halt in his upper lip, and now we don't lose one per cent of our coal a month. That's the kind of practical chemist I am. Now go on with your theory."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV. BOSTON, MARCH, 1886. No. 3

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Pen Sketches of Irish Literateurs.

III.

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE name of Thomas Davis is identified with the rise and progress of Irish ballad literature. The sound of his spirit-stirring lyre was the irresistible summons that awoke the sleeping bards of Irish song, bade them tune their harps in joyous accord, and fill the land with the thrilling harmony of a new evangel. At the touch of O'Connell, his country shook off the torpor produced by the drug of penal proscription, under which she had so long lain listless, almost lifeless. It fell to the lot of the young Irelanders to perfect the work so successfully begun; to raise her from the ignoble dust; to teach her the lesson of courage and self-confidence, and quicken her footsteps in the onward march for national independence. Thomas Davis was the acknowledged organizer and leader of this band of conspiring patriots. By birth and education he was well fitted for the position which he held. His father was the surviving representative of an honored line of English ancestors. His mother's genealogy extended back in titled pedigree to the Atkins of Forville, and to the great house of the O'Sullivans. Davis was born at Mallow, County Cork, in the year 1814. His early life gave little indication of future distinction. At school he was remarkable for being a dull boy, slow to learn and not easy to teach; but in this respect he resembled many of his countrymen, who, from being incorrigible dunces, rose to subsequent eminence and repute as great orators, great poets and great patriots. Goldsmith, while at school, was seldom free from the cap of disgrace; Sheridan's future was spoken of by his early preceptor with doleful misgivings and boding shakes of the head; Curran, till late in life, was known as "Orator Mum." Even at the Dublin University, from which he graduated in 1835, Davis was remarkable for being shy and self-absorbed, a quiet devourer of books, and a passive on-looker in the rhetorical contests, at that time so dear to enthusiastic young Irishmen. Until the year 1840 he did not seem to be influenced by any settled code of political convictions. Indeed,

his outward appearance and demeanor betokened more of the English conservative than of the Irish enthusiast. But a friend, who, in 1836 sat by his side in an English theatre, remembered to have seen the tears steal silently down his cheeks at some generous tribute paid on the stage to the Irish character. In the year 1838, he was called to the bar; and in 1840, became a member of the Repeal movement. During the discussions which took place in Conciliation Hall, he still maintained the policy of a simple listener; but in the intervals of debate his mind was quietly developing new methods of work, new systems to be adopted in promoting the national cause. The popular taste needed education. Once made conversant with the history of their country, the people would acquire a knowledge of their true position, would know how to act in seconding the efforts of their leaders. The dull should be made thoughtful, the thoughtful made studious, the studious made wise, and the wise crowned with power. In the year 1842, his plans took practical shape, when, in conjunction with Charles Gavan Duffy and John Dillon, he founded the *Nation* newspaper. This was the initiative step to his subsequent brilliant career as a poet and patriot.

Popular poetry was one of the agents depended on by the new editors to infuse a larger spirit of nationality among the people. There being none at hand to suit the exact purpose, they set about making it for themselves. In this way originated that beautiful collection of rebel verse now known wherever the English language is spoken as the *Spirit of the Nation.* Until necessity compelled him to write, Davis never knew that he possessed the poetic faculty in a very high degree. The following exquisitely Celtic ballad was his first contribution to the poet's corner of the *Nation,* a lament for the ill-fated Irish chieftain, Owen Roe O'Neill:

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill!"
'Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel.'
"May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe.

Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words."
'From Derry against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords;
But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,
And he died at Clough-Oughter, upon St. Leonard's day.'

"Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One! wail, wail ye for the Dead;
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath — with ashes strew the head.
How tenderly we loved him! how deeply we deplore!
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.

"Sagest in the council was he, — kindest in the hall,
Sure we never won a battle — 'twas Owen won them all.
Had he lived — had he lived — our dear country had been free;
But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

"O'Farrell and Clanrickard, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and McMahon, ye are valiant wise and true;
But — what, what are ye all to our darling who is gone?
The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner-stone!

"Wail, wail him through the Island! weep, weep for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
Weep the victor of Benburb — weep him, young men and old;
Weep for him ye women — your Beautiful lies cold!

"We thought you would not die — we were sure you would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow —
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky —
O! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your eye.
O! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
But we're slaves and we're orphans, Owen! — why did you die?"

Unlike the ordinary poetaster, Davis wrote with a mission to fulfil, with a set purpose to accomplish. He did not teach merely because he wished to sing, but he sang because he wished to teach. His poetry was to serve a purpose as distinctly within the domain of practical politics as a party pamphlet, or a speech from the hustings. If the people had hitherto depended almost exclusively for information on the spoken word of a few popular orators, how much more effective would not the good tidings of hope be, when given with rhetorical elegance, set in glorious song, and placed within purchaseable reach of all. Hitherto the genius of Melancholy presided over the fount of Irish song. The future was looked forward to with hopeless dread, or sullen recklessness. The present was only spoken of to enhance by shadowy contrast the grandeur of a golden age, that seemed to have passed away forever. Moore's poetry was the wail of a lost cause, the chronicle of a past, whose history was yet recorded throughout the country in ruined abbeys, where the torch of faith and learning was kept from dying out; in ivied castles, from which the mustered manhood of a nation's strength had gone forth to scare the Viking from her soil. Poor Mangan's vision of the past might be predicated as an ideal picture of this lamented epoch: —

"I walked entranced
Through a land of morn,
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,
Shone down and glanced
O'er seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens aleft and right;
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain,
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time
'Twas in the reign,
Of Cáhál Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

Davis, and the school of poets whom he led, indulged little in unpractical dreams and purposeless regrets. For the first time, the longings of the present and the hopes of the future were spoken of encouragingly. If, at judicious intervals, the pictures of Ireland's golden era were uncovered, it was to stimulate existing ardor — not to beget reverie; to develop latent faculties of work, and not to enfeeble

by discouragement the thews and sinews of national life already beginning to thrive in busy usefulness. Freedom was to be purchased at any risk. Davis might never live to see its realization, but he could insure its nearer approach. His first duty, assisted by his zealous co-partners, was to educate, to place in the hands of the people, the means of enjoying those privileges which the leaders had set themselves to win. Gradually but surely the good work progressed. The life of "Treeney the Robber," the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," the astounding adventures of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," the pasquinades of "Billy Bluff," and "Paddy's Resource," began to pall on the taste of the peasantry, when, by degrees, they became acquainted with the authentic history and the glorious traditions of their country. Sketches of Irish saints and scholars, whose fame for sanctity and learning throughout Christendom rivalled that of St. Benedict as a founder, and St. Thomas of Aquino as a subtle doctor, appeared week by week in the characters of Columbanus and Duns Scotus, Kilian and Johannes Erigena, Colman and Columbkille. Among other schemes he planned the publication of one hundred cheap books to be printed by Duffy, materials for which were to be sought for in the State paper office of London, the MSS. of Trinity College Library, and the valuable papers still preserved in Irish convents at Rome, Louvain, Salamanca, and other places on the continent.

The great secret of Davis's success was his energy, which nothing could suppress or diminish — neither the imprisonment of his co-laborers, the fatigue and anxiety of unassisted endeavor, or the clash of party strife. From his teachings sprang two schools of workers, alike in the ends which each proposed to win, but differing in the methods adopted for its attainment. The one, the pronounced literateurs of the *Nation;* the other, the organizers who propounded throughout the country the doctrines enunciated by the official organ. The historic *Nation* was the great channel through which the current of politics sped with a precipitous force, that nothing could withstand. From the date of its first edition it had become universally popular. Even those whose political views were at variance with its teaching were glad to be able to purchase a sheet whose literary excellence elicited their surprise and admiration. But it was among the common people that it had its widest circle of readers. On Sunday mornings while awaiting Mass before the Chapel gate, or on winter evenings around the blacksmith's forge, the peasants would assemble to hear one of their number read aloud rebel verse and passionate prose, the high literary value of which they knew almost instinctively how to appreciate. Though sold at sixpence a copy, a high figure for a weekly newspaper, especially so for the people who were to be its immediate supporters, it had a wonderful circulation, even in the poorest districts. Dillon, one of its founders, writing to its editor, Gavan Duffy, from a poor village in Mayo, said: "I am astonished at the success of the *Nation* in this poor place. There is not a place in Ireland perhaps a village poorer than itself, or surrounded by a poorer population. You would not guess how many *Nations* came to it on Sunday last! No less than twenty-three! There are scarcely so many houses in the town!" Two of the greatest critics,

that ever presided over the domain of letters, spoke enthusiastically of the poetry which was selected from its columns, and which has since been printed and sold by the tens of thousands. Macaulay confessed he was much struck by the energy and beauty of the volume. Lord Jeffrey, in a fit of playful confidence, said that he was a helpless victim "to these enchanters of the lyre." The "*Spirit of the Nation*" was as uncontestably the typical poetry of Ireland, as the songs of Burns set forth the national sentiment of Scotland. The poetry of Davis, in a marked degree, is characterized by all the distinctive qualities of the Celtic race,—impulsive ardor, filial affection, headlong intrepidity, mirth and friendship, all imperceptibly interwoven with a thread of chaste melancholy, and all subordinated to feelings of Christian faith and reverence. It was his patriotic endeavor to restore the old Irish names of places, and by degrees replace them in permanent usage. How well he succeeded in handling phrases in the Irish vernacular, without marring the most euphonious rhythm, may be seen in the following piece, *O'Brien of Arra.*

"Tall are the towers of O'Kennedy—
Broad are the lands of MacCaura—
Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day;
Yet here's to O'Brien of Arra!
Up from the castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Clansmen and kinsmen are coming here
To give him the *cead mile failte.*

"See you the mountains look huge at eve—
So is our chieftain in battle;
Welcome he has for the fugitive,
Usquebaugh, fighting and cattle!
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Gossip and alley are coming here
To give him the *cead mile failte.*

"Horses the valleys are tramping on,
Sleek from the Sassenach manger;
Creaghts the hills are encamping on,
Empty the bawns of the stranger!
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Kern and bonaght are coming here
To give him the *cead mile failte.*

He has black silver from Killaloe—
Ryan and Carroll are neighbors—
Nenagh submits with a fuililiú—
Butler is meat for our sabres!
Up from the castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Ryan and Carroll are coming here
To give him the *cead mile failte.*

"T'is scarce a week since through Ossory
Chased he the Baron of Durrow—
Forced him five rivers to cross, or he
Had died by the sword of Red Murrough!

Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
All the O'Briens are coming here
To give him the *cead mile failte.*

"Tall are the towers of O'Kennedy —
Broad are the lands of MacCaura —
Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day;
Yet here's to O'Brien of Arra.
Up from the Castle of Drumineer.
Down from the top of Camailte,
Clansmen and kinsmen are coming here
To give him the *cead mile failte.*

The Battle of Fontenoy is the corner-stone of the fame of Thomas Davis as a poet. No greater battle-ballad has ever been written. Beside it the ballads of Campbell are scarcely perfect. Davis and Campbell are each typical of a distinct school of painting. Davis entered into minute detail with the love of a pre-Raphaelite; Campbell wields the brush after the manner of one of the old masters. Unhappily for his country Davis died almost suddenly in the year 1845. He had not the happiness to see the beneficial results, which ensuing years brought to the work, which he was the first to begin. His character might be pithily expressed in the words which he poetically wished might be inscribed on his tomb: "He served his country, and loved his kind." A warm heart, and a stainless name, shed lustre on the chivalrous patriot. An earnest Protestant, he was no bigot. Of gentle birth and rearing, he never narrowed his prejudices to petty distinctions of class or creed; but threw in his individual help with the humbler striving of sturdy commoner and frieze-coated peasant. The measure of national advancement, which he accomplished, did not die with him, but lives to our time. It would require little space to prove here that the literary societies, the political club assemblies, the societies for the promotion of the Irish language and industries, the discipline of national unity, which controls the whole Irish movement in our day, are but the practical sequence of the lessons which Davis and his party taught and perpetuated. And if the hour is now at hand when the hard-fought battle of a century is to be decided for us in glorious victory; if to us it is given, through the efforts of the gallant patriots who still continue the good fight, to set the banner of victory on the temple of national independence, history yet survives and points its backward finger in abiding gratitude to the unforgotten workers, who laid the foundation of the citadel, which we are to open and inhabit.

JAMES H. GAVIN.

HUMAN nature is a greater force even than laws of political economy, and the Almighty Himself has implanted in the human breast that passionate love of country which rivets with irresistible attraction the Esquimaux to his eternal snows, the Arab to his sandy desert, and the Highlander to his rugged mountains. —*Joseph Chamberlain.*

Southern Sketches.

XVIII.

HAVANA.

After resting in my novel couch that evening, and experiencing no hurt from the so-called formidable mosquito of the West Indies, I started next morning, after a ten-o'clock breakfast of poached eggs, fried plantains, meats of various kinds spiced with garlic, fruits, and other nice things, to the Plaza de Armas, which is a beautiful square, and only a couple of blocks from the Hotel de Europa. Towards evening the Plaza presents a glittering sight. Its handsome palm-trees, roses, Indian laurels, flowering shrubs, piers, railings, and statue of Ferdinand, form a grand combination. The rambler to whom such scenes are new, sinks almost unconsciously into a seat, and surrenders himself to the irresistible influence of the music, fragrance and brilliancy of the place. The military band discourses soft and delicious music. Soldiers in gay uniforms, civilians in handsome dresses, and carriages containing the wealthiest and handsomest of Havana's daughters, fill the square, and one delightful stream of chat and laughter continues till the performance is ended. The fine palace of the captain-general, the beautiful chapel, El Templete (erected in honor of Columbus), the university attached to the Church of St. Domingo, and several stores and exchange offices border the Plaza. The scene is tropical, the moon's clear beams mingle with the lamplight, and the sense of tranquility, happiness, and repose, which characterizes the place and the crowds, gives one a foretaste of Paradise. A very old tree stands in front of the temple, and here it was that the first Mass was celebrated in the island. The palace of the captain-general is two stories high, painted light green, having a magnificent colonnade around the lower story, and an elegant piazza around the upper one. On visiting it next day, I was politely escorted by an officer through flights of marble staircases, embellished with statuary and flower vases, into the presence of the captain-general. He led me by vast, rich corridors to saloons embellished with green furniture, marble floors, rich vases, walls full of paintings, mirrors and statues. The ceilings were ornamented with exquisite mosaics. The despatch apartment, dining-room, and chapel were reached through splendid arches and highly-wrought pillars. Chandeliers of exquisite design and great value added to the splendor of the saloons. In winter the captain-general resides in the city palace; but in summer he takes up his abode at the quinta, or country seat, outside the town. A few minutes walk from here will take you to the cathedral, which is a ponderous, time-worn building, constructed of a kind of yellow stone, which has become mottled by age. I noticed doves cooing in its heavy old window-sills. Though the exterior is plain, the inside of the building is grand. Its floor is of marble, its walls are highly frescoed, and its pillars are very lofty and round. The

high altar is of porphyry, and when I visited it, itself and the body of the church were undergoing repairs. A feature which is sure to interest every traveller, is a simple slab in the wall of the chancel to the left of the sanctuary. Behind this, rests the remains of the illustrious Columbus. A feeling of reverence and awe took possession of me as I recalled the religious and brave career of that wonderful man, who, from first to last, clung so strong to his holy faith. A courteous sacristan next showed me the beautiful vestments and sacred vessels in use at the cathedral. Chief amongst those was a rémonstrance to hold the Blessed Sacrament during processions like those of Corpus Christi. It stood six or seven feet high, and was made of pure silver, enriched here and there with gold and precious stones. It was a perfect representation of a gorgeous gothic cathedral. The priests connected with the church are very courteous and hospitable, and are but a short distance from the seminary, to which I next bent my footsteps.

This is a sombre and massive edifice. After passing a huge gateway, I entered a large courtyard, which was ornamented with big, flowering plants and Indian laurels. Fifty or sixty grand pillars supported piazzas around the court. The porter brought to me the director of the seminary, who proved to be a young and very agreeable priest. He offered me the hospitalities of the seminary, and asked me to take a look at the house. He could converse fluently in English, having been several years in the United States. I learned from him that this institution, like the cathedral, was about three hundred years old, that the majority of candidates for holy orders were young men, natives of the Island, and that such was not the case till recently, as in the past all the aspirants for the ministry came directly from Spain. The faculty of the house demanded postulants of a high standard, as could be seen from the fact that out of twenty-four who applied for admission on the previous year only nine were received.

While walking with the reverend director on one of the verandas overlooking the court, my attention was drawn to the students who came out of their class-rooms to take recreation. They were all very handsome young men. Five Lazarist priests and two lay professors take charge of the house and classes. The course includes the sciences of the schools, humanities, philosophy and theology. The class-rooms, refectory, library and halls of the house were lofty and very well kept. The dormitory, two hundred feet long, was finely situated, and had sixteen large windows looking out upon the bay, forts, ships and hills. The students retire to rest at nine o'clock and get up at five in the morning, when they make their meditation and assist at Mass. They partake of a little bread and coffee at 6.45 A.M., dine at 11.30 and sup at 7 P.M. Such, also, is the custom of the Spanish seminaries.

After leaving this institution, I pursued a northern course, passing by huge barracks, in front of which soldiers were keeping guard. The palace of the general of engineers stands in this vicinity. I had the pleasure of an introduction to the commander, Signor Jose Aparicio y Beltram, a Spanish gentleman of great courtesy and intelligence. He showed me all that was interesting in this grand building of pillars, saloons and courts.

The city prison is situated about ten minutes' walk from this spot, and is a very large, two-storied building, resembling a palace more than a jail. On introducing myself, and presenting a card from the adjutant-general, I was very politely received by Signor Jose Gramaren y Voreye, chief of the prisons of the Isle of Cuba. The interior of the prison is entirely unlike anything of the sort in the United States. The prisoners, about two hundred in number, committed for political and criminal offences, are confined in large, unfurnished rooms, whose floors are of stone, and whose only ornaments are iron posts and chains. Sad-looking, half-naked creatures stared at me in silence as I entered, and then resumed their walks and conversation. Separate wards were reserved for the Chinese and Negro offenders, and a large, neat chapel, where Mass was celebrated every Sunday, was at hand for the accommodation of all. The prison is situated in the new part of the city, on a magnificent, wide street, lined with trees. This carries you directly to one of the most superb promenades and drives in the town — viz: the Parque de Isabella 2d. Here the wealth and beauty of Havana turn out, especially in the evenings, to take the fresh air, and exhibit themselves in splendid carriages behind prancing steeds. The finest theatres and hotels of the city are in this neighborhood, and the scene towards evening becomes quite fairy-like owing to the multitudes of lights that fall on statues, fountains, gay promenaders, flowers and palms, which stretch away for an immense distance. Here soldiers, sailors and civilians mingle, now walking, now resting on iron seats near flowery bowers. Members of the municipal police go by, dressed in dark uniforms, carrying swords, whistles and batons. Some of the night police stroll along in the evening, in black uniforms, bearing red lamps and lancers. Crowds of people, who remain in-doors during the intense heat of the day, come to the Parque at dusk to breathe the cool air, and listen to the music of the military band, that plays every second night near the principal statue and fountain.

A little beyond the Parque towers aloft the grand new city market (Plaza de Vapor), one of the finest in the world, adorned in front by a noble colonnade. The numerous and handsome stalls are filled with goods of all kinds; and among the most attractive of the displays are the rich, luscious and lovely fruits of the island. This edifice is well worth seeing. The Campo de Marte and the Paseo de Tacon, in this neighborhood, are magnificent drives. The latter leads out to the suburbs, and beyond the quinta, or country residence of the captain-general. Next day I resolved to see the Casus de Benefecentia, which is situated at the north-west of the city, in front of the ocean. It is the most famous benevolent institution in Cuba, and is under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. It consists of a file of buildings, of solid masonry painted a tawny brown. After knocking at an immense door, I was admitted by the porter, who introduced me to the director of the institution. He has a smattering of English and was very polite.

Signor Antonio Gorherti introduced me to several of the good sisters, who were dressed in white caps and blue habits. We walked through the grounds of the institution. These were very large and highly ornamented. Twenty-four sisters dwelt in the house. The

building had two divisions, one for females and the other for males. The majority were destitute orphans of both sexes, the rest were infirm adults. The entire number of its inmates was about seven hundred. We went through the Baptistry, which was fifty or sixty feet high, and entered the chapel, which had a beautiful gallery and mosaic ceiling, then passed through a private chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was kept. All these were finely embellished with paintings. The large wards and dormitories were kept scrupulously clean, and provided with numerous nurses, who received thirty dollars a month in gold for their services. Every attention is paid to the sick, and the best physicians are daily in attendance. Sister Josepha, who had charge of the girls, showed me some very beautiful embroidery and fancy work made by them. They presented many gifts to the captain-general, who was a liberal patron of the institution. The physical as well as religious and moral training of the children was creditably attended to; all looked in fine health and enjoyed good food, as well as the refreshing breezes of the sea, which swept through the grounds. Their knowledge of the Christian truths was excellent, and no wonder, as the educational system practised by the sisters was exceedingly interesting, simple and comprehensive. The boys and girls were formed into various religious sodalities, and I was perfectly charmed with the manner in which so many, of almost every color, united in singing sacred hymns in the Spanish language.

It would take pages to describe the attractions of this institution which commanded the respect and sympathy of all classes in Havana. Though chiefly sustained by the government, still it often receives magnificent bequests. One gentleman left the establishment two hundred thousand dollars. His name will ever be held in grateful remembrance. The untiring zeal of the good sisters makes the institution a perfect success. On my return to the hotel, I dropped into the fish market which adjoins the cathedral. The display of the finny tribe here was perfectly gorgeous. Fish of every color, beautifully striped, and with glittering scales, lay on the benches, after having lately been snatched from the transparent Cuban waters. They presented a tempting sight to the crowd of hungry darkies who lounged around the stalls.

After a rest and an elaborately compounded dinner of fruits, vegetables and meats, all savored with garlic and spices of various kinds, and having been regaled with the rest of the guests, during its course, by a band of music, I resolved to go and see the quinta, or suburban residence of the captain-general. The drive to this place by the Paseo de Tacon is very beautiful and refreshing. On entering the suburbs it is lined with handsome villas and closely packed houses, which soon give way to isolated mansions, green fields, blooming gardens and tropical trees. The grounds of the captain-general are adorned by a splendid entrance, grand walks, flower beds and avenues of palm trees. As I sauntered along the gravel walks I noticed all kinds of cacti, roses, cocoa and royal palms. On calling on the captain-general's widow I was warmly welcomed by Signor Juan Batalla, the major-domo, and his lady, both good Catholics. They kindly accompanied me through the grounds. I saw great masses of dahlias, fuschias, colens, kaladimus,

and century plants flourishing here in their warm native soil. Down a short distance from the house we came upon a lovely cascade which threw its silvery spray over numbers of blossoming vines. It seemed almost impossible to check (if one barbarously desired to do so) the growth and beauty of the flowers that lined the smooth, clear canal below the waterfall. Hundreds of dresinas, other rare plants, and sweet-scented flowers made the air heavy with their fragrance, while the lofty Indian laurels and palms looked down like lords on the dwarf beauties growing at their feet. All kinds of ducks sported in the canal, and tame deer browsed near its banks. Signor Juan pointed with pride to a ceiba tree, about a hundred feet high, and enthusiastically remarked what a brave one it was, since it stood there since the time of Columbus. After taking along with me a few mementos from the signor, I quitted this enchanting spot with feelings of regret and returned to the city.

The Church de Mercede which I next visited, is the handsomest in Havana. It stands at the south-east of the city, and exteriorly presents a very noble and finished appearance. I saw it on Quinquagesima Sunday, when the devotion of the Forty Hours was in progress. The church, at the Solemn High Mass (8 A.M.), was filled to overflowing, and the music, which was rendered by a very large orchestra, was very fine. The interior of the church was remarkable for its artistic beauty. Under the faithful direction of the Lazarist Fathers, who came to Havana in 1863, this edifice was carried to its present state of completion. The building measures two hundred feet long by about ninety wide. Its grand high altar and eight side ones force themselves upon your view by their essential splendor, yet the extravagant and costly drapery of the statuary on most of them, though agreeable to the Spaniards, is hurtful to the taste of one coming from the United States. On the left of the high altar stands a magnificent one of our Lady of Lourdes. The side walls all around are grandly frescoed, and the ceiling is painted a beautiful sky blue, with white clouds here and there, out of which peep lovely bright angels. The oil paintings on the side walls of this church must have cost thousands of dollars each, they are so large, richly mounted and life-like in their execution. The grand altar, like the church, is Corinthian in shape, and literally glittered with lights on the morning I saw it. A great, high, solid ornament rested over the reardos, looking like a papal tiara resplendent with gems. The marble altar steps and pillars of light green shooting up to the roof, the beautiful velvet sanctuary carpet and the crimson damask curtains hanging from the side walls of the sanctuary gave a superb effect to the full front view. The white and gold tabernacle, adorned with delicate crimson lace, looked magnificent as the mellow sunlight flooded it. The large congregation were wrapped up in devotion, and listened with great attention and delight to a sermon on faith which was powerfully delivered in Spanish by one of the Lazarist Fathers. When the Mass ended, I accompanied the Fathers to their modest, neat rooms, where I was delightfully entertained. These priests displayed a great amount of knowledge and refinement. Though few could speak English, yet all could, of course, converse in Latin, and this tongue they uttered

with great accuracy and fluency. I will always remember the kindness of these priests and the grandeur of their sacred temple.

The palace of the admiral, which I visited on the following day, is a very handsome structure, built in Grecian style and painted a delicate light blue. It stands near the custom-house and faces the bay. On introducing myself, and presenting the card of the adjutant-general, I was courteously conducted to the side of an officer by one of the guards at the gate. The officer soon led me up a flight of marble stairs through grand, lofty antechambers into the presence of the admiral, a tall, handsome old gentleman. He welcomed me very cordially, and introduced me to his son, a noble-looking young man dressed in the uniform of a superior officer. The latter was not long resident in Cuba, having recently arrived from Spain. He conversed very pleasantly in English about the United States, Cuba, and other topics; then showed me through the house, which contained magnificent apartments all furnished in regal style. The chapel was gorgeous.

After leaving the palace of the admiral, where I was so kindly treated, I went to the arsenal, the extensive grounds, pretty church and military stores of which are well worth noticing. A short distance from here and you come to the military hospital. This is an immense establishment, surrounded by a strong, thick wall, of a light brown color. Its many gates were guarded by armed sentinels. On inquiring for the Padre Curé, I was shown to his presence by a guide in military uniform. The Padre was a large, good-natured-looking person. He was seated at his desk, over a volume, when I entered. The appearance of his room showed that the occupant was a student and a business man. The walls were lined with books, and materials suited to his sacred calling were here and there systematically fixed. Padre Toaquin Salvadorez received me like a generous-hearted, highly-cultivated gentleman. After a brief chat, he led me through the hospital. We passed through numerous offices, where we saw the superior and directors of the institution. Signors Don Antonius Pardinas, J. A. Salazaro, Don Edwardo Crespo and Don Jose Yara Goza, were wonderfully polite and pleasant gentlemen. We entered the wards of the hospital, which are attended by the Sisters of Charity. Almost every bed was occupied by a sick soldier. Most of them were young men not long from Spain, who came to serve the kingdom on a foreign territory. The marks of fever and wounds lay heavy upon them. I noticed sick soldiers and sailors, reading, writing and dozing. Several walked along the corridors dressed in long, white gowns, slippers and turbans, directing a nod and a smile to us as they passed by. The good Father informed me that over one thousand were confined in the hospital, attended by twenty-four nurses, who spared neither time nor effort to make them comfortable.

The rooms were large, airy and full of the odor of tropical fruits and flowers. Beautiful religious pictures hung in several places and good pious books were abundant. The officers' rooms had a large quota of patients. All were brought by sickness to a level with the commonest soldier. We went through the surgical rooms, where operations were wont to be performed. We entered the chapel, a richly adorned

and commodious one, where the good sisters so often knelt to pray for the poor invalids. Large, cooling arches spread away before us, and courtyards full of flowers and gushing fountains gave refreshment and rest to the inmates of this vast institution. The good Father showed me immense cellars which contained barrels full of drugs of all kinds. The establishment had three drug stores, all of which were busy supplying the sick with medicines. A proof of the remarkable care taken by the doctors and sisters of the sick in this hospital, may be seen from a report made by a board of investigation which visited Havana in 1880, to inquire into the yellow fever. During the year, 1360 of the army were seized with this disease, 956 outlived it and 411 died, 3 remaining in a doubtful condition. Out of the 174 seized by the disease in the navy, 109 lived and 64 died, 1 remaining in a doubtful state. Out of a total of 1541 invalids 1069 lived and 475 died, 4 remaining in a doubtful condition, thus producing a proportion of 30 to 6 signed by 36 Havana doctors for the army, 4 for the navy, 4 apothecaries, 3 priests and 3 of the military administration.

Father Salvadorez pointed out to me immense stores as we walked along, where great quantities of dry goods were piled up so as to provide the sick with clothing and bandages, also immense stores in which groceries of every kind were packed. The ambulance department, where everything needed for sick soldiers could be had, was well worth seeing, also the rest of the rooms and stores in connection with the building. The insane department contained but one unhappy case. He was a young man with pale face, long, black, flowing hair, and dark eyes full of sadness that stared at us gloomily as we went in. A few words of cheer from the Padre encouraged him, so he smiled, nodded his head, and then retired to a corner of his cell. Father Salvadorez receives a salary of two thousand dollars a year, and each of his assistants gets one thousand dollars. A military attendant is attached to each. It is, indeed, a delightful treat to form the acquaintance of the Padre and the officers of the military hospital. If the stranger knows a little Latin, Italian, or Spanish, he can chat with them, and get a good deal of information. Their expressive gestures will go a good way to supply their lack of English. It afforded me no small share of pleasure to meet at the hospital, among the thirty-four sisters in charge, a novice who had recently arrived from Cork, Ireland. She was the only Irish one among a number of French and Spanish sisters, but certainly not the least loved. After passing a few delightful hours of inspection, I bade adieu to the Padre, whom I promised to meet at the university next day. On the following morning, at nine o'clock, I heard him deliver a grand essay in defence of the Syllabus, before a very large and attentive assemblage of students.

After viewing the chief features of interest in Havana, I bade the city good-by, and set out for Matanzas, to see its famous Yumuri Valley and caves of Bellamare (of the beautiful sea).

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

ENJOY present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.

Our Gaelic Tongue.

It is fading, ah, 'tis fading like the leaves upon the trees!
It is dying, sadly dying, like echoes 'mong the trees!
When the last breath of Autumn sighing on the breeze.

The places now that know it, it soon shall know no more;
It has vanished, it has vanished, like some loved one gone before.
No more is it spoken as it was in the days of yore.

It is sinking, slowly sinking, into its silent grave at last,
To live but in the memory as a relic of the past;
Our olden time is sinking by time and wrong harassed.

And the land that gave it birth it will leave forevermore;
No more the hills re-echo to its music as of yore,
Amid the ancient ruins pining, an exile on its native shore.

It was spoken ere the Grecian or the Persian felt the chain,
Ere Christianity's light arose to educate and tame
The fierceness of the pagan, and free the world again.

Its youth beheld the Semite on Irish coasts a guest,
Whose manhood saw the empire of the Cæsars sink to rest
In its old age, as a patriarch sinks silently to rest.

In royal hall and peasant home its accents oft had rung;
Oft the glories of his native land the enraptured minstrel sung,
To king and nobles gathered round, in his wild, sweet, native tongue.

Ah, sacred tongue, that oft has borne the message from above!
Ah, pleasing tongue, whose murmurs soft, like the cooing of the dove,
To patriots united it bore words of sweetest love.

It was the tongue the apostle spoke in the days of long ago;
In it the priest advised his flock in the penal days of woe;
Its wild huzza at Fontenoy dismayed and beat the foe.

Our Keltic tongue is dying and we stand coldly by,
Without a pang within the heart, or a tear fall from the eye,
Without a care to save it, or e'en a mournful sigh,

To see it thus receding as the sunlight on the sea.
Oh, rescue it 'ere 'tis to late; oh, raise your might to free
The language of our fathers, from dark oblivion's sea.

Shall it no more be spoken on Eire's fertile plain?
Shall not her sons aspire no more to rend the iron chain,
And light the fires of freedom that smouldered in its train?

Oh, mute, forsaken tongue, must a captive's fate be thine,
Crushed by a despot's sceptre, but to be the sign
Of a ruined country, a desecrated shrine.

Phenix of the fire and storm, shall it arising in its strength,
Spurning the galling, servile yoke, gloriously be at length,
Immortal and unconquerable, the language of Juvent.

Worcester, Mass. J. Sullivan.

A Chapter of Irish History in Boston.

THE *Boston Herald* gives us a fair history of the ancient and honorable Charitable Irish Society, which we cheerfully reproduce:— Within a few weeks, probably at the annual meeting in March, action will be taken by the members of the Charitable Irish Society looking to the proper observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that organization, which is one of the oldest in the country. The history of the Society is a most interesting one, so much so that when Dr. Samuel A. Green was mayor of the city, he requested that copies of the printed records be deposited in the library at the Harvard University, with the Massachusetts Historic Genealogical and Boston Historical Society, and in the principal public libraries of the State. The motive underlying the formation of the Society was very explicitly set forth when the original members assembled and prepared the preamble to the rules and orders, which declared that "Several Gentlemen, Merchants and others, of the Irish Nation, residing in Boston and in New England, from an Affectionate and Compassionate concern for their countrymen in these Parts, who may be reduced by Sickness, Shipwreck, Old Age and other Infirmities and Unforeseen Accidents, Have thought fit to form themselves into a Charitable Society for the relief of such of their poor and indigent Countrymen, without any Design of not contributing toward the provision of the town poor in general as usual. And, the Society being now in its Minority, it is to be hoped and expected that all Gentlemen, Merchants, and others of the Irish Nation or Extraction residing in or trading to these Parts, who are lovers of Charity and their Countrymen, will readily come in and give their Assistance to so laudable an undertaking." A remarkable provision of the by-laws, as originally drawn, was the restriction that only Protestants should be admitted to membership; but there are good grounds for believing that Roman Catholics were admitted as early as 1742, and it is known that prominent persons of that faith were members in 1770. The preserved records do not show when Catholics were first admitted to membership; but when the constitution was revised in 1804, the restricted clause was repealed. The by-laws at first were few in number and very

Suggestive of the Times.

The quarterly dues were two shillings, with "2 Shillings additional for the Expenses of the House. The dues were to be paid into the treasurer's hands when the members were called by their respective names, and all persons on the calling of the List to keep their Seats to prevent disturbance. And, further, that all members residing in Boston and not attending at said quarterly meetings, but sending their quarterize, shall also send 1 shilling for the good of the stock." "Expenses of the house" suggests that, while the proceedings at meetings were in progress, the members enjoyed "potheen," or something as exhilarating, for another by-law provided that "no Person call for or

order any drink into the room where said Society is, except the President, who, or some Person appointed by him, is to keep an acct. of the Liquor, and to take care that the same do not exceed two Shillings for each member present." Decorum and order were enforced at the meetings under a by-law which provided that "if any Member offer any Indignity to another, or shall Swear or Curse in said Society, such Member so offending shall pay as a Fine to the Fund of said Society the Sum of Ten Shillings, and such Member refusing to pay such Fine after being adjudged culpable by a Majority of the Members present, such Person shall be excluded from said Society." Four years after the founding of this Society, interest in the meetings began to flag, and it was voted that the fine for non-attendance should be five shillings, unless the member absenting himself gave a reasonable excuse therefor. At one time, six o'clock in the evening, was the hour set for assembling. There were some members who worked at their trades well up to that time of day, and could not get to their homes without danger of being fined in meeting for absence, and, consequently, they appeared in their working clothes. This necessitated a new by-law in 1744, providing that "All Members who appear at the Annual and Quarterly Meeting to be Decent and Clean, without Capps or Aprons." Notifications of meetings were called "warnings," and members were warned in whatever way the secretary desired. In 1768 it was thought that two shillings' worth of beer and tobacco was rather too much for any one man to drink and smoke at a meeting, and it was voted that "there shant be above 1 s. 4 d. a man spent at a meeting before the Business of the evening be over and the reckning called & settled; and that a clarke be chosen Each Evening to settle the reckning," etc. The Society had no regular place of assembly, but met around wherever it could. From the 21st of February, 1775, till the 26th of October, 1784, the Society did not meet, owing to many of the members being in the Continental Army,

Serving under Gen. Washington.

On the evening of the reassembling of the Society after the War of the Revolution, the President delivered an address in which he said: Gentlemen, Members of the Charitable Irish Society: I congratulate you on this joyful occasion, that we are assembled again after ten years' absence occasioned by a dreadful and ruinous war of eight years; also that we have conquered one of the greatest and most potent nations on the globe so far as to have peace and independency. May our friends, countrymen in Ireland, behave like the brave Americans, till they recover their liberties." It has long been a custom to invite to the annual dinner of the Society, representatives of the Catholic and Protestant clergy, and as far back as 1797 the committee having the entertainment in charge was "authorized to admit such gentlemen as may appear proper subjects for the celebration, they paying their own club." In 1798 the members were not "warned" for the August meeting because the contagion raged, and the members were principally out of Boston. In October of the same year, they were not warned, "Because the Contagion was not entirely eradicated and the Members not generally Returned." In June, 1799, the secretary was a little

nettled because he had no company at the meeting, and he made as a record: "President, Vice-President and all the members absent except the secretary. Therefore, all business is suspended until the next meeting." For a year or more afterward, the meetings were not well attended. In April, 1808, an election of officers and other business was being disposed of, when the proceedings terminated very abruptly, and the record gives the reason as follows: "Fire is cried and bells ringing; the Society disperse." By 1810, the material in the organization began to grow again, and the meetings were held at the Old Exchange coffee house. Twenty years later. Gallagher's Howard Street House was the popular place of rendezvous, and it was here that a vote was passed providing standards and banners for the Society. One of the most memorable events recorded, took place on the 22d of June, 1833, when "thirteen marshals conducted the Society to the lodgings of the President of the United States, at the Tremont House, to pay their respects." President James Boyd of the Society delivered an address of welcome, and President Andrew Jackson replied as follows: "I feel much gratified, sir, at this testimony of respect shown me by the Charitable Irish Society of this city. It is with great pleasure that I see so many of the countrymen of my father assembled on this occasion. I have always been proud of my ancestry, and of being descended from that noble race, and rejoice that I am so nearly allied to a country which has so much to recommend it to the good wishes of the world. Would to God, sir, that Irishmen on the other side of the great water, enjoyed the comforts, happiness, contentment and liberty that we enjoy here. I am well aware, sir, that Irishmen have never been backward in giving their support to

The Cause of Liberty.

"They have fought, sir, for this country valiantly, and, I have no doubt, would fight again were it necessary; but I hope it will be long before the institutions of our country need support of that kind. Accept my best wishes for the happiness of you all." The members of the Society were about to withdraw when President Jackson took Mr. Boyd by the hand and said: "I am somewhat fatigued, sir, as you may notice; but I cannot allow you to part with me until I again shake hands with you, which I do for yourself and the whole Society. I assure you, sir, there are few circumstances that have given me more heart-felt satisfaction than this visit. I shall remember it with pleasure, and I hope you, sir, and all your Society will long enjoy health and happiness." The next event of interest was the appearance of the Society in the procession on the occasion of services commemorative of Gen. Lafayette, September 6, 1834, "With a standard bearer and ten marshals, who decorated themselves with the medals of the Society, and a special badge provided for the occasion in honor of Gen. Lafayette, and bearing his likeness." The centennial celebration was another red letter event. J. Boyd, the President, delivered an oration at Masonic Hall. Governor Edward Everett, Mayor Samuel Atkins Eliot, and other distinguished gentlemen being present as invited guests, and these gentlemen also attended the banquet in the evening and delivered

addresses. In 1841 the Society began to meet at the Stackpole House, which stood on the south-west corner of Milk and Devonshire Streets, where the Post-office building now stands. The Parker House has been the place of meeting for about thirty years, beginning in 1856. Efforts have frequently been made to detach the Society from Parker's; but the memories of good times and old faces has so entwined the Society to that "tavern," that it has been impossible thus far to effect a separation. In addition to the officers usually elected in societies, namely, president, vice-president, secretaries, treasurer and directors, the Charitable Irish Society adheres to the old-time custom of electing a "keeper of the silver key," who is also chairman of the board of directors. The silver key is not a myth, as many of the new members of the organization, as well as other persons, have supposed. It is made of coin silver, after the style of the old-fashioned iron keys used to lock the main front doors of places of business and family mansions, some of which are yet to be seen in houses fifty or more years old. It is about seven or eight inches long, and weighs between a quarter and half a pound. This key is preserved in a velvet-lined case, and is one of

The Treasures of the Society.

Its utility is described in the thirteenth section of the original rules and orders, as follows: "The key keepers are to attend gentlemen and others, natives of Ireland, or of Irish extraction, residing in these parts, or transients, to acquaint them with the charitable design and nature of this Society, and invite them to contribute by the formality of delivering them a silver key, with the arms of Ireland thereon; and if any person do refuse the same, they are to return their names at some subsequent quarterly meeting." The records do not show that at any time in the history of the Society has the key keeper had occasion to report the name of anybody for refusing to contribute to charity. There are also other relics and devices, all of which are in the possession of the treasurer, who gives bonds for the safe-keeping of the same. The device, or coat-of-arms, of the Society, represents an eagle with outstretched wings, holding in one claw a liberty pole, surmounted by the cap of liberty, and in the other a "sprig of shamrock." Pendant from the eagle's neck is a shield, with an Irish harp and a shamrock in the centre, around which is the legend: "Charitable Irish Society." Beneath the device is the Society's motto: "Fostered under thy wings, we will die in thy defence," and above are the dates of the founding (1737) and incorporation (1809) of the Society. The banner of the organization is now exhibited on but one day of the year, March 17, when it is given a place as near the head of the banquet table as possible. By a rule of the Society, the charity was formerly limited to forty shillings for any one person at any one time, and there is no doubt that a great deal of good was done. The growth of public and private charitable institutions and associations had the effect, twenty or twenty-five years ago, of leaving the Society with little or nothing to do, as its members were nearly all associated with other charities, which covered the ground more fully and promptly. Not for many years, however, has a record of dispensed charity been kept. All cases are referred to the board of

directors, and upon investigation, if found worthy, the keeper of the silver key and the treasurer have been instructed to aid the person asking assistance. The impression has gone abroad, so quietly and unostentatiously has the work been done, that the Society gives nothing in charity. An incident touching this fact is related by one of the officers. A respectable and intelligent mechanic, a brass finisher, applied for relief. He had a wife and four children in Dublin. He was out of employment there and came to America to get work. He had heard that

His Family Were Suffering.

He did not ask to be sent to them because he had nothing to give them. He could get employment in New York, and soon would earn enough to bridge over their necessities. He had called at a newspaper office in Boston to ascertain where he could find a charitable Irish society to help him, and was informed that "there was such a society in existence, but that it was charitable only in name." The man found his way to the keeper of the silver key eventually, and his immediate wants were supplied, and he was given transportation to New York. Before the train rolled out of the depot, he informed the member of the Society, who was seeing him off, that he had paid another visit to the newspaper office, and informed the people there that they had been misinformed; that "The Charitable Irish Society was charitable not only in name, but in deed, and in a direction, too, not covered by other charities of a private nature." He felt it a duty incumbent on him to correct the misapprehension, and, having done so, he bade them good day. This case is only one of many that might be cited. Among the presidents of the Society were some of the best known descendants of Irishmen in Boston. The presidents for the last fifty years are as follows:

1835 — John O. Park.
1836 — James Boyd.
1837 — James Boyd.
1838 — Daniel O'Callaghan.
1839 — Daniel O'Callaghan.
1840 — Wm. P. McKay.
1841 — Wm. P. McKay.
1842 — John C. Tucker.
1843 — John C. Tucker.
1844 — Terence McHugh.
1845 — Terence McHugh.
1846 — Terence McHugh.
1847 — Patrick Sharkey.
1848 — John Kelly.
1849 — John Kelly.
1850 — John Kelly.
1851 — Patrick Donahoe.
1852 — James Egan.
1853 — Dennis W. O'Brien.
1854 — Patrick Donahoe.
1855 — Thomas Mooney.
1856 — John C. Crowley.
1857 — John C. Crowley.
1858 — John C. Crowley.
1859 — Patrick Phillips.
1860 — Hugh O'Brien.
1861 — Hugh O'Brien.
1862 — Cornelius Doherty.
1863 — James H. Tallon.
1864 — Patrick Harkins.
1865 — Michael Doherty.
1866 — Charles F. Donnelly.
1867 — Charles F. Donnelly.
1868 — John M. Maguire.
1869 — John M. Maguire.
1870 — John Magrath.
1871 — John Magrath.
1872 — Thomas Dolan.
1873 — Thomas J. Gargan.
1874 — Thomas J. Gargan.
1875 — Bernard Corr.
1876 — Patrick A. Collins.
1877 — Patrick A. Collins.
1878 — Joseph D. Fallon.
1879 — Edward Ryan.
1880 — Patrick F. Griffin.
1881 — Patrick F. Griffin.
1882 — Thomas Riley.
1883 — W. W. Doherty.
1884 — Timothy Dacey.
1885 — Dennis H. Morrissey.

For several years past the subject of erecting a suitable building in which the Society should have a meeting place of its own, with rooms for reading and social purposes for young men of the present and coming generations, and also small halls for other Society meetings, has been under consideration. The project seemed visionary till this year, when a committee was appointed to raise a fund for the purpose. This committee has given the subject most careful consideration, and intends by means of a series of entertainments this winter, to establish a foundation on which to build a fund for the erection of the structure proposed. When the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary is about to be observed, it is intended to invite President Cleveland to be the Society's guest, and the occasion will, without doubt, be one of great interest.

Interest: — Savings Banks.

THE *Catholic Review:* Interest to be at all justifiable ought to consider a number of elements, which in the case of most of our Catholic churches in great cities like New York, Boston, Brooklyn or Philadelphia, are largely in favor of the church corporations. *Lucrum cessans* will justify interest; but just now where else can a gain of four-and-half per cent. be combined with absolute safety. *Damnum emergens* justifies interest; but in the present condition of affairs, with bank presidents looking for investments at two per cent., and telling depositors that the mere safe keeping of their deposits is interest enough, where does the loss of profit arise? "Danger of the investment" justifies interest; but is it not ridiculous to say that any bank imperils money lent to a Catholic church in New York or Brooklyn on a first mortgage? The fact is, such an investment is only equalled in security by a United States bond; it may not be as easily negotiable, but it is just as safe. It ought to cost very little more.

Priests to whom the second of January and first of July are sad days, and who for weeks and even months previous are persecuted by the necessity of begging from and irritating their congregations by painful appeals for money to pay these dreadful interests, have asked the *Catholic Review* again and again to draw popular attention to the high rate that is charged for such loans. We do so. But having done our duty in this respect, we think we ought to add that it belongs to themselves to deal effectively with the whole question, the very outside limits of which we can only touch upon. Six per cent., that some of them pay, would pay for many a Catholic teacher in a parochial school. How are they to secure a reduction? We think a business-like and amicable discussion of the whole question would convince the banks that property such as a church is entitled to consideration not accorded to private or business property. We do not now refer to motives of charity or religion, but of pure business. No doubt some bankers will

say, at first, that "the thing cannot be done." Well, the example of the Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is a good one. When their demand for a just reduction was, as we think, foolishly, refused, they had no difficulty in transferring their mortgage. If half a dozen strong churches took up the question, they would, we predict, bring all opponents to time. It is worth talking over. Still more, it is worth acting upon. Many a church that is now paying six per cent. could employ six additional teachers if it had to pay only three per cent. interest.

Bay State Faugh-a-Ballaghs.*

III.

THE SECOND IRISH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT—THE TWENTY-EIGHTH TO THE FRONT—ANOTHER CHAPTER ABOUT OUR RACE IN THE WAR OF THE UNION.

"To the troops (the Irish Brigade) commanded by General Meagher, was principally committed the desperate task of bursting out of the town of Fredericksburg and forming under the withering fire of the Confederate batteries, to attack Marye's Heights, towering immediately in their front. Never at Fontenoy, Albuera or at Waterloo was more undaunted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. . . . The bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle-fields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Heights on the 13th day of December, 1862."

Of this brigade of five regiments the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel Richard Byrnes, was the second Irish regiment raised in Massachusetts in defence of the Union in 1861. The tribute above quoted is the testimony of the war correspondent of the *London Times*, the files of which are to be found in our Boston Athenæum. He was the famous Dr. Russell, the Crimean and other wars' correspondent of the *London Thunderer*. He should surely be a judge of heroic service and undaunted bravery. He was an eye-witness, as was the writer of these lines, of what he speaks, and could with great truth form a personal knowledge of the facts, and with ocular proof depict the thrilling and tragic drama enacted on the bloody slopes of Fredericksburg, Va., on that midwinter day. The nature of the ground on the left bank of the Rappahannock afforded ample views of the scenes being enacted on the other side, and it requires no difficult stretch of the imagination or of the sympathies of humanity to enter into the feelings of men, who, seeing this fearful havoc of their Federal comrades, awaited their turn for Burnside to order them, "his latest chance

* Clear the Road.

to try," across the ensanguined river. When the order did come for the fresh Irish troops, it was only to find themselves mingled in the slaughter with their prone dead and dying comrades from the old Bay State, the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts, distinguishable by the fresh and natural sprigs of green with which they had on that fateful morning decorated their military caps, but which were now in too, too many cases, crimsoned with blood and brains, or embedded in the crushed skulls of the gallant heroes, who, only a few short hours before, so jauntily wore them.

"Why should we be sad, boys, whose business it is to die!" sung Wolfe at Quebec. The strain was melancholy and its vein mercenary. It was not the business of these gallant citizen soldiers to die. They should have lived to see a country restored to peace and greatness as a

COL. RICHARD BYRNES.

proof of their patriotism, valor and sacrifices. "But," says Dr. Russell in another part of his Fredericksburg letter to the *London Times*, "that any mortal men could have carried the position before which they were wantonly sacrificed, defended as it was, it seems to me idle for a moment to believe." And these valiant, adopted citizens of the Republic hesitated not to obey the cruel order to charge and charge again and again up to those impregnable works with a fortitude and persistence that could not possibly be expected from troops who adopted the trade of soldier and "whose business it was to die."*

*At this battle of Fredericksburg, the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, for the time being, became the Faugh-a-Ballaghs — "clear the road." It was they that went in boats across the river and with assistance cleared the Confederates from the rifle pits in the lower streets of the town, and thus admitted the laying of pontoon bridges over which passed the troops to charge the Heights. The Nineteenth had many Irishmen in it.

On another occasion, General Hancock said of a charge in which the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts participated: "I have never seen anything so splendid." He was a judge of what a good charge consisted. Great credit is most justly due to Colonel Richard Byrnes, of whom a most excellent likeness is herewith presented, and of whom the writer will have something more to say before he finishes a brief record of this famed Irish-American Regiment.

The evidences of fine discipline and military bearing given by the first Irish regiment, the Ninth Infantry, organized in Massachusetts, and which, when it went to the front sustained so admirably those earlier promises to the great satisfaction of the national and state authorities, prompted the latter to form a second similar corps. Accordingly Gov. Andrew and Gen. Schouler consulted with the Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick of the Boston diocese and Mr. Patrick Donahoe with this view. The outlook was favorable and the state officials received patriotic and most cheerful assurances from these and other Irish-American gentlemen taken into counsel on the subject. The authority of the general government was at once secured and the formation of the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, to be numbered the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, was speedily begun. An announcement appeared in *The Pilot* stating that on September 28, 1861, the war office sanctioned the formation of the regiment to be commanded by Colonel Thomas T. Murphy of the Montgomery Guard of New York, and accordingly recruiting was begun with head-quarters at 16 Howard Street, Boston. An address was issued which spiritedly set forth that for this Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, should rally forth for their country's cause, "now that Governor Andrew has been granted authority to raise another Irish regiment. . . . This is to afford an opportunity to all those whose allegiance, patriotism and home welfare all combine to enlist their sympathies for the country of their adoption and the safety and protection of the Union; to unite one and all to uphold its integrity and render it inviolable for future ages. Signed Patrick Donahoe and Dr. W. M. Walsh." Among the gentlemen authorized to recruit for it, were Messrs. Alexander Blaney of Natick, Florence Buckley of South Natick, E. H. Fitzpatrick of New Bedford, Owen E. Neale of Fitchburg, S. W. Moore of Marlboro', C. W. Judge of Haverhill and Daniel O'Donovan of the same locality, Martin Kirwin of Lawrence, A. A. Griffin of East Cambridge, John Riley of Worcester, Paul Eveny of Salem, and Lieutenant Ed. F. O'Brien of Burlington, Vt.

The nucleus of the Faugh-a-Ballaghs was rendezvoused at Camp Cameron, Cambridge, where the good, pious and patriotic Rev. Father Manasses Dougherty of St. Peter's Church, Concord Avenue, ministered to the spiritual and many of the temporal wants of the sick and the well until a regular chaplain was assigned to the command. Many a gallant soldier who, shortly afterwards, sank into a bloody grave, recalled with love and veneration the tender and manly ministrations of this dear Soggarth Aroon. A chaplain of the regiment, Father McMahon, is now the bishop of the diocese of Hartford, Conn. Among the first acts of Company A, Captain William Mitchell commanding,

was to pass, by a unanimous vote, the resolve: "That in consideration of the untiring zeal and patriotic feelings of Mr. Patrick Donahoe in prompting and aiding the organization of the Second Irish Massachusetts Regiment (the Twenty-Eighth) this company will, hereafter, be known and called the Donahoe Guard." This paragraph was further supplemented with the assurance from the company to the patriotic gentleman whom they had named as patron, that their conduct as soldiers and Irishmen in the field would never give cause of disgrace to the name they had thus, with so much hearty unanimity, voted to assume. Here let us for the close of this chapter leave the "boys," many of whom are looking forward to a glorious future in which the fate of their native Ireland is romantically blended. How often have they thrilled with martial fervor, as they read or heard Thomas Davis's Fontenoy, that famed Fontenoy, which would have been a Waterloo,

"Were not those exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true."

Ah, yes, they will learn the science of war and if fate reserves them in the glorious fight for the Union, their practical knowledge, their tested courage will then be used by the grace of the God of Hosts to help free their native land.

Capital and Labor: Philosophy of "Strikes."

WHAT the *land question* was to the agricultural population of Ireland, the labor question *is* to the toiling masses of the United States — who, in one or another form of manufacturing industry, in mines and shops, or public employment, are honestly striving to "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow."

In the case of the Irish people the question was one of life and death, or, what was practically the same, starvation or exile.

An alternative so monstrous and so pitiful is not presented in the United States to those who toil; but the conditions and prospects presented to them are often harsh and bitter.

We have seen in the instances of labor strikes, and by the simultaneous suspension of work in the great mills and factories, that tens of thousands of men accustomed to subsist by the returns of their daily toil, have been reduced, with their families, to want and wretchedness.

The accounts given in the public journals of the sufferings in Ohio and Pennsylvania during the recent strikes amongst the miners, recalls the widespread, and, in instances, awful distress which prevailed in the districts in question.

The startling figures lately put forth by representatives of the Knights of Labor, which is said to be a powerful and widely extended labor organization, as to the number of unemployed men in the United States, seem incredible in the face of the apparent activity of trade and the general seeming prosperity; but there is no doubt the real figures

are great enough to excite deep concern on the part of the thoughtful and reflecting observer.

It does not require that one should be either a philosopher or a communist to see in the prevailing conditions of the labor element in the United States, that something is seriously out of gear. With capital everywhere concentrating in the form of monopolies, — whether it be in the consolidation of railroads and telegraphs, or in mills and mines where products are "pooled," or yet in the colossal stores and factories, on every hand is seen the strengthening and solidifying of capital in the hands of the few. And this consolidation, it is plain, is only effected by sweeping out or swallowing up smaller enterprises. This is the logical and perhaps inevitable result of our modern social system — in which wealth and "greed of gain" is held to be the chief end of life. But, with this visible agglomeration of wealth in the hands of the comparatively few, what is to be said of the conditions and prospects of the laboring masses? If, happily, in the acquisition and accumulation of wealth by monopolists, we could hope for the rules and application of Christian principles and a realizing sense of Christian duties in its employment and distribution, there would then be less occasion for concern and apprehension in considering the problems presented in the questions of "Capital and Labor." However seductive and alluring may be the dreams and vagaries of latter-day theorizers, inequality of social and worldly conditions is and will remain the rule. *Utopia* will remain in the books; it cannot be realized, in fact, under the conditions of our or any other known civilization. It can and may be realized, but in a form and fashion outside the ken of the modern "philosopher," — and that will be by the universal acceptance of Divine law and the general practice of the Divine commands.

The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount contain the solution of all the problems with which we are concerned in the discussion of this question. When capital recognizes and acts up to *the duties* involved in and implied by the possession of wealth, labor will recognize and respect *the rights* of capital.

The philosophy of the question turns upon these two simple words, "RIGHTS" and "DUTIES."

Adam Smith says: "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a plain violation of this most sacred property." A distinguished Catholic authority — Cardinal Manning — gives a more concise definition — "the honest exertion of the powers of our minds and of our body for our own good, and for the good of our neighbors."

The rights of the workman to dispose of his own toil on his own terms cannot be questioned, nor can his right to combine and unite with other toilers for purposes of mutual protection be seriously questioned. Indeed, such unions and combinations may be said to be a necessity in the existing order.

How is it possible except through such union and combination to

resist the power of great corporations and exacting monopolies, which, as a rule, little regard the rights of the day laborer. Capital is protected by its own innate power, by its influence over legislation and legislative bodies, and by the readiness with which "pools" and "combinations" are formed to its bidding; but in its control over labor it is more powerful still by reason of the helplessness of the working masses, who must work in order to live. An autocratic order from the chief of some great corporation will sometimes reduce the wages of tens of thousands of employés from ten to twenty per cent in one swoop. And the tens of thousands have no redress or alternative unless to "strike."

And here lies the difficulty. The public, as a rule, do not sympathize with "strikes" and "strikers." Strikes are always inconvenient. They upset the existing order, disturb business, and sometimes lead to destruction of property.

There is, and can be, of course, no justification for lawlessness. If the rights of the workman to fix a price for his labor, and other conditions as to the hours of his service, cannot be disputed, the equal rights of the employers to fix the terms and price to be paid is no less certain. Between these often irreconcilable conditions lie only submission, strikes, or arbitration. The former is often expedient, the second sometimes necessary, the last is always wise. A leading mine owner, widely known for his uniform practical sympathy with his operatives, and for his public spirit and high character, Col. William P. Rend, of Chicago, has lately put forward, in several public conventions representing the mining interests, a method of arbitration which would be invoked in case of differences between employers and operatives.

The simple suggestion of arbitration as the true remedy carries on its face the evident solution of this vexed labor problem.

It is not necessary to suggest details. The fundamental idea is that all differences may and ought to be reconciled by frank and honest arbitration. Where employers will meet operatives on this half-way neutral ground, an adjustment may be confidently looked for in most cases. The arts of the demagogue and the threats of the socialists will no longer be effective with the laboring masses. Where arbitration by mutual agreement is not practicable, legislative "Boards of Arbitration" could be appealed to; and these should be provided for by law in every state.

When corporations and individual employers shall, as very many to their honor, be it said, undoubtedly do, show due regard and consideration for the rights and necessities of workmen and operatives, there need be no fear of the spectre of communistic disorder in the United States. Our mechanics and workingmen are instinctively conservative and cannot be led away permanently into dangerous societies and combinations, if only capital will join in promoting the adoption of "arbitration" as the true solution of the labor problem.

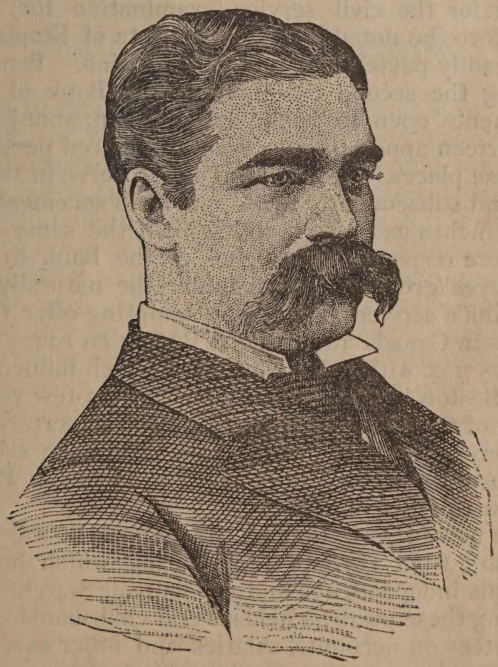
WM. J. ONAHAN in *Scholastic Annual.*

A CURE for tight shoes — go barefoot.

Senator Hayes.

A SKETCH OF HIS ANTECEDENTS IN IRELAND AND AMERICA — HIS BRILLIANT ELECTION.

AMONG the forty gentlemen elected to serve in the Senate during the present term of the General Court of Massachusetts, we hesitate not to predict that it will be found that Hon. John J. Hayes, the subject of this brief sketch, will bring to bear upon such questions for legislative consideration and action as may devolve upon him a most intelligent culture, a well-developed business training and thorough uprightness of purpose. In choosing him as their senatorial representative, the voters of the Eighth Suffolk District, embracing Wards Twenty-two, Twenty-three, Twenty-four and Twenty-five — all combined, having a prepon-



HON. JOHN J. HAYES.

derating majority of Republican votes — have exhibited the soundest judgment, we are confident, in the exercise of citizen-franchise. Mr. Hayes' election was a well-considered rebuke to the narrow systems of legislation prevalent in most of the New England States. Hon. William H. Spooner, the district Senator of last year, is, in private and business life, an honorable and esteemed gentleman; but being an extreme partisan in politics and a zealot in sectional legislative efforts, when a fitting

candidate was offered at the last election to oppose him, a gentleman of adequate views of the needs and requirements of his fellow-citizens to confront him, the voters hesitated not at the polls whom to choose.

Among his fellow-citizens of Boston and vicinity, Senator Hayes is well recognized as an uncompromising adherent of Home Rule principles in the affairs of Ireland, his native land. These come naturally to him. His father, Mr. John Hayes, now of Manchester, N. H., was a devoted supporter of O'Connell and, though young in years, was in turn warmly appreciated by the great liberator. From the most steadfast patriotism he has never swerved, and the blood in his children's veins, with the teachings he inculcated, impels them to tread in the same path of patriotic purpose as their worthy sire.

Our Senator was born in Killarney, Kerry, January 26, 1845. His childhood saw many days amidst the inspiring scenes of this grand and most lovely portion of Ireland. He was educated in Dublin. Mr. Hayes entered for the civil service examination for the war office department before the noted Military Institute of Stapleton of Trinity College, and readily passed the first examination. Pending the usual delay preceding the second examination, the Bank of Ireland threw their appointments open to public examination, and John J. received the first of fourteen appointments, several hundred persons being competitors for these places. He was assigned to serve in the Dublin office of the Bank, and subsequently found rapid advancement in the Gorey and Arklow branches as cashier, and later in the same capacity in the respectively more responsible branches of the Bank in Drogheda and Cork. Mr. Hayes growing restive under the naturally slow advancement in the Bank's services, accepted a tempting offer from one of the strongest banks in Canada and reached Boston en route thereto. Here, however, he was met with a business offer which induced him to pitch his fortune in Boston business circles, and after a few years became the junior member of the firm of Brown & Hayes, importers, exporters and commission merchants, Broad Street, and where he still continues to do the same business. His firm changed to Hayes & Poppelé in 1877 and as it is now to Hayes & Angle.

Under the new organization of the School Board, Senator Hayes served five years, from 1876 to 1880, during which he won deserved confidence by his independence and unremitting watchfulness in school matters. During these years he held several chairmanships and membership in committees on accounts, salaries and other executive duties of the board. He was a pronounced advocate of proper compensation to teachers in which work he has always felt and shown a great and sympathetic interest. From the advent of his services on the board, the teachers had reason to know him as a friend, who would do battle for them against reduction of their salaries, as was many times attested by his minority reports and speeches in session. He resisted the attempts to do away with the Suburban High Schools, and the residents of the sections where they are located should feel indebted to his leading opposition to such attempts for the retention of these suburban schools.

Mr. Hayes has been a director in several insurance companies

and has been for many years on the executive committee of the Union Institution for Savings. Senator Hayes resides in a handsome residence, surrounded by ample grounds, in the Dorchester district, Ward Twenty-four. He is a thorough Democrat in principle. It was, therefore, a most flattering testimony to his personal popularity and of the great respect of his usual political opponents that they voted for him. Particularly is this the case in so far as his Dorchester Republican neighbors are concerned, so many of these being of the ancient and wealthy families, descendants of the earlier colonial settlers of Massachusetts Bay. The district also embraces the homes of many retired merchants and strong business men of Boston. In view of all the circumstances, Mr. Hayes' senatorial campaign success, it must be conceded, was a most brilliant one.

Saints and Serpents.

EVEN among Catholics the story of St. Patrick's driving the snakes and other reptiles out of Ireland has often been made the subject of, let us say, good-natured jest. But, besides, among others than Irishmen the legend has been laid to the score of the excessive credulity of Irishmen. I myself have heard German Catholics instance this story as an evidence of the excesses into which the Celtic mind is apt to run. And yet, investigation shows that the Irish are not alone in their pious belief. Father Chas. Cahier, a Jesuit, has compiled a work entitled "*Caractéristiques des Saints dans l'Art Populaire.*" It is a most wonderful and valuable storehouse of information, illustration, and explanation. Thus we find in that our saint is not only patron of Ireland but also of Murcia in Spain, for the reason that on his feast, 17th of March, 1452, was won the battle of Los Alporchones. Turning to the heading "Serpent," we meet with a long array of saints represented in painting or sculpture with one or more of these reptiles in his vicinity. Italy, Brittany, Germany, France, Syria, Egypt, and other lands furnish legends as strange as that concerning our apostle. In fact, comparatively small space is devoted to him by the erudite Jesuit. He briefly says, "It is thoroughly admitted by the Irish that he drove from their Isle the serpents and other venomous animals. It is even added that the English have many times, but in vain, endeavored to acclimate venomous animals in Ireland." In a footnote he continues as follows:

"A prose of Saint Patrick (in the *Officia SS. Patritii, Columbæ, Brigidæ*, etc., Paris, 1620, in 16, p. 110–112) says:

"'Virosa reptilia
Prece congregata,
Pellit ab Hibernia
Mari liberata.'

"Cf. Molan Hist. SS. Imag., lib. iii. cap. x. (ed. Paquot, p. 265). *Nieremberg, De Miraculosis . . . in Europa*, lib. ii. cap. LXII. (p. 469, sq.); et cap. XVIII. (p. 429).

"Nevertheless, Father Theoph. Raynaud (Opp, t. viii. p. 513) says that this might have been a fact existing in Ireland previous to the days of her apostle."

In Jocelyn's "Life and Acts of Saint Patrick," Chap. CLXIX, we read, "Even from the time of its original inhabitants, did Hibernia labor under a three-fold plague: a swarm of poisonous creatures, whereof the number could not be counted; a great concourse of demons visibly appearing; and a multitude of evil-doers and magicians. And these venomous and monstrous creatures, rising out of the earth and out of the sea, so prevailed over the whole island that they not only wounded men and animals with their deadly sting, but slayed them with cruel bitings, and not seldom rent and devoured their members."

Chapter CLXX. continues: "And the most holy Patrick applied all his diligence unto the extirpation of this three-fold plague; and at length by his salutary doctrine and fervent prayer he relieved Hibernia of the increasing mischief. Therefore he, the most excellent pastor, bore on his shoulder the staff of Jesus, and aided of the angelic aid, he by its comminatory elevation gathered together from all parts of the island, all the poisonous creatures into one place; then compelled he them all unto a very high promontory, which was then called Cruachan-ailge, but now Cruachan-Phadring; and by the power of his word he drove the whole pestilent swarm from the precipice of the mountain headlong into the ocean. O eminent sign! O illustrious miracle! even from the beginning of the world unheard, but now experienced by tribes, by peoples and by tongues, known unto all nations, but to the dwellers in Hibernia especially needful! And at this marvellous, yet most profitable sight, a most numerous assembly was present; many of whom had flocked from all parts to behold miracles, many to receive the word of life.

"Then turned he his face toward Mannia, and the other islands which he had imbued and blessed with the faith of Christ and with the holy sacraments; and by the power of his prayers he freed all these likewise from the plague of venomous reptiles. But other islands, the which had not believed at his preaching, still are cursed with the procreation of those poisonous creatures."

The Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, in his "Popular life of Saint Patrick," says, "Rothe in his elucidations upon this passage of Jocelyn, compared this quality bestowed upon Irish soil, through the prayers of Saint Patrick, with that conferred upon Malta by the merits of Saint Paul, with this difference, he adds, 'that while in Malta serpents, adders, and other venomous reptiles, retain their life and motion, and lose only their poisonous power, in Ireland they can neither hurt nor exist, inasmuch as not only the soil but the climate and atmosphere, are unto them instant death.'"

Ribadeneira says that even the wood of Ireland is proof against poisonous reptiles. He declares that King's College, Cambridge, is built within of Irish oak, and consequently not even a spider can be found within it.

In the first volume of Chambers' "Book of Days" is told the story of the attempt made by James Cleland, an Irish gentleman, in 1831, to

introduce reptiles into the Holy Isle. He bought half a dozen harmless English snakes (*natrix torquata*) in Covent Garden market, London, and turned them loose in his garden in Rathgael, County Down. Within a week one was killed at Milecross three miles distant. A peasant who found one and thought it an eel, took it to Dr. J. L. Drummond, the celebrated Irish naturalist, and was horrified to learn that it was a genuine serpent. There was great excitement, and it was fortunate for Mr. Cleland that his connection with the affair was not known. One clergyman preached on the discovery of the reptile as a presage of the millennium; another saw a relation between it and the cholera-morbus. Some energetic men took the matter in hand and offered a reward for the dead bodies of the snakes. Three were killed within a few miles of the garden, and the others were never fully accounted for.

But to return to Father Cahier. He tells us of the following, depicted in sacred art in close proximity to serpents.

Moses is not only represented raising the brazen serpent in the desert to cure those who had been bitten by the reptiles (Num. xxi. 6–9), but also casting his rod on the ground, that it may be changed into a serpent — either at God's command before the burning bush as proof of his divine mission (Exod. iv. 1–5), or before Pharaoh to obtain the deliverance of the Israelites. (Exod. viii. 8–13.)

Saint Paul the Apostle. A viper hanging from his hand and which he is shaking off into the fire. (Acts. xxviii. 3–6.) This event, which occurred in the island of Malta, has given rise to a devotion greatly in vogue, especially among the Greeks. Earth taken from a cavern, wherein it is alleged Saint Paul took refuge after his shipwreck on the coast of that island, is carried to a distance as a preservative against the bite of dangerous beasts and against fevers.

There was also in by-gone times a persuasion that any man born on the 25th of January (the day of the apostle's conversion) was guaranteed against the reptile's tooth.

Saint Andrew the Apostle. His apocryphal legend relates, that he cast out devils, under the form of serpents or dragons. (*Legend aur.*, cap. ii.) This is found represented amongst other places, on a stained-glass window of the Cathedral of Chartres.

Saint Peter Celestine, Pope. I do not remember, says Father Cahier, ever to have seen him painted with a dragon or a large serpent; but it is probable that this may be met with, especially in Italy. For it is related that, having retired into a grotto of the Abruzzi, he expelled from it a venomous serpent, which had made great ravages in the neighborhood.

Saint Romain or Romanus, Bishop of Rouen; 24th of October, 639. His dragon, or serpent, gave rise to an annual procession, during which a prisoner was released in memory of the service rendered to the country by the holy bishop. Father Cahier adds that this legend probably allegorized the destruction of Paganism by the bishop's efforts in his diocese.

Saint Spiridion, Bishop of Tremithontes in the island of Cyprus; 14th of December, about 348. Offering a serpent to a poor man.

He had a great reputation for charity, so the needy confidently applied to him for aid. But one day when a beggar asked him for assistance, the saint, who had nothing to give him, picked up a serpent, which the poor man hardly cared to accept. Nevertheless, encouraged by the bishop, he held his hand out; and the beast was converted into gold. (Surius, 14th December.)

Saint Narcissus, Bishop of Gironu in Catalonia, and apostle of Augsburg; 18th of March, about 307. It is related in the country of the Julian Alps that he destroyed a dragon, which was posted beside a spring, from which all the inhabitants fled.

Saint Amand, Bishop of Maestricht, and apostle of Flanders; 6th of February, 675. While still a child, he drove, it is said, from the island of Oye (near La Rochelle) a serpent which he met in his way. (*Acta Sanctorum*, Februar., t. i, p. 849.) Father Cahier says that the original is a dragon, which artists have converted into a serpent, and that it is quite likely it symbolizes the idols overthrown by the saint's apostolic labors in the country about Ghent.

Saint Modestus, Bishop of Jerusalem; 16th of December, seventh century. Putting to death a serpent which infested a fountain; much like the legend of Saint Narcissus. (Bagatta, *Admiranda orbis*, lib. vii. cap. i, §. 19, No. 29.)

Saint Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers; 14th of January, about 368. Old artists paint him with a staff around which is twined a serpent; or serpents fleeing from that staff. This signifies, that during his exile, he completely banished the reptiles which infested the island of *Gallinaria* in the Mediterranean, near Genoa (the Gallinara of the present day). According to other versions he did not exactly rid the entire island of those animals, but simply relegated them to a corner of the land, where he planted his staff as a boundary which they were nevermore to pass. (P. de Natal., libr. ii, cap. LXVIII.—AA. SS., *Januar.*, t. i, p. 792.) Cl. Robert quotes an epitaph on the doctor of Poitiers, found, he says, in an ancient manuscript, although the style gives little indication of the Middle Ages.

> "Hilarius cubat hac, pictavus episcopus, urna;
> Defensor nostræ mirificus fidei.
> Illius aspectum serpentes ferre nequibant,
> Nescis quæ in vultu spicula sanctus habet."

Might this be, asks Father Cahier, a way of expressing the fact that the saint had banished Arianism from amongst his people?

It is elsewhere shown that the dragons of many legions may be interpreted by the overthrow and expulsion of Paganism, that is, the end of Satan's reign over hearts. The serpent seems to have had something of this symbolism in ecclesiastical monuments, except that sometimes, here or there, it probably denotes heresy instead of idolatry. (Cf. Manni, *Osservazioni istoriche sopra i sigilli antichi dei secoli bassi*, t. V, sigill. 15.)

Saint Pirmin, (*Pirminus* or *Pirminius*) travelling bishop in Germany (and a Benedictine, it is said); 3d November, 758. He is described as a bishop of Meaux, who left his see in order to go and preach the Gospel along the banks of the Rhine; and he is usually

painted as putting a multitude of serpents to flight. (*Calendar.* Benedict., 3d of Nov.—Rader, *Bavaria Sancta.*) A sequence of Saint Gall (ap. Mone, *Hymni . . . media ævi*, t. III., p. 482, sq.) thus describes the marvel:

"Hic Augiensem insulam
Dei nutu intraverat,
Quam multitudo pessima
Destinebat serpentium.
Intrante illo . . .
Statim squammosus
Hestinanter exercitus
Aufugit, ampli lacus
Natatu tergus
Tegens per triduum."

Amongst other abbeys of his foundation, he established that of Reichenau in the island of Constance, vanishing from the island the vipers or adders which had enormously multiplied in it. The legend even goes on to say that, for three days, the surrounding water was covered with these reptiles which forsook their old abode.

Was this story the legend or the consequence of an invocation of Saint Pirmin against unwholesome drinks? Besides people recommended themselves to this saint against the plague and the consequences of dangerous food. Furthermore, his dalmatic and his cincture were considered powerful to assuage the sufferings of pregnant women. An ancient seal of Saint Pirmin is found with these two verses used in certain provinces of Germany:

"Sanctificet nostram sanctus Pirminius escam,
Dextera Pirmini benedicat pocula nostra."

Saint Samson, Bishop of Dol, in Brittany; 28th of July, about 564. Some say he slew a dragon, and Father Cahier says this may be symbolic of the many victories he gained over the enemy of men. According to several, it was a serpent which he drove from a grotto on the banks of the Seine (Cf. Longueval, *Histoire de l'Eglise gallicane* livre IX.)

Saint Mellon (Mélon, *Mellonus, Mallonus, Mello, Melanius?*) first Bishop of Rouen; 22d of October, about 214. A serpent of which his legend speaks may be only the dragon of the saints who preached the Gospel to idolatrous nations. An old office of his says:

"Manum sanat arescentem
Morsum curat, et serpentem
Sese cogit perdere."

His legend further relates that he overthrew in the city of Rouen the idol *Roth*, and that the devil complained to him of the trouble he had caused in his empire. (AA. SS. *Octobr.*, t. IX., p. 572, sq.)

Saint Cado (or Kadok, Cadout, Cadog, Catrog-Doeth, Cadvot), bishop and martyr in Brittany; 1st of November, about 580. The Bretons relate that on a little island off the coast of Vannes, between Port-Louis and Auray, he drove the serpents away and they never appeared there again (*Vie des Saints de la Bretagne*, p. 666). The

island retains the name of Enis-Cadvod or Inis-Kadok, that is, the island of Saint Cado.

A SAINT PATERNUS, bishop, whom Father Cahier cannot locate, is mentioned as having warded off the bites of serpents. He cannot say, too, but that there is more of symbolism than of real history in the story.

SAINT PEREGRINUS, bishop, martyred at Auxerre, 16th of May, third century, driving out serpents. Though one may consider this representation a manner of expressing the earnestness he displayed in extirpating idolatry from the people of Auxerre, it is admitted that in the Nivernais country (especially at Bouhy where he took refuge), serpents are never seen. People even come to the church of that village to take earth out of a hole habitually dug *ad hoc;* and that earth is carried away as a preservative against the bite of reptiles. It is besides regarded as an understood fact at Bouhy that a certain family there always has the figure of a serpent on the body of some one belonging to it. They are, according to the story, the descendants of a pagan, who, striving to drive the saint away by hitting him with a whip, saw the lash change into a serpent which "landed" near the rock where Saint Peregrinus had sought refuge against persecution.

SAINT HONORATUS OF ARLES, or OF LERINS; 16th of January, about 430. When he retired into the island which still bears his name, near the coast of Provence, vainly was it represented to him that it was a receptacle of venomous animals. The man of God exactly wanted a shelter, a refuge from all visitors, and drove out all the serpents which had long multiplied there without any obstacle. A palm-tree is still shown there, on which, it is alleged, our saint waited until Heaven came to his aid, by having the waves sweep away all that "vermin" which had rendered the island uninhabitable until then. (Surius, 16 Januar.; and AA. SS. *Januar.*, t. II., p. 19.) Observe that the islands of Saint-Honorat and Sainte-Marguerite are held in that country to have formed but one in olden days, which was the real Lerins, Pliny and Strabo to the contrary notwithstanding.

SAINT PROTUS OF SARDINIA, priest; 25th of October, under Diocletian. He was martyred with the deacon Saint Januarius and Saint Gavinus, a soldier converted by them. Protus, exiled at first to the island of Asinara(?) drove from it, it is said, all the venomous beasts. Many even would have it that this privilege was extended to the whole of Sardinia, for which, however, Father Cahier says he would not make himself responsible. (Cf. *Hagiolog. italic.*, t. II., p. 256). Hence a reptile is often represented at the feet of the saint, while artists often associate him with his two companions in martyrdom. In this case they may be easily distinguished by their costumes of priest, deacon, and soldier, which indicate the profession of each.

SAINT FLORENCE OF NORCIA (*Florentius* or *Florentinus*), monk; 23d of May, about 547. He has been confounded, rightly or wrongly, with Saint Florence of Corsica. But Saint Gregory the Great (*Dialog.*, III., 15, ed Galliccioli, t. VI., p. 202) speaks of him only as a simple monk, and relates that he destroyed a multitude of serpents by his prayer.

Saint Florence of Glonne, priest, patron of Saumur and Roye; 22d of September, fourth century. He is sometimes said to have thrown a dragon or serpent into the Loire, but the Bas-Bretons give the credit to Saint Mein, abbot of Gaël, who lived more than a century later.

Saint Amantius of Citta-di-Castello, priest; 26th of September, towards the end of the sixth century. He became famous in his lifetime by numerous miracles, especially by delivering the people of the country in which he dwelt from serpents. (Gregor. M., *Dialog.*, III., 35. Brantii *Martyrol poeticum.*)

Saint Julius, priest; 31st of January, about 399. The island of Orta, near Novara, was delivered by him from a quantity of serpents when he went there to build the last church he erected. According to some, these reptiles, put to flight by the holy man's blessing, plunged into the lake; others say that the serpents took refuge on Mount Camocino near there, but that they never hurt any one any more. (Labus, *Fasti*, 31 gennajo.— AA. SS. Januar., t. II., p. 1103.) The lake of Orta is still called *Lago de san Giulio*, by the people of the country around Milan.

Saint Magnus (*Magnoaldus*), abbot of Fuessen, and apostle of Algan; 6th of September, about 660. At Kempten this saint is credited with having expelled venomous animals; as for the dragon, he is said to have caused its death by his prayers at *Æqui caput.* However this may be, his staff was employed at Abthal against field rats, and in Brisgan against all kinds of insects that might injure the crops. (Cf. Wilh. Mueller, *Gesch . . . der altdentschen Religion*, p. 113.— *Calendar. benedict.*, 6th of Septembr.— Rader, *Bavaria sancta.*)

Saint Didymus, in the East. Father Cahier cannot say whether it is Didymus of Alexandria (28th of April) or Didymus of Laodicea (11th of September). Several modern German authors, copying one another, say that he is represented walking on serpents and nailed to the cross. Either, says Father Cahier, I greatly mistake, or the martyr of Laodicea, who was torn on a stake (*Menolog. græc.*, t. I., p. 29,) is confounded with the hermit of the same name who used to walk amongst the most dangerous reptiles (scorpions, horned vipers, etc.), without ever being injured by them. (Rosweyde, *Vitæ PP.*, p. 479.)

Saint Phocas of Antioch, in Syria, martyr; 5th March, time disputed. He is famed in the East as a signal protector against the bite of reptiles. These reptiles are often represented near the church which is dedicated to him, because it is acknowledged that they lose their venom as soon as they approach it, and that those bitten by them there recover health. (Cf. *Martyrol. Rom.*, 5 mart.)

Saint Christopher of Lycia, martyr; 25th of July, about 560. A serpent is sometimes placed near him, either because reptiles were used without effect to torture him, or on account of some miracle due to his intercession long after his death. (AA. SS. *Jul.*, t. VI., p. 137–139.) Father Cahier adds, in a note, if, as Servius says, the word *anguis* was used to denote reptiles which live in water, consequently amphibious animals, it becomes easier to understand that inundations may have been expressed by a dragon or a serpent; so many writers have

thought, the Bollandists amongst others. So, in many cases, it may have been a symbolic picture, whose significance was lost in the lapse of time. A serpent near Saint Christopher might indicate that the saint had crossed deep water.

Saint Leontius, martyr; honored at Muri in Switzerland, as one of the soldiers of the Theban legion. A serpent is given him as attribute, with a little phial. Father Cahier says he has failed to discover the significance of the emblems.

Saint Amable of Riom, priest; 19th of October, fifth century. Near him serpents and venomous animals, because it is said that he drove all maleficent beasts out of the neighborhood of Riom.

Saint Briac, abbot; 17th of December, about 609. He banished a serpent with the sign of the cross. This saint met a man who was already stung by a dangerous reptile and fleeing from the animal, which was in pursuit of him. The servant of God, by giving his blessing, cured the wounded man and put the animal to flight. (*Vies des Saints de la Bretagne.*)

Saint Maudez, hermit; 18th of November, seventh century. Driving out of an island, in which he had established his hermitage, a number of reptiles that lived in the place. The custom is preserved in Brittany of using earth taken from the island as a remedy for serpents' bites. (*Vies des Saints de la Bretagne*, p. 724, 725.)

Saint John of Reomey, founder of this abbey, which afterwards took the name of Montier-Saint-Jean; 28th of January, about 545. He is generally represented beside a well and holding a sort of dragon chained. His legend relates that he caused the death of a basilisk which made the water of a well or fountain dangerous. (*Calend. benedict.*, 28 januar.) Sometimes instead of this dragon (winged) there is placed near him a chained serpent. (Cf. Aug. de Bastard, *Mémoire sur les crosses*, p. 776.)

Saint Beat or Beatus of Vendomois, hermit; 9th of May, year difficult to determine. The story goes that, finding a reptile in the grotto into which he desired to retire, near the Loire, he drove the animal out with the sign of the cross. (AA. SS., *Maii*, t. II., p. 365. D. Piolin, *Hist. de l'Eglise du Mans*, t. I., p. 62.)

Saint Lifard (*Liphardus, Liethphardus*), hermit, afterwards abbot at Meun-sur-Loire; 3d of June, about 540. Near him in pictures is a staff planted in the earth, and bitten at top by a serpent, which is broken in the middle of the body. It is related that near his cell an enormous serpent prevented the people of the locality from having access to a fountain. Urbitius, a disciple of the holy man, ran one day to him, telling him that he had met the dreadful reptile. Lifard smiled and bade Urbitius be ashamed of his lack of faith, and gave him his staff with orders to plant it in the ground in front of the beast. This being done, and while the hermit was praying to God, the monster sprang upon the staff, which he bit with madness. The weight of the monstrous beast made it burst in the middle, and the country was delivered from him. (Surius, 3 jun.)

Outside of France, this is sometimes represented by an empaled dragon from which issue a number of little dragons flying away. (*Calendar. benedict.*, 4 jun.)

SAINT LEONARD THE YOUNGER, abbot of Vendeuve; 15th of October, about 570. He is represented with a serpent near him, because one of these serpents having crawled towards the holy man while he was at prayer, stopped without being able to hurt him. He is also represented with a serpent dying at his feet or twined around his body. (AA. SS., Octobr., t. VII., p. 48, sq.) It is asserted that a serpent has never since appeared in that place.

SAINT MEMIN (or Maximin), abbot of Micy; 15th of December, 520. He is painted holding a serpent, because he is said to have driven a dangerous reptile from the banks of the Loire. (Aug. de Bastard, *Crosses*, p. 776.)

SAINT DOMINIC OF SARA, abbot of the order of Saint Benedict; 22d of January, about 1031. A present of fish sent to the holy man having been abstracted on the way, the rogues were rather surprised to find only snakes instead of the fish they had stolen. (*Calendar. benedict.*, 22 januar.,— Brantii, *Martyrol. poetic.*)

> "Qui missos sancto pisces abscondit, in angues
> Mutatos, rediens vidit et obstupuit."

SAINT VINCENT OF AVILA, with Saint Sabina and Saint Christeta, his sisters; 27th of October, under Diocletian. The bodies of these martyrs having been abandoned to beasts of prey, an enormous serpent protected their remains from any insult. A Jew, even, who had come to see the corpses, ran such danger from the reptile that he made a vow to receive baptism. (*Espana sagrada*, t. XIV., p. 32.)

SAINT GORRY (Godrick, Godrich, *Godricus*), hermit in England; 21st of May, 1170. He put himself under the direction of the monks of Durham, and passed the latter part of his life in a solitude. He is represented surrounded by serpents, because those venomous animals gathered around him and did him no harm. (*Calend. benedict.*, 29 mai. — AA. SS., *Maii*, t. V., p. 68, sqq.)

The Blessed BONAGIUNTA MANETTI, Servite and first general of his order; 31st of August, 1257. Father Cahier says that in France pictures of the Servites are seldom found, and then with no particular emblem. He, however, found one in which the blessed Bonagiunta is blessing loaves which break, and bottles from which serpents escape. In the art of the Middle Ages a serpent is the emblem of poison, and so it seems to be here. As the holy man, while asking alms for his community, did not hesitate to rebuke sinners, he gave offence to a Florentine merchant. Pretending to be repentant and charitable, he sent poisoned bread and wine to the Servite monastery. The Blessed Bonagiunta received the man who brought the pretended alms, and said to him, "I know well that thy master would take my life. But tell him that no evil will happen us, and that death will soon strike himself." The prophecy was accomplished. (Cf. Brocchi, *Vite dei SS. Fiorentini*, t. I., p. 246.)

SAINT HELDRADUS, abbot of Novalèse (13th of March, 875), is said to have expelled the serpents that infested the valley of Briançon where the saint wanted to establish a colony of his monks. (AA. SS., Mart., t. II., p. 334.)

Saint Thecla, virgin and martyr; 23d of September, Apostolic age. This saint is called a martyr, and even the first of martyrs, because although her life was not taken in torments, she seems to be the first Christian woman who was given over to the barbarity of Pagan public power. It is related that she was thrown into a ditch filled with vipers, but a ball of fire fell from heaven and killed all those venomous animals. So she is sometimes painted with a fiery globe in her hand or near her. Father Cahier adds that her Acts have not come to us with sufficient indications of authenticity; but the church, in her prayers for the dying, retains the memory of the three tortures (flames, wild beasts, and venomous animals), from which the saint was delivered by assistance from on high. She prays: "As thou didst deliver that most blessed virgin Thecla from three most cruel torments, so vouchsafe to deliver the soul of this Thy servant," etc.*

Saint Christina, virgin and martyr in Tuscany; 24th of July, towards the end of the third century. Same attribute and same reason as for as Saint Thecla. (Bagatta, *Admiranda orbis*, lib. VII., cap. I., 19, No. 3.)

Saint Anatolia, virgin, martyred with Saint Audax, 9th of July, about 250. She was confined in a narrow dungeon, with a venomous serpent, which was expected to kill her. When it was thought that she was slain, Audax, one of those Marsi who prided themselves on being able to charm reptiles, was sent into the prison. But the virgin was unhurt, and the serpent flung itself on the pretended charmer, who was delivered only at Anatolia's command. Audax was converted to Christianity, and gave his life for Jesus Christ some time after the death of the saint, who was pierced by a sword. (*Martyrol. Rom.*, 9 Jul. — Bagatta, *Admiranda orbis*, lib. VII., cap. I., § 19, No. 17.)

Saint Verena, virgin at Zurzach in Switzerland; 1st of September, about the beginning of the fourth century. At her prayer, it is said, a quantity of venomous serpents forsook the country and flung themselves into the Aar.

Saint Verdiana (*Viridiana*), virgin of the Third Order of Saint Francis, or of Valeambrosa at Castel-Fiorentino; 13th of February, 1242. Living as a recluse with serpents. She imposed this sort of penance on herself to overcome the horror that reptiles excited in her, and took care to feed these strange guests herself so that they would not go away. (Bagatta, *l. c.*, ibid., No. 27.)

Saint Isberga, (*Itisberga*), a hermit virgin near Aire in Artois, afterwards abbess; 21st of May, about 770. As daughter of Pepin and sister of Charlemagne, she is often represented with a crown and a mantle covered with fleurs-de-lis. But she is particularly distinguished by another emblem. An eel is put in her hand, sometimes on a dish, and for this reason: A powerful prince had asked Isberga's hand in marriage; but in order to preserve the vow of virginity which she had made, she besought God to send her some disease which would disfigure her. Her face was soon covered with pustules, and the suitor no longer insisted upon marrying her. Heaven then revealed to

* It is curious that our English prayer-books leave out that word "three." The French follow the original Latin. — Tr.

Isberga that she would be cured by eating the first fish that would be caught in the Lys. The men whom she sent for that purpose toiled long without succeeding in taking anything but an eel, along with which they brought up in their nets the body of Saint Venantus, a hermit (the saint's director), who had been slain and cast into the river by the princess's lover, for he blamed the hermit for the resolution taken by the virgin whose hand he sought in marriage. The discovery of the body brought the crime to light, and made known the sanctity of Venantus, to whose merits Isberga ascribed the efficacy of the fish in delivering her from disease. (AA. SS. *Maii*, t. V., p.44.—Dancoisne, *Numismatique béthunoise*, p. 165, sqq.)

Saint Enimia of Gevandan, virgin; 6th of October, about the seventh century. She, too, is depicted with a serpent because she is said to have delivered the country from that dangerous animal. (AA. SS. *Octobr.*, t. XI., p. 630, t. III., p. 306, sqq.)

Saint Crescentian; 1st of June, 287. Coins of Urbino represent him armed cap-a-pie, on foot or on horseback, and killing a dragon with his lance, or carrying a flag; at other times he is seen in deacon's costume, trampling a serpent under his feet. He is said to have been a Roman soldier, and to have introduced the Gospel into Citta-di-Castello. (Brantii *Martyrolog. poeticum*, 1 jun:

> "Letifero Crescentinus serpente Tipherni
> Occiso, gladio victima cæsa cadit.")

Turning to another part of Father Cahier's work, we find that the following saints are also represented with serpents:

Saint John the Evangelist; 27th of December. He is represented holding a sort of chalice surmounted by a little serpent or a dragon. The Golden Legend says, that, to prove the truth of his teaching, he was compelled to drink poison. Some of it was first given to two men condemned to death and they died on the spot. The saint made the sign of the cross over the cup, drank, suffered no inconvenience, and then restored the two dead men to life. Father Cahier adds that this story seems to have given rise to the custom especially prevalent among Germanic nations of drinking to friends' health under pretense of honoring Saint John. He says that this custom has sometimes been put under the protection of Saint John the Baptist, but that it is not probable the Germans would have cared about putting their *healths* put under the protection of a saint who drank only water.

Saint Chariton, hermit and abbot in Palestine; 28th of September, about 350. Near him is represented a serpent plunging its head in a cup. A native of Lycaonia, and released by the Pagans after being tortured for the faith, he went to Jerusalem, where he was taken by robbers, and confined in the cave which was their retreat. A serpent came and drank out of the vase in which their wine was, at the same time poisoning it with his venom, and the robbers died in consequence, whereupon the saint made the cave the cradle of a monastery. (*Menolog., græc.*, t. I., p. 73.)

Saint Pourcain (*Portianus*), abbot in Auvergne; 24th of November, about 540. He is represented with a broken cup from which

emerges a serpent. King Thierry I. was ravaging Auvergne, and the holy abbot went to intercede with him for the poor people. The King was still asleep when he came, and the principal officer offered him a drink, which he refused because he had not yet seen the king or celebrated the office. Pressed, however, he blessed the vase which was brought him, it broke, and a serpent came out of it. The whole court considered that he had been saved from poison. (Gregor. Turon., *Vitæ PP.*, cap. V.)

SAINT JOHN OF SAHAGUN, Hermit of Saint Augustine; 12th of June, 1497. He is represented amongst other ways, with a cup surmounted by a serpent. This is because he was really poisoned by a dissolute woman in revenge for the conversion of her lover by the saint and his consequent dismissal of her. (AA. SS. *Jun.*, t. II., p. 625.)

SAINT LOUIS BERTRAND, Dominican; 10th of October, 1581. A cup with a serpent indicates that in his missions in America he had poison given him more than once by the Pagans, without being injured by it.

TH. XR. K.

The Poems of Rosa Mulholland.*

MISS ROSA MULHOLLAND has at last been induced to gather her poems into a volume which will be dear to all lovers of poetry into whose hands it may fall. No person with the faintest glimmering of insight into the subtle mechanism of literary composition in its higher forms could study the prose writings of the author of "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," of "Eldergowan," and many other dainty fictions, without being sure that the writer of such prose was a poet also, not merely by nature but by art; and many had learned to follow her initials through the pages of certain magazines. The present work contains nearly all of these scattered lyrics; and, along with them, many that are now printed for the first time combine to form a volume of the truest and holiest poetry that has been heard on earth since Adelaide Procter went to heaven.

The only justification for the too modest title of "Vagrant Verses," which gleams from the cover of this pretty volume, lies in the fact that this most graceful muse wanders from subject to subject according to her fancy, and pursues no heroic or dramatic theme with that exhaustive treatment which exhausts every one except the poet. The poems in this collection are short, written not to order, but under the manifest impulse of inspiration, for the expression only of the deeper thoughts and more vivid feelings of the soul. Except the fine lyrical and dramatic ballad, "The Children of Lir," which occupies eight pages, and the first five pages given to "Emmet's Love," none of the rest of the seventy poems go much beyond a page or two, while they range through every mood, sad or mirthful, and through every form of metre.

* "Vagrant Verses." By Rosa Mulholland. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

We have named the opening poem, which is an exquisitely pathetic soliloquy of Sarah Curran, a year after the death of her betrothed, young Robert Emmet—a nobler tribute to the memory of our great orator's daughter than either Moore's verse or Washington Irving's prose. But the metrical interlacing of the stanzas, and the elevation and refinement of the poetic diction, require a thoughtful perusal to bring out the perfections of this poem, which, therefore, lends itself less readily to quotation. We shall rather begin by giving one shorter poem in full, taken almost at random. Let it be "Wilfulness and Patience," as it teaches a lesson which it would be well for many to take to heart and to learn by heart:—

I said I am going into the garden,
  Into the flush of the sweetness of life;
I can stay in the wilderness no longer,
  Where sorrow and sickness and pain are so rife;

So I shod my feet in their golden sandals,
  And I looped my gown with a ribbon of blue,
And into the garden went I singing,
  The birds in the boughs fell a-singing too.

Just at the wicket I met with Patience,
  Grave was her face, and pure and kind,
But oh, I loved not her ashen mantle,
  Such sober looks were not to my mind.

Said Patience, "Go not into the garden,
  But come with me by the difficult ways,
Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,
  To the higher levels of love and praise!"

Gaily I laughed as I opened the wicket,
  And Patience, pitying, flitted away.
The garden glory was full of the morning—
  The morning changed to the glamor of day.

O sweet were the winds among my tresses,
  And sweet the flowers that bent at my knees;
Ripe were the fruits that fell at my wishing,
  But sated soon was my soul with these.

And would I were hand in hand with Patience.
  Tracking her feet on the difficult ways,
Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,
  To the higher level of love and praise!

The salutary lesson that the singer wants to impress on the young heart, is here taught plainly and directly even by the very name of the piece. But here is another very delicious melody, of which the name and the purport are somewhat more mysterious. It is called "Perdita."

I dipped my hand in the sea,
  Wantonly—
The sun shone red o'er castle and cave;
Dreaming, I rocked on the sleepy wave;—
  I drew a pearl from the sea.
  Wonderingly.

There in my hand it lay:
Who could say
How from the depths of the ocean calm
It rose, and slid itself into my palm?
I smiled at finding there
Pearl so fair.

I kissed the beautiful thing,
Marvelling.
Poor till now I had grown to be
The wealthiest maiden on land or sea,
A priceless gem was mine,
Pure, divine!

I hid the pearl in my breast,
Fearful lest
The wind should steal, or the wave repent
Largess made in mere merriment,
And snatch it back again
Into the main.

But careless grown, ah me!
Wantonly
I held between two fingers fine
My gem above the sparkling brine,
Only to see it gleam
Across the stream.

I felt the treasure slide
Under the tide;
I saw its mild and delicate ray
Glittering upward, fade away.
Ah! then my tears did flow,
Long ago!

I weep, and weep, and weep,
Into the deep;
Sad am I that I could not hold
A treasure richer than virgin gold.
That Fate so sweetly gave
Out of the wave.

I dip my hand in the sea,
Longingly;
But never more will that jewel white
Shed on my soul its tender light.
My pearl lies buried deep
Where mermaids sleep.

Some readers of this MAGAZINE are, no doubt, for the first time making acquaintance with Miss Mulholland under this character in which others have known her long; and even these newest friends know enough of her already to pronounce upon some of her characteristics. She is not influenced by the spell of modern culture which has invested the poetic diction of recent years with an exquisite expressiveness and delicate beauty. But, while her style is the very antithesis of the tawdry or the commonplace, she has no mannerisms or affectations; she belongs to no school; she does not deem it the

poet's duty to cultivate an artificial, *recherche*, dilettante dialect unknown to Shakespeare and Wordsworth — if we may use a string of epithets which can only be excused for their outlandishness on the plea that they describe something very outlandish. Her meaning is as lucid as her thoughts are high and pure. If, after reading one of her poems carefully, we sometimes have to ask "What does she mean by that?" we ask it not on account of any obscurity in her language, but on account of the depth and height of her thoughts.

The musical rhythm of our extracts prepares us for the form which many of Miss Mulholland's inspirations assume — that of the song pure and simple. Those last epithets have here more than the meaning which they usually bear in such a context; for these songs are not only eminently singable, but they are marked by a very attractive purity and simplicity. There are many of them besides this one which alone bears no other name than "Song."

The silent bird is hid in the boughs,
  The scythe is hid in the corn,
The lazy oxen wink and drowse,
  The grateful sheep are shorn.
Redder and redder burns the rose,
  The lily was ne'er so pale,
Stiller and stiller the river flows
  Along the path to the vale.

A little door is hid in the boughs,
  A face is hiding within;
When birds are silent and oxen drowse,
  Why should a maiden spin?
Slower and slower turns the wheel,
  The face turns red and pale,
Brighter and brighter the looks that steal
  Along the path to the vale.

Here and everywhere how few are the adjectives, and never any slipped in as mere adjectives. Verbs and nouns do duty for them, and the pictures paint themselves. There is more of genius, art, thought, and study in this self-restraining simplicity than in the freer and bolder eloquence that might make young pulses tingle.

This remarkable faculty for musical verse seems to us to enhance the merit of a poem in which a certain ruggedness is introduced of set purpose. At least, we think that the subtle sympathy, which in the workmanship of a true poet links theme and metre together, is curiously exemplified in "News to Tell." What metre is it? A very slight change here and there would conform it to the sober, solemn measure familiar to the least poetical of us in Gray's marvellous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." That elegiac tone already suits the rhythm here to the pathetic story. But then the wounded soldier, who, perhaps, will not recover after all, but may follow his dead comrade — see how he drags himself with difficulty away from the old gray castle where the young widow and the aged mother are overwhelmed by the news he had to tell; and is not all this with exquisite cunning represented by the halting gait of the metre, in which every line deviates just a little from the normal scheme of five iambics?

Neighbor, lend me your arm, for I am not well,
This wound you see is scarcely a fortnight old,
All for a sorry message I had to tell,
I've travelled many a mile in wet and cold.

Yon is the old gray château above the road,
He bade me seek it, my comrade brave and gay;
Stately forest and river so brown and broad,
He showed me the scene as he a-dying lay.

I have been there, and, neighbor I am not well;
I bore his sword and some of his curling hair,
Knocked at the gate and said I had news to tell,
Entered a chamber and saw his mother there.

Tall and straight with the snows of age on her head,
Brave and stern as a soldier's mother might be,
Deep in her eyes a living look of the dead,
She grasped her staff and silently gazed at me.

I thought I'd better be dead than meet her eye;
She guessed it all, I'd never a word to tell.
Taking the sword in her arms she heaved a sigh,
Clasping the curl in her hand, she sobbed and fell.

I raised her up; she sate in her stately chair,
Her face like death, but not a tear in her eye.
We heard a step, a tender voice on the stair
Murmuring soft to an infant's cooing cry.

My lady she sate erect, and sterner grew,
Finger on mouth she motioned me not to stay;
A girl came in, the wife of the dead I knew,
She held his babe, and, neighbor, I fled away!

I tried to run, but I heard the widow's cry.
Neighbor, I have been hurt and I am not well:
I pray to God that never until I die
May I again have such sorry news to tell.

The next piece we shall cite has travelled across the Atlantic, and come back again under false pretences, and without its author's leave or knowledge. Some years ago an American newspaper published some pathetic stanzas, to which it gave as a title "Exquisite Effusion of a Dying Sister of Charity." One into whose hands this journal chanced to fall, read on with interest and pleasure, feeling the verses strangely familiar — till, on reflection, he found that the poem had been published some time before in *The Month*, over the well-known initials "R. M." As the American journalist named the Irish convent where the Sister of Charity had died — not one of Mrs. Aikenhead's spiritual daughters, but one of those whom we call French Sisters of Charity — the reader aforesaid went to the trouble of writing to the Mother Superior, who gave the following explanation: The holy Sister had been fond of reading and writing verse; and these verses with others were found in her desk after her death and handed over to her relatives as relics. They not comparing them very critically with the nun's genuine literary

remains, rashly published them as "The Exquisite Effusion of a Dying Sister of Charity." The foregoing circumstances were soon afterwards published in the *Boston Pilot;* but the ghost of such a blunder is not so easily laid, and the poem reappears in *The Messenger of St. Joseph* for last August, under the title of "An Invalid's Plaint," and still attributed to the dying Nun, who had only had the good taste to admire and transcribe Miss Mulholland's poem. In all its wanderings to and fro across the Atlantic many corruptions crept into the text; and it would be an interesting exercise in style to collate the version given by *The Messenger* with the authorized edition which we here copy from page 136 of "Vagrant Verses," where the poem, of course, bears its original name of "Failure."

The Lord, Who fashioned my hands for working,
Set me a task, and it is not done;
I tried and tried since the early morning,
And now to westward sinketh the sun!

Noble the task that was kindly given
To one so little and weak as I —
Somehow my strength could never grasp it,
Never, as days and years went by.

Others around me, cheerfully toiling,
Showed me their work as they passed away;
Filled were their hands to overflowing,
Proud were their hearts, and glad and gay.

Laden with harvest spoils they entered
In at the golden gate of their rest;
Laid their sheaves at the feet of the Master,
Found their places among the blest.

Happy be they who strove to help me,
Failing ever in spite of their aid!
Fain would their love have borne me onward,
But I was unready, and sore afraid.

Now I know my task will never be finished,
And when the Master calleth my name,
The Voice will find me still at my labor,
Weeping beside it in weary shame.

With empty hands I shall rise to meet Him,
And when He looks for the fruits of years,
Nothing have I to lay before Him
But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when He calls I fain would hasten —
Mine eyes are dim and their light is gone;
And I am as weary as though I carried
A burthen of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,
Meekly thus in the shape of His Cross;
And the Lord, Who made them frail and feeble,
Maybe will pity their strife and loss.

It might have been expected that so skilful an artist in beautiful words would be sure occasionally to find the classic sonnet form the most fitting vehicle for some rounded and stately thought. About half a dozen sonnets are strewn over these pages, all cast in the true Petrarchan mould, and all very properly bearing names of their own, like any other form of verse, instead of being labelled promiscuously as "sonnets." The following is called "Love." What a sublime ideal, only to be realized in human love when in its self-denying sacredness it approaches the divine!

True love is that which never can be lost:
Though cast away, alone and ownerless,
Like a strayed child, that wandering, misses most
When night comes down its mother's last caress;

True love dies not when banished and forgot,
But, solitary, barters still with Heaven
The scanty share of joy cast in its lot
For joys to the beloved freely given.

Love, smiling, stands afar to watch and see
Each blessing it has bought, like angel's kiss,
Fall on the loved one's face, who ne'er may know
At what strange cost thus, overflowingly,
His cup is filled, or how its depth of bliss
Doth give the measure of another's woe.

As this happens to be the solitary one among Miss Mulholland's sonnets, which in the arrangement of the quatrains varies slightly from the most orthodox tradition of this pharisee of song, I will give another specimen, prettily named "Among the Boughs."

High on a gnarled and mossy forest bough,
Dreaming, I hang between the earth and sky,
The golden moon through leafy mystery
Gazing aslant at me with glowing brow.
And since all living creatures slumber now,
O nightingale, save only thou and I,
Tell me the secret of thine ecstacy,
That none may know save only I and thou.

Alas, all vainly doth my heart entreat;
Thy magic pipe unfolds but to the moon
What wonders thee in faëry worlds befell:
To her is sung thy midnight-music sweet,
And ere she wearies of thy mellow tune,
She hath thy secret, and will guard it well!

Unstinted as our extracts have been, there are poems here by the score over which our choice has wavered. Our selection has been made partly with a view to the illustration of the variety and versatility displayed by this new poet in matter and form; and on this principle we are tempted to quote "Girlhood at Midnight" as the only piece of blank verse in Miss Mulholland's repertory, to show how musical, how far from blank, she makes that most difficult and perilous measure. But

we must put a restraint on ourselves, and just give one more sample, of the achievements of the author of "The Little Flower Seekers" and "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," in what an old writer calls "the meliflu-ous meeters of poesie." This last is called "A Rebuke." Was there ever a sweeter or gentler rebuke?

Why are you so sad? (*sing the little birds, the little birds,*)
All the sky is blue,
We are in our branches, yonder are the herds,
And the sun is on the dew;
Everything is merry, (*sing the happy little birds,*)
Everything but you!

Fire is on the hearthstone, the ship is on the wave,
Pretty eggs are in the nest,
Yonder sits a mother smiling at a grave,
With a baby at her breast;
And Christ was on the earth, and the sinner He forgave
Is with Him in His rest.

We shall droop our wings, (*pipes the throstle on the tree,*)
When everything is done:
Time unfurleth yours, that you soar eternally
In the regions of the sun.
When our day is over, (*sings the blackbird in the lea,*)
Yours is but begun.

Then why are you so sad? (*warble all the little birds,*)
While the sky is blue,
Brooding over phantoms and vexing about words
That never can be true;
Everything is merry, (*trill the happy, happy birds,*)
Everything but you!

The setting of these jewels is almost worthy of them. The book is brought out with that faultless taste which has helped to win for the firm of No. 1 Paternoster Sq., such fame as poets' publishers. A large proportion of contemporary poetry of the highest name, including till lately the Laureate's, has appeared under the auspices of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., who seem to have expended special care on the production of "Vagrant Verses."

And now, as we have let these poems chiefly speak for themselves, enough has been said. We do not hesitate to add in conclusion, that those among us with pretensions to literary culture, who do not hasten to contribute to the exceptional success which awaits a work such as even our brief account proves this work to be, will so far have failed in their duty towards Irish genius. For this book more than any that we have yet received from its author's hand — nay, more than any that we can hope to receive from her, since this is the consummate flower of her best years — will serve to secure for the name of Rosa Mulholland an enduring place among the most richly gifted of the daughters of Erin.

Dublin, 1886. REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

CONFIDENCE is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

About Critics.

A CRITIC is a judge: and more, he is a judge who knows better than any author how his book should have been written; better than the artist how his picture should have been painted; better than the musician how his music should have been composed; better than the preacher how his sermon ought to have been arranged; better than the Lord Chancellor how he should decide in Equity; better than Sir Frederick Roberts how he should have pursued Ayoob Khan; better than the whole Cabinet how they should govern Ireland; and far better than the Pope how he should guard the deposit of faith. This, no doubt, needs a high culture, a many-sided genius, and the speciality of an expert in all subjects of human intelligence and action. But all that goes for nothing with a true critic. He is never daunted; never at a loss. If he is wrong, he is never the worse, for he criticises anonymously. Sometimes, indeed, the trade is dangerous. A well-known author of precocious literary copiousness, whose volumes contain an "Appendix of Authors quoted" almost as long as the catalogue of the Alexandrian Library, was once invited, maliciously we are afraid, to dine in a select party of specialists, on whose manors the author had been sporting without license. Not only was the jury packed, but the debate was organized with malice aforethought. Each in turn plucked and plucked until the critic was reduced to the Platonic man — *animal bipes implume.*

Addison says, somewhere in the *Spectator*, that ridicule is assumed superiority. Criticism is asserted superiority. Sometimes it may be justified, as when the shoemaker told Titian that he had stitched the shoe of a Doge of Venice in the wrong place. Sometimes it is not equally to be justified, as in the critics of the Divine Government of the world, to whom Butler in his "Analogy" meekly says that, if they only knew the whole system of all things, with all the reasons of them, and the last end to which all things and reasons are directed, they might, preadventure, be of another opinion.

There are some benevolent critics whose life is spent in watching the characters and conduct of all around them. They note every word and tone and gesture; they have a formed, and not a favorable, judgment of all we do and all we leave undone. It does not much matter which: if we did so, we ought not to have done it; if we did not, we ought to have done so. Such critics have, no doubt, an end and place in creation. Socrates told the Athenians that he was their "gadfly." There is room, perhaps, for one gadfly in a city; but in a household, wholesome companions they may be, but not altogether pleasant. These may be called critics of moral superiority. Again, there are Biblical critics, who spend their lives over a text in Scripture, all equally confident, and no two agreed. An old English author irreverently compares them to a cluster of monkeys, who, having found a glowworm, "heaped sticks upon it, and blowed themselves out of breath to set it alight." We commend this incident in scientific history to

whomsoever may have inherited Landseer's pallet and brush, under the title of "Doctors in Divinity," for the Royal Academy in next May.

This reminds us of the historical critics who have erected the treatment of the most uncertain of all matters into the certainty of science, by the simple introduction of one additional compound, their own personal infallibility. The universal Church assembled in Council under the guidance of its Head does not, cannot and what is worse, will not, know its own history, or the true interpretation of its own records and acts. But, by a benign though tardy provision, the science of history has arisen, like the art of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, to recall the Church from its deviations to the recognition of its own true misdeeds. Such higher intelligences may be called and revered as the Pontiffs of the Realm of Criticism.

We are warned, however, not to profane this awful Hierarchy of superior persons by further analysis. We will, therefore, end with three canons, not so much of criticism as of moral common sense. A critic knows more than the author he criticises, or just as much, or at least somewhat less.

As to the first class: Nothing we have said here is *lèse majesté* to the true senate of learned, patient, deliberate, grave, and kindly critics. They are our intellectual physicians, who heal the infirmities of us common men. We submit gladly to their treatment, and learn much by the frequent operations we have to undergo. If the surgeon be rough and his knife sharp, yet he knows better than we, and the smart will make us wiser and more wary, perhaps more real for the time to come. There is, indeed, a constant danger of literary unreality. A great author is reported to have said: "When I want to understand a subject, I write a book about it." Unfortunately, great authors are few, and many books are written by those who do not understand the subject either before or after the fact. The facility of printing has deluged the world with unreal, because shallow, books. Such medical and surgical critics are, therefore, benefactors of the human race.

As to the second class, of those who know just as much as the author they criticise, it would be better for the world that they were fewer or less prompt to judge. The assumption of the critic is that he knows more than his author; and the belief in which we waste our time over their criticisms is that they have something to add to the book. It is dreary work to find, after all, that we have been reading only the book itself in fragments and in another type.

But, lastly, there is a class of critics always ready for anything, the swashbucklers of the Press, who will write at any moment on any subject in newspaper, magazine, or review. Wake them out of their first sleep, and give them something to answer, or to ridicule, or to condemn. It is all one to them. The book itself gives the terminology, and the references, and the quotations, which may be re-quoted with a change of words. We remember two criticisms of the same work in the same week: one laudatory, especially of the facility and accuracy of its classical translations; the other damnatory for its cumbrous and unscholarlike versions. The critic of the black cap was asked by a classical friend whether he had read the book. He said, "No, I smelt

it." This unworshipful company of critics is formidable for their numbers, their vocabulary, and their anonymous existence. Their dwelling is not known; but we imagine that it may be not far from Lord Bacon's House of Wisdom, the inmates of which, when they "come forth, lift their hand in the attitude of benediction with the look of those that pity men."

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop, in *Merry England.*

The Celts of South America.

THE exiles of Erin wandering far from their native land, are always sure to make their presence felt. Their power is well known in the United States; and it is, therefore, gratifying to note the progress which the Irish race is making amongst the people of South America, and especially in the Argentine Republic. To our countrymen is mainly due the development of the sheep-farming industry, which is carried on to a greater extent than in this country or Australia. Many of them number their acres by thousands and their flocks by hundreds of thousands. And the pleasure which the knowledge of this prosperity gives us is exceedingly increased by the many evidences in which we observe that National spirit and feeling is strong, active and energetic amongst them. In their educational institutions, and notably in Holy Cross College at Buenos Ayres, the study of Irish history is made a special and prominent subject of attention. In the capital, too, an Irish Orphanage has been established, where, under the kindly care of Father Fitzgerald, the children of the dead Irish exiles are lovingly tended and preserved from contaminating influences. In the breasts of the Irishmen of the River Platte there is love for the Old Land as warm and generous as can be found in the green and fertile plains of Meath or Tipperary. There are young men born in this country of Irish parents who are deeply read in Irish history, and who follow with loving anxiety the progress Ireland is making on the road to liberty. There are nearly a quarter of a million of Irishmen in the Argentine Republic, and they may always be relied on to aid their kindred in the Old Land. The chain of Irish loyalty to Ireland is complete around the world.

THE PARISIANS, with that fine appreciation of the fitness of things for which they have always been famous, have changed the adjective *chic*, by which they used to describe the attributes of the "dude" (male or female), for the more expressive one *becarre*. As the latter word is usually interpreted "natural," it would seem that our French cousins, in their estimate of the "dude" species, agree with the Irish, who, disliking to apply the epithet "fool" to any one, invariably designate a silly person as a "natural."

ENCYCLICAL*

(QUOD AUCTORITATE)

PROCLAIMING AN EXTRAORDINARY JUBILEE.

TO OUR VENERABLE BRETHREN, THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS AND OTHER ORDINARIES OF PLACES HAVING GRACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE APOSTOLIC SEE,

POPE LEO XIII.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

WHAT we have twice already by Apostolic authority decreed, that an extraordinary year of jubilee should be observed in the whole Christian world, opening for general welfare those heavenly treasures which it is in our power to dispense, we are pleased to decree likewise, with God's blessing, for the coming year. The usefulness of this action you, Venerable Brethren, cannot fail to understand, well aware as you are of the moral condition of our times: but there is a special reason rendering this design more seasonable perhaps than on other occasions. For having in a previous encyclical taught how much it is to the interest of States that they should conform more closely to Christian truth and a Christian character, it can readily be understood how suitable to this very purpose of ours it is to use what means we can to urge men to, or recall them to, the practice of Christian virtues. For the State is what the morals of the people make it: and as the goodness of a ship or a building depends on the goodness of its parts and their proper union, each in its own place, similarly the course of government cannot be rightful or free from obstacles unless the citizens lead righteous lives. Civil discipline and all those things in which public action consists, originate and perish through individuals: they impress on these things the stamp of their opinions and their morals. In order, therefore, that minds may be thoroughly imbued with those precepts of ours, and, above all, that the daily life of the individual be ruled accordingly, efforts must be made to the end that each one shall apply himself to

* Translated for the *Catholic Universe* by Rev. Dr. Mahar from the Latin text of the *Osservatore Romano*, Dec. 25, 1885.

the attainment of Christian wisdom, and also of Christian action not less publicly than privately.

And in this matter efforts must be increased in proportion to the greater number of dangers that threaten on every side. For the great virtues of our fathers have declined in no small part: passions that have of themselves very great force have through license striven to still greater: unsound opinions entirely unrestrained or insufficiently restrained are becoming daily more widespread: among those who hold correct sentiments there are many, who, deterred by an unreasonable shame, do not dare to profess freely what they believe, and much less to carry it out: most wretched examples have exercised an influence on popular morals here and there: sinful societies, which we ourselves have already designated, that are most proficient in criminal artifices, strive to impose on the people and to withdraw and alienate as many as possible from God, from sacred duties, from Christian faith.

Under the pressure of so many evils, whose very length of duration makes them greater, we must not omit anything that affords any hope of relief. With this design and this hope, we are about to proclaim a sacred Jubilee, admonishing and exhorting all who have their salvation at heart to collect themselves for a little while and turn to better things their thoughts that now are sunken in the earth. And this will be salutary not only to private persons but to the whole commonwealth, for the reason that as much as any person singly advances in perfection of mind, so much of an increase of virtue will be given to public life and morals.

But the desired result depends, as you see, Venerable Brethren, in great measure on your work and diligence, since the people must be suitably and carefully prepared in order that they may receive the fruits intended. It will pertain, therefore, to your charity and wisdom to give to priests selected for the purpose the charge of instructing the people by pious discourses suited to common capacity, and especially of exhorting to penance, which is, according to St. Augustine, "The daily punishment of the good and humble of the faithful in which we strike our breasts, saying: forgive us our trespasses." (Epist. 108.) Not without reason we mention, in the first place, penance and what is a part of it, the voluntary chastisement of the body. For you know the custom of the world: it is the choice of many to lead a life of effeminacy, to do nothing demanding fortitude and true courage. They fall into much other wretchedness, and often fashion reasons why they should not obey the salutary laws of the Church, thinking that a greater burden has been imposed on them than can be borne, when they are commanded to abstain from a certain kind of food, or to observe a fast on a few days of the year. Enervated by such mode of life, it is not to be wondered at that they by degrees give themselves up entirely to passions that call for greater indulgence still. It is proper, therefore, to recall to temperance those who have fallen into or are inclined to effeminacy; and for this reason those who are to address the people must carefully and minutely teach them what is a command not only of the law of the gospel but of natural reason as well, that every one ought to exercise self-control and hold his passions in subjection; that sins are not

expiated except by penance. And that this virtue may be of enduring character, it will not be an unsuitable provision to place it as it were in the trust and keeping of an institution having a permanent character. You readily understand, Venerable Brethren, to what we refer; namely, to your perseverance — each in his own diocese — in protecting and extending the Third, or *secular*, Order of St. Francis. Surely, to preserve and foster the spirit of penance among Christians, there will be great aid in the examples and favor of the Patriarch Francis of Assisi, who to the greatest innocence of life joined a studious chastisement of himself so that he seemed to bear the image of Jesus Christ crucified not less in his life and customs than in the signs that were divinely impressed upon him. The laws of that order, which have been by us suitably tempered, are very easily observed; their importance to Christian virtue is by no means slight.

Secondly, in so great private and public needs, since the whole hope of salvation lies in the favor and keeping of our Heavenly Father, we greatly wish the revival of a constant and confiding habit of prayer. In every great crisis of the Christian commonwealth, whenever it happened to the Church to be pressed by external or internal dangers, our ancestors raising suppliant eyes to Heaven have signally taught in what way and from whence were to be sought strong virtue and suitable aid. Minds were thoroughly imbued with those precepts of Jesus Christ, "Ask and it shall be given you;" (Matt. vii. 7.) "We ought always to pray and to fail not." (Luke xviii. 1.) Consonant with this is the voice of the Apostles, "pray without ceasing:" (1 Thessal. v. 17.) "I desire, therefore, first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men." (1 Tim. ii. 1.) On this point John Chrysostom has left us, with not less acuteness than truth, the following comparison: as to man, when he comes naked and needing everything in the world, nature has given hands by the aid of which to procure what is necessary for life, so in those things that are above nature, since of himself he can do nothing, God has bestowed on him the faculty of prayer by the wise use of which he may easily obtain all that is required for salvation. And in these matters let all of you determine, Venerable Brethren, how pleasing and satisfactory to us is the care you have, with our initiative, taken to promote the devotion of the Holy Rosary, especially in these recent years. Nor can we pass over in silence the general piety awakened in the people nearly everywhere in that matter: nevertheless the greatest care is to be taken that this devotion be made still more ardent and lasting. If we continue to urge this, as we have more than once done already, none of you will be surprised, understanding as you do of how much moment it is that the practice of the Rosary of Mary should flourish among Christians, and knowing well, as you do, that it is a very beautiful form and part of that very spirit of prayer of which we speak, and that it is suitable to the times, easily practiced, and of most abundant usefulness.

But since the first and chief fruit of a Jubilee, as we have above pointed out, ought to be amendment of life and an increase of virtue, we consider especially necessary the avoidance of that evil which we have not failed to designate in previous Encyclical letters. We mean

the internal and nearly domestic dissensions of some of our own, which dissolve, or certainly relax, the bond of charity, with an almost inexpressible harm. We have here mentioned this matter again to you, Venerable Brethren, guardians of ecclesiastical discipline and mutual charity, because we wish your watchfulness and authority continually applied to the abolition of this grave disadvantage. Admonishing, exhorting, reproving, work to the end that all be "solicitous to preserve unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and that those may return to duty who are the cause of dissension, keeping in mind in every step of life that the only-begotten Son of God at the very approach of his supreme agonies sought nothing more ardently from his Father than that those should love one another who believed or were to believe in him, "that they all may be one as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." (John xvii. 21.)

Therefore trusting in the mercy of Almighty God and the authority of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, of that power of binding and loosing which the Lord has conferred on us though unworthy, we grant to each and every one of the faithful of both sexes a plenary indulgence according to the manner of a general Jubilee, on the condition and law that within the space of the next year, 1886, they shall do the things that are written further on.

All those residing in Rome, or visiting the city, shall go twice to the Lateran, Vatican and Liberian Basilicas, and shall therein for awhile pour out pious prayers for the prosperity and exaltation of the Catholic Church and the Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresies and the conversion of all the erring, for concord of Christian Princes, and the peace and unity of the whole people of the faith, according to our intention. They shall fast, using only fasting food (*cibis esurialibus*), two days outside of those not comprehended in the Lenten indult, and outside of other days consecrated by precept of the Church to a similar strict fast; besides they shall, having rightly confessed their sins, receive the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and shall according to their means, using the advice of the confessor, make an offering to some pious work pertaining to the propagation and increase of the Catholic Faith. Let it be free to every one to choose what pious work he may prefer; we think it well however to designate two specially, on which beneficence will be well bestowed, both, in many places, needing resources and aid, both fruitful to the State not less than the Church, namely *private schools for children* and *Clerical Seminaries*.

All others living anywhere outside of the city, shall go *twice* to three churches to be designated by you, Venerable Brethren, or your Vicars or Officials, or with your or their mandate by those exercising care of souls; if there are but two churches in the place, *three times;* if but one, *six times*, all within the above-mentioned time; they must perform also the other works mentioned. This indulgence we wish also applicable by way of suffrage to the souls that have departed from this life united to God by charity. We also grant power to you to reduce the number of these visits according to prudent judgment for chapters and congregations, whether secular or regular, sodalities, confraternities, universities, and any other bodies visiting in procession the churches mentioned.

We grant that those on sea, and travellers when they return to their residences, or to any other certain stopping-place, visiting *six times* the principal church or a parochial church, and performing the other works above prescribed, may gain the same indulgence. To regulars, of both sexes, also those living perpetually in the cloister, and to all other persons, whether lay or ecclesiastic, who by imprisonment, infirmity, or any other just cause are prevented from doing the above works or some of them, we grant that a confessor may commute them into other works of piety, the power being also given of dispensing as to Communion in the case of children not yet admitted to first Communion. Moreover to each and every one of the faithful, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, secular and regular, of whatsoever order and institute, even those to be specially named, we grant the faculty of choosing any confessor, secular or regular, among those actually approved; which faculty may be used also by religious, novices and other women living within the cloister, provided the confessor be one approved for religious. We also give to confessors, on this occasion, and during the time of this Jubilee only, all those faculties which we bestowed in our letters Apostolic *Pontifices maximi* dated February 15, 1879, all those things excepted which are excepted in the same letters.

For the rest let all take care to obtain merit with the great Mother of God by special homage and devotion during this time. For we wish this sacred Jubilee to be under the patronage of the Holy Virgin of the *Rosary*, and with her aid we trust that there shall be not a few whose souls shall obtain remission of sin and expiation, and be by faith, piety, justice, renewed not only to hope of eternal salvation, but also to presage of a more peaceful age.

Auspicious of these heavenly benefits, and in witness of our paternal benevolence, we affectionately in the Lord impart to you, and the clergy and people intrusted to your fidelity and vigilance, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's the 22d day of December, 1885, of Our Pontificate the Eighth year. LEO PP. XIII.

A GALLANT SOLDIER REWARDED.—The friends of Colonel John G. Healy, of New Haven, Conn., especially the Irish National element with which the Colonel has been prominently identified for many years, will be gratified to learn of his appointment to a responsible position at Washington. The newly-elected Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, Colonel Samuel Donelson, of Tennessee, at the instance of his friend, Congressman Mitchell, of New Haven, has appointed Colonel Healy to the position of Superintendent of the Folding Room of the House of Representatives, a place of more responsibility and consequence than any in the House, except alone that of the Doorkeeper. It is very pleasant to see Tennessee thus extending the hand of fellowship to Connecticut, and we are certain that the citizens of Irish birth and extraction feel grateful to Colonel Donelson and to the popular and able Representative of the Second Congressional District of Connecticut for this recognition of a gentleman who has given the best years of his mature life to every patriotic movement for the land of his fathers.

England and Her Enemies.

A FRENCH VIEW OF PERILS ENCOMPASSING THE GREAT BRITISH EMPIRE.

ARE the English so strong, so sure of their power, so thoroughly convinced of their superiority that they can afford to display so much disdain toward a great nation? Truly, the sun does not set on the possessions of the Empress of India, who counts millions of subjects in five parts of the world; but is this necessarily a sign of strength? The power of Charles V. encompassed the world, and we all know what became of his vast empire. But we foresee the objection to this comparison. It is that the power of Charles V. and Philip II. was mined by a secret and almost invisible enemy — an idea, a principle — liberty of conscience — and that Queen Victoria is not menaced by any such enemy. Indeed! But a small fact — the assassination of an Irishman of the most ignoble kind — affords ample food for reflection, and cannot fail to inspire grave doubts regarding the solidity of the British Empire. In spite of all the efforts of the English police, Carey, their unworthy protégé, was tracked, seized, and slain by a secret power. The Government of Queen Victoria, with all its resources, was not able to find a corner of the globe, however remote, where the life of the informer could be beyond the reach of the Irish counter-police.

The thing that renders this secret power so dreadful is that it exists wherever the Empress of India has subjects. In every English city, in every English colony, at the Cape, in Australia, in Canada as in India, in China as in America, in France as in Japan, wherever a British tourist travels, wherever an English missionary preaches, wherever an English merchant trades, the secret Irish enemy lurks ready to assassinate if he receives the order. The English may laugh at him or may become exasperated by him; but if England should become engaged in a foreign war could she consider without a shudder the incalculable dangers to which this enemy within might expose her — an enemy that will stop at nothing, that nothing can terrify, for he offers his life as a sacrifice, and that nothing can reconcile, for he is the personification of deadly hatred? For our part we know well that if France held within her borders millions, or even thousands, of men animated by such a spirit we would tremble for the future of our country.

But besides this irreconcilable Ireland that is everywhere, that sits in Parliament and there makes and unmakes majorities, and consequently cabinets, and that would betray the nation, if it saw fit, even in the centre of the national representation, it seems to us that the Australian colonies also are likely one day to take a notion to become independent; that the colonies in Southern Africa are rapidly becoming disaffected; that the inhabitants of India are demanding autonomy in a tone that would become very menacing if Russia should come nearer to Cabul — and she is plainly enough moving in that direction; and that Egypt is beginning to get restless and to show herself a little un-

grateful, as if she cannot clearly understand the utterly disinterested intentions of Lord Dufferin. What would England do if upon two or three of these territories revolts should come simultaneously? The thing may be improbable, but not impossible. And what would England do if, taking advantage of these revolts, a great European power should declare war against her? What would she have done in 1857 if Russia had been in a position to give assistance to Nana Saïb? Such things have been seen in history.

To face such dangers — the danger of war, the danger of revolt, the danger of conspiracy — a large army composed of the most steadfast troops would be necessary. Where can England get that army? Her present forces are hardly sufficient in time of peace. She finds it impossible to retain the old soldiers in her service. A sufficient number of recruits cannot be obtained to fill up the gaps, and it appears to be impossible to stop the desertions that are constantly thinning the ranks. In vain the pay of the soldier is raised. The English workman refuses to enlist. It is, then, to the Irishman that recourse must be had. Trust that Irishman!

The British Government is unable to raise an army of more than three hundred thousand men, counting the Indian troops, whose fidelity is, perhaps, not beyond all suspicion; and three hundred thousand soldiers to defend an empire the most populous and the most widely scattered that has ever been seen on the face of the globe count for very little. Of course, there is the fleet, which is superb. But what could the fleet do against an enemy invading India by land? Of what use was it against the Boers or against Cetywayo? Of what use would it be against even a very inferior fleet that used torpedos as the Russians did on the Danube?

All these things considered, it seems to us that if the English would calmly consider their own situation they would become less arrogant in their international relations. We don't ask any more of them, for we have no desire to obtain from them any service whatsoever. We wish simply to be able to live with them and with their government on terms of courteous politeness.

République Française.

M. GOUNOD, when lately at Reims, had been asked by the Archbishop to compose a Mass in honor of Joan of Arc. Some further details have since reached us as to the offer and acceptance of the happy suggestion. M. Gounod declared that he would compose within the year not a Mass, but a cantata on the life and martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans, the words to be drawn from Holy Scripture. He said, moreover, that his hope would be to return to Reims and to compose the music — the spirituality, tenderness, and animation of which all lovers of Gounod will seem to feel in advance — in the cathedral itself and close to the altar where the blessed and miraculous young creature knelt in tears to offer her victory to God.

Ireland: A Retrospect.

In the early days of the Land League, the cry throughout Ireland was for compulsory sale of the landlords' interest to the State at twenty years' purchase of the valuation, the occupiers to become tenants of the government for a fixed number of years until their yearly payments had cleared off both the principal and interest of the sum advanced to the landlords. Famine had made its appearance in many parts of the country, and the peasantry would be glad to be rid of the incubus of landlordism at any cost. The landlords scoffed at the proposal, and it was well for the tenants that they did not accept it. Foreign competition was but then in its infancy, and the prices of agricultural produce were not going down by leaps and bounds as they have been in 1884 and 1885. The yearly instalments the tenantry would have to pay to the State could not be met out of the produce of the land at present prices, if twenty years' purchase of Griffith's valuation had been accepted by the landlords. At the present time the majority of tenants in Ireland (and perhaps in England), taking into consideration the depression in agriculture, and the probable higher taxation of land in the near future, would think fifteen years' purchase too much for the fee-simple of the land. It is pretty certain that when the land question comes to be finally settled, very few Irish landlords' interests can realize more than fifteen years' purchase on the valuation. In 1880, they were, with few exceptions, blind to the changes going on at their very doors, and struck out for their old rack-rents by threats of eviction and law proceedings. Instead of meeting their tenantry half way, they set the crow-bar brigade to work, and the numbers evicted were so appalling, that Mr. Parnell's party prevailed on the late government to pass through the Commons the Compensation for Disturbance Act, the result of which would be to suspend all evictions until a Land Bill was passed. But the landlords got their friends in the House of Lords to throw out the bill, and kept on impressing on the late government the necessity for coercion. The effect of the action of the Lords was stupefying on the middle classes, who saw that the last chance of a peaceable settlement was gone, and the half-starved peasantry were stung to madness at the thought of the revival of the eviction scenes of 1847 and 1848. Then sprung up a crop of outrages which became systematic where they had been isolated, and the agrarian war was really upon us.

The landlords proceeded with their evictions, and the peasantry retaliated by outrage until the Liberal government, having failed to pass their ameliorative measure, was forced to have recourse to coercion. The first Coercion Act of the Liberals was passed before the Land Bill, and thus Ireland was whipped first and caudled afterwards. Mr. Forster "ran in" his twelve hundred Suspects, and the result was an increased crop of outrages, and that the Invincibles lay in wait twenty times to murder him. The Suspects were generally the more respectable of the

middle classes in the villages and towns — men whose interest it was to check outrage — who were marked down by the finger of landlordism as sympathizers with their brethren on the land. Then came the suppression of the Land League (1881), and the retaliating No-Rent Manifesto, which was not generally obeyed — chiefly through the influence of religion. There was suppressed anger and hatred of the ruling class throughout the land, and the people would not assist the police (who attacked their meetings and bludgeoned or stabbed them into submission) in tracking murderers or incendiaries. All this time the landlords kept on evicting, and calling through the English Press for still sterner repression of the right of public meeting, and the result was that secret societies multiplied and flourished. Religious influences could cope with a No-Rent Manifesto, but were almost powerless in grappling with secret societies. If the late Cardinal McCabe denounced them in the Cathedral, a large portion of the congregation rose up ostentatiously and withdrew. The voices of the national leaders who had restrained the people were gagged — Davitt in Portland, Parnell in Kilmainham. Things were going from bad to worse; the tension of public feelings was growing tighter day by day; the landlords were evicting apace and gloating over their victims, and saw not that such a state of siege could not last forever. And it appears Mr. Forster was so infatuated as to believe that it needed only a few months more of his stern rule to break the spirit of the Irish people. A glimmering of the true state of affairs had, however, begun to dawn upon his colleagues, and Mr. Forster succumbed at last to the incessant attacks of the remnant of the Nationalist members, who did not give him a chance of depriving them of their liberty by setting foot in Ireland, and to the vigorous criticism of the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Suspects were released and there was joy throughout Ireland. People began to breath freely once more; for the reign of landlord terror and peasant outrage seemed to draw near its close. The Land Act of 1880 had begun to inspire the tenantry with hope, especially as the first decisions of the commissioners gave sweeping reductions off the rents hitherto paid. In May, 1882, things were looking brighter. It seemed as if the Liberals had repented them of coercion, and that conciliation was to be tried in Ireland. But the Invincibles, for whose creation Mr. Forster's regime seems to be especially responsible, were not to be placated so easily. The Phœnix Park butchery had already been planned, and it was carried out with fiendish determination. The civilized world was horror stricken. The cup of peace was dashed from the lips of Ireland, and a cry of rage and despair resounded throughout the country. It was heard from pulpit and platform, and echoed through the Press of every shade of opinion. Many good men thought that now England's opportunity for gaining the affections of the Irish people had come at last; that by trusting to the horror of the Irish race for so dastardly a crime, its perpetrators would be brought to the bar of justice, and the victims avenged. But it was not to be so. In England the general public seemed to believe that the Irish were a demon race, who deserved to be chastised with scorpions, and knowing what was the state of the public mind in Ireland after the Phœnix Park assassinations, it would be hard

to blame Englishmen for thinking as they did in the face of such an appalling crime. The blood of Lord Fred. Cavendish called aloud for vengeance, and the government passed the Prevention of Crimes Act, the most severe of all the Coercion Statutes.

It was a mistake to treat Ireland as if she sympathized with the Phœnix Park butchery. Under the Crimes Act we had secret inquisitions, informer manufacture by means of enormous bribes, swearing away of the lives of innocent men by wretches, who were the scum of society, jury packing to a degree unknown since 1848, conviction by drunken juries, and even the starting of secret societies by ruffians who were in the pay of the Executive.

The people quickly lapsed into their old indifference as to aiding an executive which used such base means of governing. It mattered little that Earl Spencer's personal character was above suspicion. Under his rule the lives and liberties of honest men were taken away by juries packed with landlords, or their partisans, on the testimony of hired or terrified wretches, who were generally the most guilty of the gangs that were banded together for unlawful purposes during the land war. Earl Spencer ruled by means which must necessarily have involved innocent men in the punishment of the guilty, and his name is the best hated of all the bad viceroys that ever ruled Ireland.

J. H.

Jim Daly's Repentance.

When the story was told to me, I thought it infinitely sad and pathetic. I wish I could tell it as I heard it, but having scant skill as a narrator, I fear I cannot. I can only set down the facts as they happened, and in my halting words they will read, I fear, but baldly and barely; and if in the reading will be found no trace at all of the tears which awoke in me for this little human tragedy, I am sorry, more sorry than I can say, for my want of skill. Indeed, I would need to write of it with a pen steeped in tears. It is the story of a hard and futile repentance, — futile, in that amends could never be made to those who had been sinned against; but surely, surely not futile, inasmuch as no hour of human pain is ever wasted that is laid before our Lord, but rather is gathered by Him in His pitiful hands, to be given back one day as a harvest of joy.

"Whisht, achora, whisht! sure I know you never meant to hurt me or the child." The woman, childishly young and slight, who spoke was half sitting, half lying in a low rush-bottomed chair, in the poor kitchen of a small Irish farmhouse. Her small, pretty face was marked with premature lines of pain and care, and now it was paler than usual, for across eyebrow and cheek extended a livid, dark bruise, as if from a blow of a heavy fist, and over the pathetic, drooping mouth there was a cruel, jagged cut, this evidently caused by a fall against something with a sharp, projecting point. By her side, in a wattled cradle, lay a puny,

small baby, about a year old, with its small blue fingers, claw-like in their leanness, clutched closely, and with such a gray shade over its pinched features that one might have thought it dying. The young husband and father was cast down in an attitude bespeaking utter abasement at his wife's knees, and his face was hidden in her lap; but over the nut-brown hair her thin hands went softly, with caressing tender strokings, and as the great heart-breaking sobs burst from him the tears rolled one after another down her wan little face, while her low, soft voice went on tenderly, "Whisht, alanna machree, whisht! sure it's breakin' my heart ye are! Sure, how can I bear at all, at all, to listen to ye sobbin' like that?"

All the weary months of unkindness and neglect were forgotten, and she only remembered that her Jim was in sore trouble — Jim Daly that courted her, her husband, and her baby's father; not Jim Daly the good fellow at the public-house, always ready to take a treat or stand one; always the first in every scheme of conviviality, drowning heart and mind and conscience in cheap and bad whisky; while at home, on the little hillside farm, crops were rotting, haggard lying empty, land untilled, and poverty and hunger threatening the little home, and day after day the meek, uncomplaining young wife was growing thinner and paler, and the lines deepening in her face where no lines should be. Three years had gone by since the wedding-day that seemed but the gate of a happy future for those two young things who loved each other truly, and almost since that wedding-day Jim Daly had been going steadily downhill. Not that he was vicious at all; he was only young and gay and good-natured, and so sought after for those things, and he had a fine baritone voice that could roll out "Colleen dhas cruitheen na mo" with rare power and tenderness, and when the rare spirits who held their merry-makings in the Widow Doolan's public-house nightly would come seeking to draw him thither with many flattering words, he was not strong enough to resist the temptation; and the young wife — they were the merest boy and girl — was too gentle in her clinging love to stay him. So things had gone steadily from bad to worse, and instead of only the nights, much of the days as well were spent in the gin-shop, and at last the time came when people began to shake their heads over bonny Jim Daly as a confirmed drunkard, and the handsome boyish face was getting a sodden look, and the once frank, clear eyes refused to look at one either frankly or clearly, but shuffled from under a friend's gaze uneasily and painfuly. Last night, however, the climax had come when, reeling home after midnight, the tender little wife, with her baby on her breast, had opened the door for him, and had stood in the door-way with some word of pain on her lips, and he feeling his progress barred, but with no sense of what stood there, had struck out fiercely with his great fist, and stricken wife and child to the ground. And Winnie's mouth had come with cruel force against a projecting corner of the dresser, and his hand had marked darkly her soft face, and she and the little son were both bruised and injured by the fall. We have seen how bitter poor Jim's repentance was when he came to himself out of his drunken sleep, and in presence of it his wife, woman-like, forgot everything but that he needed her utmost love and tender-

ness. But if she was forbearing to him out of her great love, his little brown old mother, who had been sent for hastily to her farm two miles away, spared not at all to give him what she called the rough side of her tongue; and when the doctor came from his home across the blue mountains, and shook his head ominously over the baby, and dressing Winnie's wan face, said that the blow on the forehead by just missing the temple had escaped being a deathblow, the old woman's horror and indignation against her son were great. But the doctor had gone now, with a kindly word of cheer at parting to the poor sinner, and with an expressed hope of pulling the baby through by careful attention and nursing. These it was sure to have, because Jim Daly's mother was the best nurse in all fair Tipperary, and, despite the very rough side to her tongue on occasion, the gentlest and most kind-hearted.

These two were alone now, and the room was quite silent except for the man's occasional great sobs, and the low, sweet, comforting voice of the woman.

Presently the door opened again, this time to admit a priest, a hale, ruddy-faced man of fifty or so, spurred and gaitered as if for riding, who, coming to them quickly, with a keen look of concern and pain in his clear eyes, and drawing a chair closer, laid one large hand on Jim's bent head, while the other went out warmly to take Winnie's little, cold fingers. "My poor, poor children!" he said, and under that true, loving pity Winnie's tears began to flow anew. He was sorely troubled for these; he had baptized them, had admitted both to the Sacraments, had joined their hands in marriage, and he had tried vainly to stop this poor boy's easy descent to evil; and now it had ended so. In the new silence he was praying rapidly and softly, asking his Lord to make this a means of bringing back the strayed lamb to His fold. Then he spoke again:—

"Look up, Jim, my child; you needn't tell me anything about it, I know all. Look up, and tell me you are going to begin a new life; that you are going with me now to the altar of God, to kneel there and ask His forgiveness, and to promise Him that you will never again touch the poison that has so nearly made you the murderer of your wife and child. It is His great mercy that both are spared to you to-day, and the doctor tells me that he hopes to bring the baby through safely, so you must cheer up. And it will be a new life, will it not, my poor boy, from this day, with God's good help."

And so Jim lifted his head, and said brokenly:—

"God bless you, father, for the kindly word. Yis, I'm comin' back to my duty with His help, and I thank Him this day, and His blessed Mother, and blessed St. Patrick, that they held my hand. Oh, sure, father, to think of me layin' a hand on my purty colleen that I love better nor my life, and the little weany child that laughed up in my face with his two blue eyes, and crowed for me to lift him out of his cradle! But with the help of God, I'm going to make up to them for it wan day. But, father, I won't stay here where my family was always respectable and held up their heads, to have it thrown into my face every day that I had nigh murdered my wife and child. Sure I could never rise under such a shame as that. Give me your blessin',

father, for me and Winnie has settled it. I'm goin' to Australia to begin a new life, and the mother's snug, and 'll keep Winnie and the child till I send for them, or make money enough to come for them."

The priest looked at him gravely, and pondered a few minutes before his reply.

"Well, I don't know but you're right. God enlighten you to do what is for the best. It will be a complete breaking of the old evil ties and fascinations, at all events, and, as you say, the mother 'll be glad to have Winnie and her grandson."

And a week later, wife and child being on the high road to convalescence, Jim Daly sailed for Australia.

This was in February, and outside the little golden-thatched farmhouse the birds were calling to one another, wildly, clearly, making believe, the little mad mummers — because spring was riotous in their blood — that each was not quite visible to the other under his canopy of interlaced boughs, bare against the sky, but that rather it was June, and the close, leafy bowers let through only a little blue sky, and a breath of happy wind, and a blent radiance of gold and green, and that so they must perforce signal to each other their whereabouts. Some in the thatch were nest-building, but these little merry drones were swaying to and fro on the bare boughs, delirious with the new delight that had come to them, for spring was here, and there was a subtle fragrance of her breath on the air ; and all over the land, for the sound of her feet passing, there was a strange stirring of unborn things somewhere out of sight, and where she had trodden were springing suddenly rings and clusters of faint snowdrops, and tender, flame-colored crocuses, and double garden primroses, and the dear, red-brown velvet of the wall-flowers lovely against the dark leaves.

February again — but now far away from the mountain-side. In the city, where no sweet premonition of spring comes with those first days of her reign, and in the slums that crouch miserably about the stately cathedral of St. Patrick's, huddling squalidly around its feet, while the lovely tower of it soars far away into the blue heart of the sky. It is a blue sky — as blue as it can be over any spreading range of solemn hills, for poor Dublin has few tall factory chimneys to defile it with smoke — and there are little feathery wisps of white cloud on the blue, that lie quite calm and motionless, despite the fact a bright west wind is flying.

It is so warm that the window of one room in one of the most squalid tenement houses of the Coombe is a little open, and the wind steals in softly, and sways to and fro the clean, white curtains ; for this room is poor, but not squalid and grimed as the others are. The two small beds are covered with spotlessly white quilts, and the wooden dresser behind the door is spotless, with its few household utensils shining in the leaping firelight ; and opposite the window is a small altar, carefully and neatly tended, whereon are two pretty statuettes of the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Lady, and at the foot of these, no gaudy, artificial flowers, but a snowdrop or two and a yellow crocus, laid lovingly in a wineglass of water.

It is all very clean and pure, but, alas ! it is a very sad room now,

despite all that, because — oh, surely the very saddest thing in all the sad world! there is a little child dying there in its mother's arms. And the mother is poor little Winnie Daly, far from kindly Tipperary and the good priest, and the pleasant neighbors who would have been neighborly to her, and here, in the cruel city, she is watching her one little son die. He is lying on his small bed, with his eyes closed — a little, pretty, fair boy of seven — his breath coming very faintly, and the golden curls, dank with the death-dew, pushed restlessly off his forehead, and the two gentle little hands crossed meekly on each other on his breast. His mother, her face almost as deathly in its pallor and emaciation as his, is kneeling by the bed, her yellow hair wandering over the pillow, her head bent low beside his, and her eyes drinking thirstily every change that passes over the small face, where the gray shadows are growing grayer. They have lain so for a long time, with no movement disturbing the solemn silence, except once, when her hand goes out tenderly to gather into it the little, cold, damp one. But she is not alone in her agony. Two Sisters of Mercy, in their black serge robes, are kneeling each side of the bed, and their sad, clear eyes are very tender and watchful; they will be ready with help the moment it is needed, but now the great beads of the brown rosary at each one's girdle are dropping noiselessly through the white fingers, and their lips are moving in prayer. One is strangely beautiful, with a stately, imperial beauty; but it is etherealized, spiritualized to an unearthly degree, and the flowing serge robes throw out that noble face into fairer relief than could any empress's purple and gold brocade. Both women are wonderfully sweet-faced: these nuns are always so pitying and tender, because their daily and hourly contact with human pain and sin and misery must keep, I think, the warm human sympathies in them alive and throbbing always. Now there is a faint movement over the child's face and limbs, and the tall, beautiful nun rises quickly, because, well-skilled in death-bed lore, she sees that the end cannot be very far off. His eyes open slowly, and wander a little at first; then they come back to rest on his mother's face, and raising one small hand with difficulty he touches her thin cheek caressingly, and then his hand falls again, and he says weakly, "Mammy, lift me up."

"Yes, my lamb," poor Winnie answers brokenly, gathering him up in her arms and laying the little golden head on her breast. He closes his eyes again for a minute, then reopens them, and his gaze wanders around the room as if seeking something, and one of the nuns, understanding, goes gently and brings the few spring flowers to the bedside; this morning tender Sister Columba had carried them to him, knowing what a wonder and happiness flowers always were to the little crippled child,— for Jim's little lad was crippled from that fall in his babyhood. He lies contentedly a moment, and then says weakly, the words dropping wirh painful pauses between each,—

"Mammy, will there — be green fields in heaven — an' primroses — an' will I be able — to run then? I wouldn't go to Crumlin last summer — with the boys — 'kase I was lame — but they got primroses — an' gev me some."

And it is the nun who answers, for the mother's agonized white

lips only stir dumbly: "Yes, Jimmy, darling little child, there will be green fields in heaven, and primroses, and you will run and sing; and our dear Lord will be there and His Blessed Mother, and He will smile to see you playing about His feet."

Then she lifts the great crucifix of her rosary, and lays it for a moment against the wan baby lips that smile gently at her, and the white eyelids fall over the pansy eyes, and gradually the soft sleep passes imperceptibly and painlessly into death. And one nun takes him out of his mother's arms, and lays him down softly on the pillows and smooths the little fair limbs, and passes a loving hand over the transparent eyelids; and the other nun gathers poor Winnie into her tender arms, with sweet comforting words that will surely help her by and by, but now are unheeded, because God has mercifully given her a short insensibility. And the nun turns to the other, with a little soft fluttering sigh stirring her wistful mouth, and says, "Poor darling! the separation will not be for long. Our dear Lord will very soon lay her baby once more in her arms."

A fortnight later a bronzed and bearded man landed on the quay of Dublin. It was Jim Daly — a new, grave, strong Jim Daly, coming home now comparatively a wealthy man, with the money earned by steady industry, in the gold-fields. There he had worked steadily for three years, with always the object coloring his life of atoning for the past, and making fair the future to wife and child and mother, and the object had been strong enough to keep him apart from the sin and riotousness and drunkenness of the camp. He would have been persuasive-tongued, indeed, among the wild livers who could have persuaded Jim Daly to join in a carousal. But the worst living among the diggers knew how to come to him for help and advice when they needed it; and many a gentle, kindly act was done by him in his quiet unobtrusive manner, with no consciousness in his own mind that he was doing more than any other man would have done.

He had never written home in all those years, though the thought of those beloved ones was always with him — at getting up and lying down, in his dreams and during the hours of the working day. At first times were hard with him, and for three years it was a dreary struggle for existence; and he could not bear to write while every day his feet were slipping backward. Then came the rush to the gold-fields, and he, coming on a lucky vein, found himself steadily making "a pile," and so determined that when a certain sum was amassed he would turn his steps homeward; and because postal arrangements in those days were so precarious, and the time occupied by the transit of a letter so long, he had then given up the thought of writing at all, watching eagerly the days drifting by that were bringing him each day nearer home. In his wandering life no letter had ever reached him; but he never doubted that they were all quite safe; in that little peaceful hillside village, and cluster of farmsteads, life passed so innocently and safely; the people were poor, but the landlord was lenient, and they managed to pay the rent he asked without the starvation and misery that existed on other estates; and apart from the pain and destitution and sin of the towns, the little colony seemed also to be exempt from their dis-

eases, and the little graveyard was long in filling up; the funerals were seldom, unless when sometimes an old man or woman, come to a patriarchal age, went out gladly to lay their weary old bones under the long grasses and the green sorrel and the daisy stars.

This had all been in his day, and he did not know at all how things had changed. First, after he sailed, things had gone fairly; Winnie had grown strong again, and even when his silence grew obstinate, no shadow of doubt crossed her mind; she was so sure he loved her, and she knew he would come back some day to her. The first cloud on the sky came when the baby developed some disease of the hip, the result of the fall, and it refused to yield to all the doctor's treatment; indeed it became worse with time, and as the years slipped by, the ailing, puny babe grew into a delicate, gentle child, fair and wise and grave, but crippled hopelessly. Then, the fourth year after Jim went, there came a bad season, crops failed, and the cow died; and then, fast on those troubles, the kind old landlord died, and his place was taken by a schoolboy at Eton, and, alas! the agency of his estates placed in the hands of a certain J. P. and D. L., tales of whose evictions on the estates already under his charge had made those simple peasants shiver by their firesides in the winter evenings. Then to this peaceful mountain colony came raising of rents like a thunder-clap, followed soon by writs, and then the Sheriff and the dreadful evicting parties. And one of the first to go was old Mrs. Daly; and when she saw the little brown house whereto her young husband, dead those twenty years, had brought her as a bride, where her children were born, and from whose doors one after the other the little frail things, dead at birth, had been carried, till at last her strong, hearty Jim came — when she saw the golden thatch of it given to the flames, the honest, proud old heart broke, and from the house of a kindly neighbor, where neighbor's hands carried her gently, she also went out, a few days later, to join husband and babes in the churchyard house, whence none should seek to evict them. And the troubles thickened, and famine and fever and death came; and then the good priest died too — of a broken heart, they said. And so the last friend was gone — for the people, with pain and death shadowing every hearthstone, were overwhelmed with their own troubles — and poor Winnie and the little crippled son drifted away to the city.

And at the time all those things were happening, Jim Daly used to stand at the door of his tent in the evening, gazing gravely away westward, his soul's eyes fixed on a fairer vision than the camp, or the gorgeous sunset panorama that passed unheeded before the eyes of his body. He saw the long, green grasses in the pastures at home in Inniskeen. And he saw Winnie — his darling colleen — coming from the little house-door with her wooden pail under her arm for the milking, and she was laughing and singing, and her step was light; and by her side the little son, with his cheeks like apples in August, and his violet eyes dancing with pleasure, and the little feet trotting, hurrying, stumbling, and the fat baby hand clutching at the mother's apron, till, with a sudden, tender laugh she swung him in her strong young arms to a throne on her shoulder, wherefrom he shouted so merrily that Cusha, the great gentle white cow, turned about, and ceased for a moment her

placid chewing of the cud, to gaze in some alarm at the approaching despoilers of her milk.

Oh, how bitterly sad that dream seems to me, knowing the bitter reality! That in the squalid slums of the city, the girl-wife was setting her feet for death; that the little child, crippled by the father's drunken blow, had never played or run gladly as other children do — never would do these things unless it might be in the wide, green playing-fields of heaven.

I will tell you how he found his wife. It was evening when he landed at the North Wall, and he found then that till morning there was no train to take him home; and with what fierce impatience he thought of the hours of evening and night to be lived through before he could be on his way to his beloved ones, one can imagine. Then he remembered that by a fellow-digger, who parted with him in London, he had been intrusted with a wreath to lay on a certain grave in Glasnevin; and with a certain sense of relief at the prospect of something to be done, he unpacked the wreath from among his belongings on his arrival at the hotel, and, ordering a meal to be ready by his return, he set out for the cemetery.

It was almost dusk when he reached it, and not far from closing-time, and, the wreath deposited, he was making his way to the gate again. Suddenly his attention was caught by a sound of violent coughing, and turning in the direction from which it proceeded, he saw a woman's figure kneeling by a small, poor grave. For the dusk he could hardly see her face, which also was partly turned away from him; but he could see that her hands were pressed tightly on her breast, as if striving to repress the frightful paroxysms which were shaking her from head to foot.

Jim was tender and pitiful to women always, and now with a thought of Winnie — for the figure was slight and girlish-looking — he went over and laid his hand very gently on the woman's shoulder, saying, "Come, poor soul! God help ye; ye must come now, for it's nigh on closin'-time; and, sure, kneelin' on the wet earth in this raw, foggy evenin' is no place for ye, at all, at all."

The coughing had ceased, and as he spoke she looked up at him wildly. Then she gave a great cry that went straight through the man's heart; she sprang up, and, throwing her thin arms round his neck cried out: "Jim, Jim, me own Jim, come back to me again! Oh, thank God, thank God! Jim, Jim, don't you know your own Winnie?" for he was standing stupefied by the suddenness of it all. Then he gathered the poor, worn body into the happy harborage of his arms, and, for a minute, in the joy of the reunion, he did not even think of the strangeness of the place in which he had found her; and mercifully for those first moments the dusk hid from him how deathly was the face his kisses were falling on. Then, suddenly, with a dreadful thunderous shock, he remembered where they were standing, and I think even before he cried out to know whose was the grave, that in his heart he knew.

I cannot tell you how she broke it to him, or in my feeble words speak of this man's dreadful anguish; only I know that with the white

mists enfolding them, and the little child lying at their feet, she told him all.

"An', darlin', I'm goin' too," she said, "an' even for the sake of stayin' wid you I can't stay. I'm so tired-like, an' my heart's so empty for the child; an' you'll say 'God's will be done,' won't ye, achora? And when the hawthorn's out in May, bring some of it here; an', Jim darlin', I'll be lyin' here so happy — him an' me, an' his little curly head on my breast, an' his little arms claspin' my neck."

He said, "God's will be done," mechanically, but I think his heart was broken; no other words came from his lips except over and over again, "Wife and child! wife and child! My little crippled son! my little crippled son!"

KATHARINE TYNAN, in *League of the Cross.*

What English Catholics are Contending for,

AND WHAT AMERICAN CATHOLICS WANT.

MR. A. LANGDALE in a letter to the *London Daily News* puts the Catholic view upon the education question with accuracy and yet with refreshing terseness. "We can accept," he writes, "no compromise, and must have our own Catechism, taught to our own children, in our own schools, by our own masters. We will accept a 'conscience clause,' and open our schools to all comers, and, as a fact, do. We will open our schools to Government inspection, and gladly abide by payments by results. All we desire is a fair field and no favor. One thing we can't and won't do, and that is to suffer our children to receive religious instruction which is not our own, and equally to accept teaching as a system in which religious teaching is not included. Now there are doubtless a great many who think we ought to be contented with unsectarian religious instruction, and some who even utter something of not having any Popery taught. Quite so, and to the end of all time the opinion of some will be opposed to the opinions of others. Well, we say our religion is at stake, and we can accept no less, and it is oppression and tyranny to deprive us of our rights. We pay our taxes, we pay our rates, we even provide our own schools, we educate our own teachers, and subscribe largely to our schools, all under Government approval, and we submit to a conscience clause. All we ask is that our secular teaching shall, under Government inspection, be paid for at the same rate as similar teaching is paid for in any other school. We say this is our first and paramount interest and liberty; to refuse it is persecution. I and thousands more are true Liberals heart and soul, and yet are forced to go as a matter of primary duty and do violence to every wish of one's heart, and support a Tory solely because the Liberal candidate refuses to recognize any Denominational system. It is no Liberty, but a cruel imposition of a religious intolerance."

Ingratitude of France in the Irish Struggle

Not the least remarkable, though perhaps accountable, feature of the present Anglo-Irish crisis is to be found in the thinly disguised hostility with which our struggle for independence is viewed by the nations of Europe. One might at first be inclined to think that gratitude to the countrymen of those splendid fellows, without whose heads and hands the long series of English triumphs since 1688 over her bitterest foe had ne'er been broken, would have secured for us, if not encouragement, neutrality on the part of France. Not so, however. Spain alone, of European States refuses to take sides against us (Russia, for obvious causes, cannot be regarded as unbiassed); and Spain, as many of us know, claims a kinship with Ireland hardly less strong, if more legendary, than that which exists between America and England. As a matter of fact, our precious "sister" has been plying the hose with exceptional success. She has so saturated and stunned the Continental public with the thick stream of falsehood about Ireland and her people that the poor creature, half befuddled by the whole business, commits itself to approval of an act which calm reflection might convince it was indefensible. This gullible public has been taught by England to believe that we are a race of treacherous and incorrigible savages, ignorant of and indifferent to the common decencies of life; a nation of brawlers and beggars, loafers and drunkards. We are, moreover, in sympathy with those scourges of its own lands, the Communist, the Nihilist, the Socialist. What wonder then, that it should consider the humiliation of England, gratifying though it might be in itself, even a boon too dearly purchased at the price. We think it well that Irishmen should be constantly reminded of the degree in which they are indebted to their neighbor. But in doing so, we deem it of importance to guard ourselves carefully from misconception. Nothing is further from our desires than to keep an old sore running, simply to gratify an unchristian passion for revenge. Quite the contrary. At the same time we hold that in laying bear the hideous malice, the systematic meanness, with which our pious master has smirched the name of Ireland before the eyes of the world, we shall be deservedly rebuking an amiable but spiritless class, whose meek outpourings have become a nuisance. We would advise persons of this class to bear two things in mind. In the first place, that after the cession of an Irish Parliament (yielded, of course, only as the alternative to rebellion), the initiative towards reconciliation must be made by England, which is in the wrong, not by Ireland, that has suffered from the wrong. Secondly, that partnership in business does not necessarily imply either friendship or affection in private. Those who are most strongly opposed in politics and religion often pull well together when there is no help for it, and when they see that to do so is for the promotion of their mutual interests. So may it be with nations; and so, please God, will it be with Ireland and England, until that day when the latter is able to

come forward and say to us, "I restore to you your escutcheon, which, trampled and spat upon by me of yore, I have since by my tears washed whiter than the driven snow."

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

O'Connell and Parnell—1835–1886.

"HISTORY repeats itself. Fifty years ago English parties found themselves in the presence of difficulties similar to those by which they are confronted to-day. The general election of 1835 left O'Connell master of the situation, as the general election of 1885 leaves Mr. Parnell. Then England returned 212, Ireland 39, and Scotland 13 Tories, making a total of 364 members who were prepared to support the government of Sir Robert Peel. On the other side, England returned 99 Whigs, 189 Radicals and Independents; Scotland, 10 Whigs, 30 Radicals and Independents; Ireland, 22 Whigs, acting mainly with O'Connell, and 44 Repealers, acting directly under him; thus making a total altogether of 349 anti-Ministerialists. But between the members of the Opposition so formed there was no cohesion. O'Connell stood aside from Whigs, Tories and Radicals, awaiting the arrangement of the terms on which his alliance was to be secured. Of the 219 Radicals and Independents elected at the polls only 140 could be relied on to support a Whig administration, and the result was that, so far as England and Scotland were concerned, the Tories had a working majority of 15. Thus: Tories, 264; Whig-Radical Coalition, 249; Tory majority, 15; Irish in reserve, 66. Here was 'an extraordinary state of parties,' to use the language of the *Edinburgh Review;* 'an awful situation,' to adopt the phraseology of the *Times*. 'O'Connell would be real Prime Minister,' roared the Thunderer of Printing-House Square, if Whigs and Tories did not loyally unite to put him down. One thing, in the opinion of the *Times*, was clear—no English party ought to touch 'the Repeal rebel,' 'the unprincipled ruffian,' 'the demon of malignity and anarchy,' in whose hands the people of Ireland had been forced to place the destinies of their wretched country."

The above is from the *Dublin Freeman*. Catholic emancipation was then the burning question, and O'Connell triumphed. To-day the question is Legislative Independence for Ireland. Will it be a triumph? The struggle of desperation will not, we hope, have to answer.

WITH true orators success is won by the long-continued work which supplies the hard facts and telling truths for which eloquent words are but the vehicle. Powder, no doubt, is very useful in war; it makes the most noise, but it is the bullets and shells that silence the enemy.—*Rev. William Delaney, S. J.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE DAISY AND THE FERN.

THE day was hot, the sun shone out
And burned the little flowers,
Who earthward drooped their weary heads,
And longed for cooling showers.

One little daisy, hot and tired,
And scorching in the sun,
Had altered much, for fair was she
When the morning had begun.

"Come, put yourself beneath my shade!"
A graceful fern thus spake,
"For if you stay out there, dear flower,
You'll shrivel up and bake."

So daisy leaned towards the fern
And hid beneath her shade,
And on the fern's cool, mossy root
Her burning petals laid.

No sunlight fell on her, but, oh!
The poor fern had it all;
She drooped down low, and lower still,
Who once was straight and tall.

"Daisy," she said, "I'm dying fast,
My life is near its end,
My time with you is almost past,
So farewell, little friend."

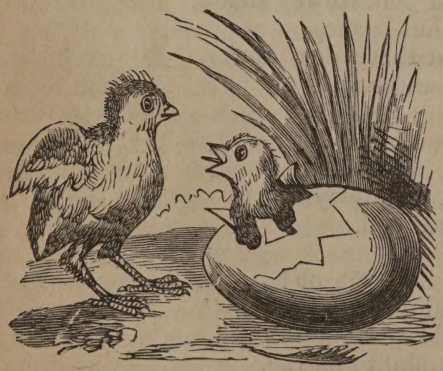
Then daisy wept, her tears ran down
Upon the poor fern's root;
A thrill of fast returning life
Through the languid fern did shoot.

Full soon she grew quite fresh again,
No longer did she burn;
For little daisy's tears of love
Had saved the dying fern.

MAUD EGERTON HINE, a child of less than eight years old.

CHEMISTRY OF A HEN'S EGG.

BEFORE proceeding to inquire into the interior composition of the egg, we will consider the exterior covering, or the shell — the physical and chemical structure of which is exceedingly interesting and wonderful. The white, fragile cortex called the shell, composed of mineral matter, is not the tight, compact covering which it appears to be; for it is everywhere perforated with a multitude of holes too small to be discerned by the naked eye, but which, with the aid of a microscope, are distinctly revealed. Under the microscope the shell appears like a sieve, or it more closely resembles the white perforated paper sold by stationers. Through these holes there is constant evaporation going on, so that an egg, from the day that it is dropped by the hen, to the moment when it is consumed, is losing weight and diminishing in volume. This process goes on much more rapidly in hot weather than in cold, and consequently perfect eggs are not so readily procured in summer as in winter. If, by any means, we stop this evaporating process, the egg remains sound and good for a great length of time. Covering the shell with an impervious coat of varnish, or with mutton suet or lard, aids greatly in their preservation. The substance used to stop transpiration must not be soluble in watery fluids, or liable to be removed. By chemical agencies, that is, by actually filling up the little holes in the shell by lime placed in solution (the solution holding the proper chemical substances to form an impervious coating of carbonate of lime over the entire surface), we have preserved eggs for months, and even years, in a sweet condition. Not long ago, eggs broken in a laboratory in Boston were found to be quite fresh, which, according to the memorandum made upon the vessel, were placed in the solution four years ago.



The shell of the egg is lined upon its interior everywhere with a very thin but pretty tough membrane, which, dividing at or very near the obtuse end, forms a small bag which is filled with air. In new-laid eggs this follicle appears very little, but it becomes larger when the egg is kept. In breaking an egg, this membrane is removed with the shell to which it adheres, and therefore is regarded a part of it, which it is not.

The shell proper is made up mostly of earthy materials, of which ninety-seven per cent is carbonate of lime. The remainder is composed of two per cent of animal matter and one of phosphate of lime and magnesia. Carbonate of lime is the same material of which our marble quarries and chalk beds are composed: it is lime, or oxide of calcium, combined with carbonic acid, and is a hard, insoluble mineral substance,

which does not appear to form any portion of the food of fowls. Now, where does the hen procure this substance with which to form the shell? If we confine fowls in a room and feed them with any of the cereal grains, excluding all sand, dust or earthy matter, they will go on for a time and lay eggs, each one having a perfect shell made up of the same calcareous elements. Vanvuelin, the distinguished chemist, shut up a hen ten days and fed her exclusively upon oats, of which she consumed 7,474 grains in weight. During this time four eggs were laid, the shells of which weighed nearly 409 grains: of this amount 276 grains was carbonate of lime, 17½ phosphate of lime, and 10 gluten. But there is only a little carbonate of lime in oats, and from whence could this 409 grains of the rocky material have been derived? The answer to this question opens up some of the most curious and wonderful facts connected with animal chemistry, and affords glimpses of many of the operations of organic life, which, to the common mind, seem in the highest degree paradoxical and perplexing. The body of a bird, like that of a man, is but a piece of chemical apparatus made capable of transforming hard and fixed substances into others of a very unlike nature. In oats there is contained phosphate of lime, with an abundance of silica; and the stomach and assimilating organs of the bird are made capable of decomposing or rending asunder the lime salts and forming with the silica a silicate of lime.

This new body is itself made to undergo decomposition, and the base is combined with carbonic acid, forming carbonate of lime. The carbonic acid is probably derived from the atmosphere, or more directly, perhaps, from the blood. These chemical changes among hard, inorganic bodies are certainly wonderful when we reflect that they are brought about in the delicate organs of a comparatively feeble bird, under the influence of animal heat and the vital forces. They embrace a series of decomposing and recomposing operations which it is difficult to imitate in the laboratory.

In the experiment to which allusion has been made, the amount of earthy material found in the eggs and the excrement of the hen exceeded that contained in the food she consumed. This seems paradoxical, and can only be explained upon the ground that birds as well as animals have the power, in times of exigency, of drawing upon their own bodies for material which is required to perform necessary functions.

The shell of an ordinary hen's egg weighs about one hundred and six grains, that is, the inorganic portion of it; and if a bird lays one hundred eggs in a year, she produces about twenty-two ounces of nearly pure carbonate of lime in that period of time, which would afford chalk enough to meet the wants of a farmer, or perhaps even of a house carpenter of moderate business, for a twelvemonth.

If a farmer has a flock of one hundred hens, they produce in egg shells, about one hundred and thirty-seven pounds of chalk annually; and yet not a pound of the substance, or perhaps not even an ounce, exists around the farm-house within the circuit of their feeding grounds. This is a source of lime production not usually recognized by farmers or hen fanciers, and it is by no means insignificant. The materials of the manufacture are found in the food consumed, and in the sand,

pebble stones, brick-dust, bits of bones, etc., which hens and other birds are continually picking from the earth.

The instinct is keen for these apparently innutritious and refractory substances, and they are devoured with as eager a relish as the cereal grains or insects. If hens are confined to barns or outbuildings, it is obvious that the egg-producing machinery cannot be kept long in action, unless the materials for the shell are produced in ample abundance.

Within the shell the animal portion of the egg is found; which consists of a viscous, colorless liquid called albumen, or the *white*, and a yellow globular mass called the vitellus, or *yolk*. The white of the egg consists of two parts, each of which is enveloped in distinct membranes. The outer bag of albumen, next the shell, is quite a thin, watery body, while the next which invests the yolk, is heavy and thick. But few housekeepers who break eggs ever distinguish between the *two whites*, or know of their existence even.

Each has its appropriate office to fulfil during the process of incubation or hatching; and one acts in the mysterious process as important a part as the other. If we remove this glairy fluid from the shell and place it in a glass, and plunge into it a strip of reddened litmus paper, a blue tinge is immediately produced, which indicates the presence of an alkali. The alkali is soda in a free condition, and its presence is of the highest consequence, for without it the liquid would be *insoluble*. A portion of the white of an egg, when diluted with water, and a few drops of vinegar or acetic acid added to it, undergoes a rapid change. The liquid becomes cloudy and flocculent, and small bits of shreddy matter fall to the bottom of the vessel. This is pure albumen, made so by removing the soda held in combination by the use of the acid. A pinch of soda added to the solid precipitate redissolves it, and it is again liquid. There is another way by which the albumen is rendered solid: and that is by the application of heat. Eggs placed in boiling hot water pass from the soluble to the insoluble state quite rapidly, or, in other words, the albumen both of the white and yolk becomes "coagulated."

No contrast can be greater than that between a boiled and unboiled egg. Not only is it changed physically, but there is a change in chemical properties, and yet no chemist can tell in what the change consists. It is true, the water extracts a little alkali, and a trace of sulphide of sodium; but the abstraction of these bodies is hardly sufficient to account for the change in question.

The hardening of the albumen of egg by heat constitutes the cooking process, and this deserves a moment's consideration.

Great as is the physical difference between a fully cooked and an uncooked egg, it is no less remarkable in the degree of digestibility conferred upon it by the process. Uncooked, it passes by the most simple processes of assimilation from the digestive to the nutritive and circulatory organs, and is at once employed in nourishing or sustaining the bodily functions. Unduly cooked, the egg resists the action of the gastric juices for a long time, and becomes unsuited to the stomachs of the weak and dyspeptic. A raw or soft-boiled egg is of all varieties of

food the most nourishing and concentrated; a hard-boiled egg is apt to trouble the digestion of the strong and healthful, and its nutrient properties are sensibly impaired. The yolk contains water and albumen, but associated with these is quite a large number of mineral and other substances which render it very complex in composition. The bright yellow color is due to a peculiar fat or oil, which is capable of reflecting the yellow rays of light, and this oil holds the sulphur and phosphorous which abound in the egg. If the yolk be removed and dried, and the yellow oil separated, it will be found to form two-thirds of the substance. The whole weight in its natural state is about three hundred grains, of which three-fifths is water; of the white more than three quarters is water.

The yolk and albumen of a fecundated egg remains as sweet and free from corruption during the whole time of incubation as it is in new-laid eggs, and there is but little loss of water; whereas an unfecundated egg passes rapidly into putrefactive decay and perishes.

Any one who eats three or four eggs at breakfast consumes that number of embryo chicks.

All the materials which enter into the legs, bones, feathers, bill, etc., of the new-born chick, exist in the egg, as nothing is derived from outside. The little creature which has just pecked its way out of its calcareous prison-house, has lime and phosphorus in his bones, sulphur in his feathers, iron, potash, soda and magnesia in his blood, all of which mineral constituents come from the egg, and are taken into the stomach when it is eaten as food.

The valuable or important salts are contained in the yolk, and hence this portion of the egg is the most useful in some forms of disease. A weakly person, in whom nerve force is deficient and the blood impoverished, may take the yolks of eggs with advantage. The iron phosphoric compounds are in a condition to be readily assimilated, and although homœopathic in quantity, nevertheless exert a marked influence upon the system. The yolks of eggs, containing as they do less albumen, are not so injuriously affected by heat as the white, and a hard-boiled yolk may be usually eaten by invalids without inconvenience. The composition of a fresh egg, exclusive of the shell, may be presented as follows:

Water	74 parts.
Albumen	14 "
Oil or fat	10.5 "
Mineral Salts	1.5 "
	100

The whole usually weighs about a thousand grains, of which the shell makes a tenth part.

The chick-making materials, exclusive of water, form only one-quarter of the weight of the liquid contents, or only about two hundred grains.

This seems to be a small beginning upon which to rear a full-grown rooster. The bulk or quantity as found in hens' eggs, and indeed in the eggs of all birds, is wonderfully disproportionate to the size of

the mother bird. The laying of eggs must be regarded as a particularly exhausting process, and yet fowls will keep it up for a long time and not lose much in flesh. We have known a hen of the game variety which has laid twenty-two eggs in twenty-two consecutive days, and they average in weight one thousand grains each. This gives in amount twenty-two thousand grains, or rather more than three pounds avoirdupois, of which about two and a quarter pounds is water. The dozen or more ounces of rich, nutritive material, parted with in twenty-two days, would seem to be a prodigious draught upon the small physical structure of the bird, but there were no indications of exhaustion.

Whilst it is true that the quickening of an egg which results in the birth of a chick, is no more marvellous a process or result than the embryotic development of any creature endowed with the mysterious principle of life, yet there are some circumstances connected with it which make it a matter of greater perplexity and wonder. Here is an oval white body consisting of a calcareous shell, within which there are some semi-fluid substances, consisting mainly of albumen and water, without any signs of life. In fact, there is no life; it is simply a mass of dead, inanimate matter. Talk as much as we will about the germinal principles involved in the structure of the egg, we are totally unable to recognize it, or form any conception of its nature.

There is no evidence of the presence of any germ or principle of life whatever. The egg left to itself decays like other organized substances, but with our assistance in simply transferring it to a place where the temperature is in a certain uniform condition, in a few weeks, the albumen, water, oil and mineral salts are transferred into a living chick, which thrusts its little beak through the shell, and in ten minutes is running about, almost able to take care of itself.

Here is the development of life apparently without the agency of the mother, and what a marvel! The chemist may place together in a body in a warm place, just such elements or substances: he may carefully weigh the water, the albumen, the phosphotic compounds, the sulphur, the iron, soda, etc., and construct a very accurate egg mixture, but out of it all there will never come a living chick. In this, we obtain some idea how little we actually know about life, how dark is the region where the life principle begins, or where the vital forces originate. The indefatigable man of science has pushed his inquiries close up to the boundary between the inanimate and the animate; but he has never been able to obtain the least glimpse of anything upon the *life* side of the line. However great may be our curiosity, our skill or knowledge in this state of existence, there is not the least probability that we shall ever be able to endow matter with life, or know much more than we do at present of its origin or nature.

AUNTIE, to a little four-year-old who is resting his head on the table—"Ah, Louis, you are sleepy; you will have to go to bed." "Oh, no, auntie, I aren't sleepy; but my head is loose, so I laid it down here."

HE WAS ONLY A NEWSBOY.

It was a very small funeral procession that wended its way slowly from the King's County Hospital to the Holy Cross Cemetery at Flatbush, New York. There were no handsome carriages, no long string of hacks, only the hearse containing a small, plain coffin, followed by a solitary coach. But the mourning was just as sincere as at the largest and most imposing funeral. And it was not confined to the four boys who accompanied the body of their dearest friend to its last resting-place. A hundred hearts were touched by grief. A hundred faces were wet with tears.

"It's only a newsboy," said a policeman. True, only a newsboy, a waif from the streets of the great city. But no philanthropist was ever kinder, no friend more true, no soldier braver, than little Joe Flanigan. Every newsboy about the offices of New York's great journals knew and loved him. All owed him a debt of gratitude for the many good deeds he had done in his humble way.

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning after sleeping in a dry-goods' box or an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers, or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little no other dared play tricks upon Little Joe. His friends he remembered and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck. Kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough for even a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. He awoke one morning after working hard selling "extras," to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt. The vital force was gone.

"Where is Little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Nobody had seen him since the previous night. Finally he was found in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital in Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. One Saturday, a newsboy who had abused him at first and learned to love him afterward, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said, with some diffi-

culty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys" —

But his message never was completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm and beautiful. The trouble and anxiety on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled.

It was sad news that Jerry bore back to his friends on that day. They feared the end was near and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that Little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself. Their hearts were too full to speak.

That night a hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows: —

Resolved, That we all liked Little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died.

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the hospital again kindly offered the use of his carriage. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription :—

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* *
* LITTLE JOE, *
* Aged 14. *
* The Best Newsboy in New York. *
* WE ALL LIKED HIM. *
* *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that Little Joe was dead?

He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

OFFICE BOY (to country editor): "A man was in while you were out, who said he was the genuine John Wilkes Booth."

Editor (hastily): "He's a fraud. You didn't give him anything did you?"

Office Boy: "No. He left a dollar for a six months' subsrciption."

Editor: "Well, well. And so John Wilkes Booth is still alive. It beats all."

AN UNWASHED PRINCE.

THE Crown Prince of Prussia, was always a very sensible man in the management of his household, and he is ably seconded by his wife. On one occasion the governor of his children came to him and said:

"Your Highness, I must complain of the little Prince; he refuses to have his face washed in the morning."

"Does he?" answered the Crown Prince. "We'll remedy that. After this let him go unwashed."

"It shall be done," said the governor. Now the sentries have to salute every member of the royal family — children and all — whenever they pass. The day after, the little four-year-old Prince went out for a walk with his governor. As they passed a sentry-box where a grim soldier stood, the man stood rigid without presenting arms. The little Prince — accustomed to universal deference — looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently another sentry was passed. Neither did this one give a sign of recognition. The little Prince angrily spoke of it to his old governor, and they passed on. And when the walk was finished, and they had met many soldiers, who none of them saluted the Prince, the little fellow dashed in to his father exclaiming:

"Papa — papa — you must whip every man in your guards! They refuse to salute when I pass!"

"Ah! my son," said the Crown Prince, "they do rightly; for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little Prince." After that the boy took a shower bath every morning.

THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW.

ONE day a golden-haired child, who lived where no trees or flowers grew, was gazing wistfully through the open gate of a beautiful park, when the gardener chanced to throw out an armful of dry cuttings. Among them the little girl discovered one with a tiny bud just starting.

"Perhaps it will grow," she whispered to herself, and, dreaming of wide, cool boughs and fluttering leaves, she carried it carefully home, and planted it in the darksome area. Day after day she watched and tended it, and when, by-and-by, another bud started, she knew that the slip had taken root.

Years passed, and the lowly home gave place to a pleasant mansion, and the narrow area widened into a spacious garden, where many a green tree threw its shadow. But for the golden-haired child now grown into a lovely maiden, the fairest and dearest of them all was the one she had so tenderly nourished. No other tree, she thought, cast such a cool, soft shade; in no other boughs did the birds sing so sweetly.

But while the tree lived and flourished, the young girl drooped and

faded. Sweeter and sadder grew the light in her blue eyes, till by-and-by God's angel touched them with a dreamless sleep. Loving hands crowned the white brow with myrtle, and under the branches she had loved laid her tenderly to rest.

But from that hour, as if in sorrow for the one that had tended it, the stately tree began to droop. Lower and lower bent the sad branches, lower and lower, until they caressed the daisied mound that covered her form.

"See!" said her young companions, "the tree weeps for her who loved it." And they called it the Weeping Willow.

HOW TO BECOME PROSPEROUS.

Let every youth be taught some useful art and trained to industry and thrift. Let every young man lay aside and keep sacredly in tact a certain portion of his earnings. Let every one set out with a determination to engage in business for himself as soon as he can. Begin in a small, safe way, and extend your business as experience will teach you is advantageous. Keep your own books and know constantly what you are earning and just where you stand. Do not marry until in receipt of a tolerably certain income, sufficient to live on comfortably. Let every man who is able buy a farm on which to bring up his sons. It is from the farm the best men are turned out, morally and intellectually. Bear in mind that your business cannot be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers.

Change the Subject.—"Always," said papa, as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning beefsteak — "always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite."

That evening, on his return from business, he found his carnation-bed despoiled, and the tiny imprint of slippered feet silently bearing witness to the small thief.

"Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in town?"

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa, what did grandma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers? Answer me yes or no."

"Yes, papa, I did; but I fout I'd change the subject."

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

ENLARGEMENT OF BOSTON COLLEGE. The increase in the number of students has been so great during the past year that the president, Rev. E. V. Boursaud, S. J., has concluded to add a new wing to the main building of the college, as there are not a sufficient number of class rooms to accommodate all. The foundation will be laid in the spring, and the wing which is to extend into what now comprises the college garden, will when completed contain a new chemical laboratory; accommodations for the English department, which will be conducted as usual under Professor Harkins, and an extension of Boston College hall.

RECONSECRATION OF ALTAR STONES.—The *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* states that an indult has been granted by Leo XIII. to the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Achonry, allowing him to consecrate at his convenience the altars of his diocese which may need reconsecration, and to use for this purpose the short form prescribed for the Bishop of St. Paul's, Minnesota, U. S. America. He is also privileged to delegate a priest to perform this ceremony.

MR. PARNELL said in the House of Commons that he had always believed that if the principle were admitted that Ireland was entitled to some form of self-government the settlement of details would not be found a formidable task, and that there would be no great difficulty in securing the empire against separation. He himself, although a Protestant, feared no danger to the minority in Ireland from the Catholics. The whole question was one of reasonable or exorbitant rents. He denied that the National League encouraged boycotting. The Nationalists members, he said, on seeing the manifest desire of England to weigh the Irish question calmly, had resolved that no extravagance of word or action on their part should mar the first fair chance Ireland ever had.

Neither Liberals nor Parnellites appearing to be inclined to challenge the government, Lord Randolph Churchill, secretary of state for India, wished the House to clearly understand, that it would be impossible for the present government ever to sanction an Irish Parliament. He added that the government would be prepared, when the proper time arrived, with a scheme to improve local government in Ireland.

UP to the present time the Canadian Militia Department has authorized the payment of a fraction over $4,000,000 on the expenses of the Northwest rebellion.

FROM the ancient Diocese of Clogher (Monaghan), established by St. Patrick, two patriot priests have come to America to solicit aid in building the Cathedral of Clogher. They are the Rev. Eugene McKenna, of Enniskillen, and the Rev. Eugene McMahon, of Carrickmacross. It is a notable fact that both are Presidents of the National League in their parishes. The Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Donnelly, has always been a patriot, and we trust that his missioners will receive a generous welcome here, especially from the people of Monaghan, Fermanagh, Louth, Tyrone and Donegal. Fathers McKenna and McMahon have received permission from Archbishop Williams to solicit subscriptions in the Archdiocese of Boston.

Boston Herald: — Mr. Gargan quoted for the benefit of England, in his speech at Halifax, the French saying, that "You can do almost anything with a bayonet except sit on it." The Republican administrations found the bayonet prop under the carpet bag governments impossible to maintain, and England cannot forever keep Ireland sitting on it.

THE CHARITY BALL. — The coming Charity Ball will be given on March 8, the Monday evening before Ash Wednesday. The success of the ball is dependent upon the noble exertions of friends. The large number of destitute children cared for by the Home has necessarily increased the expenses, and therefore the directors are anxious that the ball will be financially successful. It must be gratifying to know that the Home has been able to receive and care for over four hundred destitute children during the past year, and provided good homes for three hundred and ninety. All these children would have been compelled to seek refuge in the city or State pauper establishments and lost to the Church, were not the Home open to shelter and provide for them.

THE FRANCISCANS. — During its existence of six centuries, the Franciscan Order has given to the church 247 saints and beati, 1,500 martyrs (2,500 are found in the Menologia Franciscano), 13 Popes, 60 cardinals, 4,000 archbishops and bishops, 6,000 authors. At present 2,500 Franciscans are engaged in missionary work, and another thousand Capuchin Fathers may be added to the number, in all, 3,500.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.—The venerable founder of the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Rev. Auguste Le Poilleur, of the diocese of Rennes, France, has just celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The order was founded by him at St. Servan in 1840; and to-day it possesses two hundred and ten houses in all parts of the world, with about 3,400 sisters, who devote themselves to the caring, feeding, and clothing of upwards of twenty-three thousand poor and helpless fellow-creatures. His Holiness the Pope has written a letter of congratulation to the pious founder. There are two foundations of the Little Sisters in Boston, one on Bunker Hill, the other, Boston Highlands.

JOHN SAVAGE.—Our old and venerated friend, John Savage, we regret to see, is dying, out in Paris, far away from the land he loved so well, and also from the home of his choice, the United States. The following letter (written by John P. Leonard, to the Dublin *Nation* of December 26th), shows that his visit to Paris has not been as successful as his many friends and admirers would wish: —

To the Editor of the Nation: Sir,—Mr. John Savage, our patriotic countryman, who came to the Continent for his health, was seized on Monday last with a paralytic stroke, and has his right arm paralyzed. Mrs. Savage has been untiring in her care of the patriot, who is attended daily by the eminent physician, Dr. Ball, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, and also by his friend, the present writer. Hopes are entertained of his recovery, and great regret is expressed by all who know him here." J. P. L.

MR. PHILIP A. NOLAN, General Secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, writes: Within a month we may expect the promulgation of the Decrees of the Baltimore Council, when it is the purpose of the Executive Council to inaugurate such a crusade in America that before long will sweep like the mighty armies of old across the entire continent and be felt in the remotest parishes." Mr. Nolan is an enthusiast in the cause of cold water, says *The Catholic Columbian.*

A TOUCHING CUSTOM prevails in many of the parishes of Normandy, where the adult male population are for the most part engaged in the vocation of fishing. When, as at certain seasons of the year, these poor fishermen are far away from their homes, and unable to assist at Mass on Sundays, each one's family has a candle burning in the church before the statue of Our Lady, Star of the Sea. These candles represent the husbands, sons, and fathers who at that moment are braving the terrors of the deep, and the flame of each burning offering is the hymn and prayer to Heaven on the part of the absent one.

Catholic Columbian: — It is something for us to be proud of that in this great State of Ohio, where we form so small a minority of the people, two of the members of the present Legislature chosen to receive its honors are Catholics and Irishmen. In the organization of the House, Hon. Daniel J. Ryan, of Scioto, was made President pro tem., and to the same position in the Senate Hon. John O'Neill, of Muskingum, was called by the voice of his party associates. May they both live to be Governors!

LITTLE COMPANY OF MARY.— During his recent visit to Rome the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mother-General of the Society of the Little Company of Mary, and also had numerous opportunities of witnessing the good done by the sisters in nursing the sick in their own homes; and his Eminence was so much impressed by their work, that he applied to the Superioress for some sisters to accompany him to Australia to carry on the work there, with the result that six sisters are now in the diocese of Sydney. The sisters have lost no time in commencing their good work, and they announce that they are now fully prepared to receive invitations to nurse the sick without distinction of creed, at their own residences in any part of the city or suburbs. It is the rule of the sisters to remain in constant charge of the patients in every kind of illness.

AMERICAN RENT PAYERS.— The *National Republican*, Washington, D. C., of January 5, makes the following uncomfortable statement: "The generally prevalent impression is that the farming of this country is really carried on by farmers, who, in great measure, are the owners of the farms they till. On the contrary, Mr. Thomas P. Gill, in the *North American Review*, points out that at the census of 1880 there were found to be 1,024,601 farms rented by tenants in the United States, and he claims that in the five years since this census was taken the number of tenant holdings has increased 25 per cent. raising the number of tenant holdings at present in the United States to 1,250,000. In England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales at the present day the total number of tenant farmers is 1,079,127. So the United States contains 50,000 more tenant farmers to-day than the three kingdoms and the principality together. These statements are not radiantly cheerful. Our country is being Europeanized at an uncomfortably rapid rate."

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. Archbishops, 12; bishops, 62; priests, 7,296; ecclesiastical students, 1,621, of which the largest number, 335, belong to the archdiocese of Milwaukee; churches, 6,755; chapels, 1,071; stations, 1,733; diocesan seminaries and houses of study for regulars, 36: colleges, 85; Baltimore having the largest number, 8; academies, 618; New York having the largest number, 34; parochial schools, 2,621, attended by 492,949 pupils; charitable institutions, 449.

GOOD FOR AN M. P. — The trustees of the fund subscribed to indemnify William O'Brien, M. P., editor of Dublin *United Ireland*, against the losses he sustained in the famous Bolton, French and Cornwall libel suits, have published a balance sheet, which shows that the total amount of the subscriptions received was £7,619. Of this £6,495 odd was expended directly in litigation, and £98 went for miscellaneous expenses and advertising. The balance of £1,025 was handed over by Mr. O'Brien, for distribution among the poor of Mallow.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE has conferred on Prince Bismarck the ancient Portuguese Order of Christ, which was founded by King Denis of Portugal in 1317, and adopted by King John XXII. three years later. The decoration, which is only conferred upon the most distinguished and exalted persons, was accompanied by an autograph letter from his Holiness.

MR. WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT, who, as a Conservative Catholic contested North Camberwell at the recent Parliamentary election, in a forcible letter to the *London Times* gives his views on the Irish question. He holds that there is no middle course now between Home Rule and martial law, between Mr. Parnell Prime Minister at Dublin and Mr. Parnell a traitor in the tower. And how long, he asks, would the country support a policy of blood and iron? Would even the Whigs go through with it for two sessions? I say no. One party or other

would rebel, and we should in the end be forced to give in shame what we could now give in honor.

CHURCH FREED OF DEBT.—The congregation of St. Ann's Church, Gloucester, Mass., was informed by the priest in charge, the Rev. J. J. Healy, that the church is now free of all indebtedness. The building was completed in 1876 with the exception of the spire, which was added during the summer of 1884. The church is built of granite, with a seating capacity of about one thousand, and is valued at $100,000. The church will be consecrated in July.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN BOSTON.—The Irish societies of Boston held a meeting to decide the manner in which St. Patrick's Day should be celebrated in this city. Fourteen societies, represented by sixty-two delegates, were in attendance. President Edward Riley presided. The motion made at a previous meeting to invite Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, to lecture, in preference to having a street parade, was adopted by a vote of thirty-eight to six, and the convention adjoined, subject to the call of officers. Most Rev. Dr. Croke sent a despatch saying it was impossible for him to accept the invitation.

HOME.—The annual meeting of the directors of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children on Harrison Av., was held on the evening of the 14th of January. During the past year 414 children were admitted into the Home. Three died, two absconded, 401 were placed in families, and 186 boys and girls remain in the Home. Since the Home was organized it has received and provided for the large number of 6,364 poor children. The officers of the corporation elected for the present year are: John B. O'Brien, President; Charles F. Donnelly, Vice-President; P. F. Sullivan, Treasurer; James Havey, Secretary; James W. Dunphy, John W. McDonald, and John Miller, Executive Committee.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.—A writer in a household periodical recommends washing dishes as the best thing to put the hands in the soft and pliable condition most favorable to piano practice. Mothers should give this recipe a good long trial on their girls who assault the keyboard, but shun the dish pan.

Lake Shore Visitor: Ambition, as it is now understood, is not made of very stern stuff. There are men regarded as ambitious, who are puffed up with vanity, and who look upon themselves as very important. Death would make such men an irreparable loss to themselves, but not much of a loss to any one or anything else.

A YEAR OF JUBILEE.—We give elsewhere the Encyclical of Our Holy Father the Pope, proclaiming an Extraordinary Jubilee. The translation is made by Rev. Dr. Mahar, for the *Catholic Universe*, Cleveland, O.

MARCH is the month of St. Patrick. On the 17th, the children of Ireland, wherever located, celebrate the day. Their hearts revert back to the dear old land of their birth and the happy days of their childhood.

"The lilies and roses abandon the plain;
Tho' the summer's gone by, yet the shamrock remains;
Like a friend in misfortune, it blooms o'er the snow;
Oh, my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

HON. JOHN FINNERTY in a recent utterance said, after he had read the Queen's speech, "The Irish people must make up their minds to meet the English with a courage displayed by the American colonists in dealing with the Queen's grandfather, George the Third. The Queen of England has a personal grudge against Ireland because Dublin refused a site for the statue of her husband, who once said of the Irish that they ought to live on grass."

THE first Hungarian Catholic church erected in America was recently dedicated at Hazleton, Pa., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, same State.

GRAND ARMY RECORD.—This is the name of an eight-page paper issued by Thomas Keefe, at 31 Cornhill, Boston. As its name indicates, it is devoted to the interests of the Grand Army of the Republic, all soldiers and sailors of the late war, sons of veterans and the women's relief corps. The price is only $1 a year.

NEWLY ARRIVED EMIGRANTS.—The Rev. John J. Riordan's efforts at forming a home, employment, and inquiry bureau, to benefit friendless and poor Irish immi-

grant girls and women, have met with wonderful success. Matron Boyle moved from 7 Broadway, where the Mission of the Rosary was started less than two years ago, to the home at 7 State Street, New York, purchased for $75,000 by Father Riordan. This property consists of a building and lot facing the Battery. On it Father Riordan expects eventually to erect a chapel, mission and home. The money thus far raised has come from 25-cent annual subscriptions.

JOHN KELLY, the politician, is seriously ill at his residence in New York.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES attributes his years and good health to an early morning walk or horseback ride before breakfast. He was naturally of a delicate constitution, and when he married Doctor Jackson's daughter the father-in-law said to him: "If you have the necessary physique to stand horseback riding, do it: if not, take an early walk each day." He scrupulously followed the advice.

LORD ERSKINE, while going circuit, was asked by the landlord of his hotel how he slept. He replied dogmatically: "Union is strength, a fact of which some of your inmates appear to be unaware; for had they been unanimous last night they could easily have pushed me out of bed."—"Fleas?" the landlord exclaimed, affecting great astonishment. "I was not aware that I had a single flea in my house."—"I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship, "they are all married, I think, and have uncommonly large families."

JUBILEE YEAR.— See Encyclical of our Holy Father the Pope. Let every Catholic in the land peruse it.

THE BOARDS OF GUARDIANS throughout Ireland have resolutely set themselves to the task of erecting laborers' cottages under the Laborers Act. Here and there some of the landlords are obstructing the performance of this good work, especially by resisting the extension of taxation for the purpose over the unions at large. But the days of the landlord's power on boards of guardians are very nearly at an end, and they are fast retreating before the determined attitude of the national guardians and the laborers, who are strenuously supported by the organized public opinion of the country as expressed through the various branches of the National League.

FARMERS in Wales are now demanding a permanent reduction of twenty-five per cent. in rents, fixity of tenure and compensation for making improvements on their holdings. This is considerably in advance of what the Irish farmers asked when they began their Land League movement; yet they were denounced as plunderers by English writers who now say the Welsh must get what they claim.

HELP THE PRISONERS.—Father Kehoe of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus, Ohio, who has charge of the Ohio State Penitentiary, appeals through the *Columbian* to those blessed with the means to send him some assistance, be it ever so trifling, towards securing a better provision for the religious interests of the Catholic prisoners in that institution. There is surely no better way in which people can show proofs of their benevolence in a good work, and none in which their charity is sure of being more fruitfully exercised. The demands are more than ordinarily urgent just now, and the Chaplain appeals with confidence to the people and to Catholic publishers for their practical sympathy. He has the consent and authorization of the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese to this course of procedure. Good books on any subject, pamphlets, magazines, papers, etc., would be welcome additions to the Catholic Prisoners' Library, which has been already established by the zeal of former chaplains and by the generosity of subscribers. At present the particular need is for prayer books or for funds that will enable Father Kehoe to purchase a sufficient supply of these and other religious articles. Donations of beads, scapulars, etc., would be most thankfully received.

THE new boot and shoe store of Brennan & Co., 21 Tremont Street, and 851 Washington Street, Boston, announce a mark-down sale that merits attention. For one month, they offer to sell all goods at 20 per cent. discount from market rates. As the goods are of recent manufacture, and therefore stylish and new, the sale is a *bona-fide* one, and one where bargains may be looked for.

OUR MAGAZINE.—Baltimore *Catholic Mirror:* DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE (Boston) has occupied a field exclusive to itself from the start—it is the popular magazine for the Catholic masses. It is not like those flimsy ventures which, under the title of "popular," get the people's money without giving them adequate returns. On the contrary, it is ample in scope, and its well-stored pages are carefully selected by its veteran editor. The leading article in its January issue is that on Cardinal McCloskey, by John Gilmary Shea.

A BELFAST paper says: "As regards opposition from the minority in Ulster, it will soon subside. An Irish Parliament, once established, will have no warmer supporters than Protestants of the North." The Orangemen are but a small fraction of the Protestants of that part of Ireland.

A BAD OUTLOOK.—At the present time there are in London about one hundred and fifty thousand persons in want and penury. There are nearly forty thousand men out of employment, and some ten thousand persons are sunk so low, physically and mentally, that many of them are in dire necessity, and were it not for the timely aid of the charitable, their hard fate would soon increase the number of those who die from starvation in the streets of the richest city in the world.

SMOTHERING CHILDREN.—In a recent inquest in London a physician testified that the practice to which young mothers are addicted, of lying over their infants at night, caused the death of about five hundred children a year in London alone.

MUNSTER BANK.—Two of the directors of the late "Munster," have appeared in the Bankruptcy Court:—William Shaw, whose indebtedness to the bank is stated to amount to over £129,000; and Nicholas Dan Murphy, indebted in the sum of over £24,000. A manager, other than Mr. Farquharson, who, by the way, is *not* dead, will probably find himself in the hands of the liquidators before long.

TOBACCO.—The "paternal" government of Ireland prohibits the raising of tobacco. Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, Nationalist Member for Liverpool, gave notice that he would introduce a bill to repeal the prohibition of the cultivation of tobacco in Ireland.

FATHER BURKE was often heard to say that he could never speak at home as in America. "I never knew what freedom was," he declared, "until I set foot on the emancipated soil of Columbia. Then I said, 'I am a free man, and I will speak my soul.'"

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has signed the Presidential Succession bill. The law now lodges the presidential succession in the cabinet, and puts seven men in the line of illegibility for the place. It so happens that all of the present cabinet are Americans by birth, and over thirty-five years of age.

THE returns from the late ball of the Charitable Irish Society is estimated to be about $800. At this rate it will take a long time to build that hall.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has written to Rome in favor of the canonization of Joan of Arc.

SAYS our esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ontario:—"The number of Catholics in the new British Parliament is 76, the greatest since Emancipation. They are all Irishmen. The Anti-Irish English "Cawtholics" could not elect a man in their own country to the office of pound-keeper without the aid of the Irish whom they affect to despise."

THE California millionnaires set an example in charity that might well be imitated by their Eastern contemporaries. At Christmas James C. Flood donated $1,000 to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of San Francisco, and $1,000 to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of San Rafael, Cal., and $500 to the Magdalen Asylum, San Francisco. James Mervyn Donahoe donated $100 apiece to the Catholic Orphan Asylum, Presentation Convent, and Youth's Directory, all of San Francisco. Mrs. Maria Coleman $1,600 to the San Francisco Catholic Orphan Asylum. A magnificent altar, composed of Carrara marble

and onyx, costing $5,000, has just been completed in St. Joseph's Church, San Jose, Cal. It is the gift of Mrs. Catherine Dunne.

COLUMBUS.—It is announced from Corsica that the preparations for the celebration of the fourth centenary of Christopher Columbus are far advanced. The principal display will be made at Calvi. The latest works of the Abbé Casanova, establish beyond doubt the fact that it was here the illustrious navigator was born, and this opinion is shared by the majority of Italian historians. The United States propose to take a special part in the ceremonies, and it is expected that by a special decree on that occasion the Corsicans will be declared American citizens.

FATHER BURKE had an ardent admiration for Cardinal Manning, saying on one occasion that he was the greatest cardinal living in the church at this day, dwelling on his activity, accomplishments, and readiness on all public occasions; and also his capacity for every work to which he turned his attention.

THE FEAST of the Holy Name of Jesus was celebrated at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on the 17th of January, by the society of that name. After the usual exercises, Rev. Father Bodfish, the director, gave a brief review of the past year, and exhorted the members to persevere in the good work which characterized its members. This is an excellent society, and we would advise all, both young and old, to join it. Its grand object is the discountenance of blasphemy, impurity and all the vices to which poor human nature are addicted. The officers for the year 1886 are: Rev. Father Bodfish, director; Patrick Donahoe, president; William Connolly, Treasurer; Andrew P. Lane, Secretary.

A LONDON correspondent of the Dublin *Evening Mail*, writes of Mr. Parnell:—"A friend tells me that one of the prettiest sights on the Hastings promenade on Christmas Day was the Irish chief gamboling with two little girls. One would have thought from his appearance that he had no thought of a Constitutional crisis. His face 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' he seemed more like a modest usher of a school frolicking with his master's children than the moving spirit of a National rebellion."

JOSEPH MILMORE, a well-known sculptor of Boston, died recently at Geneva, Switzerland, whither he had gone for his health. He belonged to a family of sculptors, the most distinguished of whom was Martin M. Milmore, who died some three years ago. Joseph was engaged with his brother Martin in many important works. Joseph Milmore was born in Sligo, Ireland, and came to Boston when hardly more than a babe. At the close of his school-life he became an apprentice to a cabinet-maker. Later he engaged in marble cutting, and developed his taste for sculptural work. His last work of consequence was on the statue of Daniel Webster, at Concord, N. H.

THE following Irish members returned to the new Parliament have declared themselves in favor of women's sufferage, according to a list in the *Women's Sufferage Journal:*—Joe Biggar, Cavan, West; Sir T. Esmonde, Dublin County, South; E. D. Gray, Dublin City, St. Stephen's Green; T. M. Healy, Monaghan, North; Londonderry, South; R. Lalor, Queen's County, Leix; J. Leahy, Kildare, South; E. Leamy, Cork, North-East; J. McCarthy, Longford, North; Sir J. McKenna, Monaghan, South; B. C. Molloy, King's County, Birr; J. P. Nolan, Galway, North; W. O'Brien, Tyrone, South; A. O'Connor, Donegal, East; T. P. O'Connor, Liverpool, Scotland, W Galway City; C. S. Parnell, Cork City; R. Power, Waterford City; J. E. Redmond, Wexford, North; W. Redmond, Fermanagh, North; T. D. Sullivan, Dublin City, College Green.

THE TORY MINISTRY was defeated in England by a resolution offered by Jesse Collings, an English reformer, the nature of which was, that a certain amount of land should be set apart for the use of agricultural laborers. On this minor English measure, the Salisbury government was ingloriously defeated by a vote of 329 to 250. The Irish eighty-six voted against the Tories, and thus ends this last attempt at coercion. As Mr. Sexton said in his great speech, "Mr. Parnell was too old a parliamentary bird to be caught with such thinly spread chaff as that." Probably the Tories will adopt

obstructive tactics. They hope, by encouraging the Irish landlords to carry out ruthlessly wholesale evictions, to provoke disorder and crime in Ireland, with a view to compel Mr. Gladstone to revert to coercion, and so bring about a conflict between the Liberals and the Irish party. This shameful scheme will probably fail. The Parnellites will make vigorous efforts to prevent disorder in Ireland, in order to give Mr. Gladstone a fair chance.

MR. GLADSTONE sees how the wind is veering, and begins to trim his sails. He announces to his tenants reductions in their rent, varying from twenty to thirty per cent. It is an ominous incident. Evidently, the "Grand Old Man" is preparing to take off his coat to deal with the land question, as well as with Home Rule.

THE *Dublin Freeman's Journal* says: The Queen's speech, opening Parliament, was an opportune attempt to please both the Irish parties. It has a tendency to propitiate the stronger party and disappoint the Loyalists or Orangemen.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P., says: It is out of the question for Mr. Parnell to take a seat in the Gladstone cabinet. The conditions to be accepted by the one could not be offered by the other. The Irish National members regard the whole situation as satisfactory, and are convinced, that, no matter who comes in, or who stays out, Home Rule is certain.

THE CUNARD LINE.— After the 17th of April, the Cunard Steamers will sail weekly from Boston, on Wednesdays, in place of Saturdays as formerly. The company have placed their best steamers on the Boston service,— the OREGON, GALLIA, BOTHNIA, and SCYTHIA. With this fleet, Boston is the place to get the most rapid passage between America and Europe. The *Oregon* is already favorably known to the travelling public for the superiority attained in speed, and when running to or from Boston, will certainly cross the ocean in six days. The *Oregon*, on her last trip from New York to Queenstown, made the run in six days and seventeen hours.

HOLYDAYS OF OBLIGATION.— According to the request of the Fathers of the late Council of Baltimore, the Holy Father has intimated by letter to the American Episcopate that the number of holydays of obligation, to be observed by all Catholics in this country, has been reduced to the following six, viz., Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, Nativity of our Lord, Ascension of our Lord, Circumcision of Our Lord, Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and the Feast of All Saints. The Feasts of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, Epiphany, and Corpus Christi, as festivals of obligation," have been abrogated; but the solemnity of the last-named feast the Holy Father desires to be celebrated on the Sunday within its octave. This arrangement of feasts makes the practice of their observance a general one. The days named are of obligation in every diocese, and now every diocese has six holydays; formerly, many had as many as nine. By lessening the number the Holy Father made it certainly more easy for the laborer, who felt that he could but poorly afford to observe the day, as his earnings were about all he had.

CARDINALS.— *Lake Shore Visitor:* Just now we are having a few newspaper Cardinals. Baltimore, Boston, and New York want the honor, and the papers seem to think that there should be a proper selection made on the part of the Holy Father. Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and several other small places have not been heard from yet. This country could supply on newspaper more than enough of Cardinals. The Americans are by no means greedy.

THE lecture of Hon. A. M. Keiley, at the Boston Theatre, on Sunday evening, January 31, in aid of the House of the Good Shepherd, netted the handsome sum of over seven hundred dollars.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, for January, 1886, is beautifully illustrated. All lovers of flowers, plants, etc., should procure this issue. Address, James Vicks, Rochester, N. Y.

THE *Catholic Mirror*, Baltimore, Md., has issued a supplement in the shape of an annual for 1886. It is profusely illustrated and contains besides the Almanac a good portrait of the Archbishop of Baltimore with other engravings.

The Papal Mediation.

We give the text of the Sovereign Pontiff's proposal of arbitration between Germany and Spain; so that it may be seen at a glance how closely the protocol followed its suggestions, merely amplifying in a technical and explicit sense the scheme of His Holiness:

Proposal of His Holiness Leo XIII., Mediator in the Question of the Archipelago of the Carolines and the Palaos, pending between Spain and Germany:

The discovery made by Spain, in the sixteenth century, of the islands forming the archipelago of the Carolines and the Palaos, and the series of acts accomplished in these same islands by the Spanish government for the benefit of the natives, have created, in the conviction of the said government and of the nation, a title of sovereignty, founded upon the principles of international law which are quoted and obeyed in our days in similar cases.

And, in fact, when we consider the sum of the above-mentioned acts, the authenticity of which is confirmed by various documents in the archives of Propaganda, we cannot mistake the beneficent course of Spain in regard to these islanders. It is, moreover, to be observed that no other government has exercised a like action towards them. This explains what must be kept in mind — the constant tradition and conviction of the Spanish people in respect to that sovereignty — a tradition and a conviction which were manifested, two months ago, with an ardor and an animosity capable of compromising for an instant the internal peace of two friendly governments and their mutual relations.

On the other hand, Germany, as well as England, declared expressly in 1875 to the Spanish government that she did not recognize the sovereignty of Spain over these islands. The imperial government holds that it is the effectual occupation of a territory which constitutes the origin of the right of sovereignty over it, and that such occupation has never been realized by Spain in the case of the Carolines. It has acted in conformity with that principle in the Island of Yap; and in this the mediator is happy to recognize — as the Spanish government has also done — the loyalty of the imperial government.

In consequence, and in order that this divergence of views between the two States may be no obstacle to an honorable arrangement, the mediator, having weighed all things, proposes that the new arrangement should adopt the formulas of the protocol relating to the archipelago of Jolo, signed at Madrid on the 7th of March last by the representatives of Great Britain, of Germany and of Spain; and that the following points be observed:

1. Affirmation of the sovereignty of Spain over the Carolines and the Palaos.

2. The Spanish government, in order to render this sovereignty effectual, undertakes to establish as quickly as possible in the archipelago in question a regular administration, with a sufficient force to guarantee order and the rights acquired.

3. Spain offers to Germany full and entire liberty of commerce, of navigation, and of fishery within the islands, as also the right of establishing a naval and a coaling station.

4. Spain also assures to Germany the liberty of plantation within the islands, and of the foundation of agricultural establishments upon the same footing as that of undertakings by Spanish subjects.

L. Cardinal Jacobini,
Secretary of State to His Holiness.

Prince Bismarck to the Pope.

Sire, — The gracious letter with which your Holiness has honored me, and the high decoration accompanying it, gave me great pleasure, and I beg your Holiness to deign to receive the expression of my profound gratitude. Any mark of approbation connected with a work of peace in which it has been given me to co-operate is the more precious to me because of the high satisfaction it causes His Majesty, my august master. Your Holiness says in your letter that nothing is more in harmony with the spirit and nature of the Roman Pontificate than the practice of works of peace.

That is the very thought by which I was guided in begging your Holiness to accept the noble employment of arbiter in the difference pending between Germany and Spain, and in proposing to the Spanish Government to abide by your Holiness's decision. The consideration of the fact that the two nations do not stand in the same position towards the Church which venerates in your Holiness her supreme chief never weakened my firm confidence in the elevation of your Holiness's views, which assured me of the most perfect impartiality of your verdict. The nature of Germany's relations with Spain is such that the peace which reigns between these two countries is not

menaced by any permanent divergence of interests, by rancours arising from the past, or by rivalry inherent in their geographic situation. Their habitually good relations could only be troubled by fortuitous causes or misunderstandings.

There is therefore every reason to hope that your Holiness's pacific action will have lasting effects, and first among these I count the grateful recollection the two parties will retain of their august mediator.

For my own part I shall gladly avail myself of every occasion which the fulfilment of my duties towards my master and my country may furnish me to testify to your Holiness my lively gratitude and my very humble devotion.

VON BISMARCK.

THE HOLY FATHER has sent to Senor Canovas del Castello the decoration of the Order of Christ. Thus His Holiness pays a high compliment to both the principal Ministers acting in the question of the Carolines, giving priority to him (Bismarck) to whom the proposal of Papal mediation was entirely due, and whose nation, it may be noted, has accepted the Pope's decision with the best submission.

BISHOP REILLY'S (no relation to the Bishop of Springfield, Mass.), diocese in Mexico, is in the hands of the sheriff. The Episcopal Church of Mexico has been purchased by the Jesuits. Proselytizing in Catholic countries is very extravagant zeal, observes the *Western Watchman*.

BLESSING THE THROAT — The feast of St. Blase, occurred on the 3d of February. St. Blase was Bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia. He suffered in the persecution of Diocletian. Agricalaus, the governor of Capadocia, had him dragged from his cell, in the mountain of Argæus. Every effort was in vain made by bribes and threats to induce him to sacrifice to the gods. He was then scourged and lacerated with iron combs, but he remained unbroken in his faith, and, at last, his head was cut off in the persecution of the wicked Licinius, A.D., 316. His relics, famous for miracles, were preserved until scattered during the crusades. Numerous miracles in favor of those afflicted with sore throats and similar diseases, are attributed to the intercession of St. Blase. The Church sanctions the pious custom of the faithful in having their throats blessed on his feast, and she prescribes a prayer invoking the intercession of St. Blase.

THE IRISH CAUSE IN PHILADELPHIA. *I. C. B. U. Journal:* The day after the defeat of the Salisbury ministry, Philadelphia held an Irish Home-Rule meeting at Independence Hall. It was a town meeting of a representative character. The Mayor presided. Leading citizens signed the call. There was a great throng. Prominent men spoke. The money given "on the spot" was $5,780. A Committee of Fifty was appointed to collect more. A despatch was sent Parnell telling him that the citizens of the city of American Independence, in sight of the Liberty Bell of 1775, the Mayor presiding, had contributed over £1,100. The signers were mainly merchants and journalists not before identified with the movement. It is thought that ten thousand dollars will be raised for the Parliamentary fund.

English Cabinet.

The new cabinet is officially announced as follows:

Mr. Gladstone, prime minister and first lord of the treasury.

Sir Farrer Herschell, lord high chancellor.

Earl Spencer, lord president of the council.

Mr. H. C. H. Childers, home secretary.

Earl Rosebery, secretary for foreign affairs.

Earl Granville, secretary for the colonies.

Earl Kimberley, secretary for India.

Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, secretary of war.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer.

The Marquis of Ripon, first lord of the admiralty.

Mr. J. Chamberlain, president of the local government board.

The Earl of Aberdeen, viceroy of Ireland.

Mr. G. O. Trevelyen, secretary for Scotland.

Mr. A. J. Mundella president of the board of trade.

Mr. John Morley, chief secretary of Ireland.

THE Emperor of China has formally invited the Pope to open direct relations between the Holy See and the Chinese Empire by the establishment of a Papal embassy at Pekin.

MISS GERTRUDE G. MCMASTER, second daughter of James A. McMaster of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, was invested with the black veil at the Carmelite Nunnery, in Baltimore. Archbishop Gibbons performed the ceremony. This is the third daughter of the veteran journalist that has joined the various orders in the church.

REPORTS are again in circulation that Archbishops Gibbons of Baltimore, and Williams of Boston, are to be among the new batch of cardinals that are to be created at the coming consistory at Rome. It looks as if there might be two princes of the church in the United States. The two B's, in all probability, will be the honored Sees.

GLADSTONE has completed his cabinet, and is now in working order. The *Dublin Freeman's Jonrnal*, commenting on Mr. Gladstone's election address to his constituents, says the prime minister explicitly recognizes that no settlement of the land or education questions in Ireland is possible without Irish self-government.

THE NEW SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.—New York *Evening Post:* Probably the most difficult place of all to fill was the Irish secretaryship. Considering the fate which has overtaken the last three secretaries—Mr. Forster ruined politicality, Lord Frederick Cavendish murdered and Mr. Trevelyan undoubted discredited—any Englishman in public life, however able or brave, might well shrink from taking the place. But if any Englishman can succeed in it, Mr. Morley will. He has already, both as a journalist and member of Parliament, achieved distinct success in politics. He is a grave and weighty speaker, and, though not a sentimental man, has, what we may call, a philosophic sympathy with people of a different type of mind and character from the English, to the want of which the English failure in the government of Ireland has been largely due. He is favorable to Home Rule in some shape, and is ready to listen to what the Home Rulers say, and consider it, and is not likely when he gets to Dublin to put on the "English gentleman" air which the Irish find so exasperating. On the whole, in fact, the new cabinet is a considerable advance on its predecessor, as far as the Irish question is concerned, especially.

MICHAEL DAVITT PRAISES GLADSTONE.—Michael Davitt, speaking at Holloway, England, said he believed that Mr. Gladstone was the only English statesman that had the courage and ability to grapple with the Irish problem and establish peace between England and Ireland. The premier, Mr. Davitt said, had already settled the question of religious inequality, and had made an honest attempt to solve the land problem. His failure to deal in a satisfactory manner with the latter question was due to the fact that he had not gone to the root of the matter.

PARNELL—"Would you," said a member in the House after the defeat of the Government, "under any circumstance accept the offer of the Chief Secretaryship?" Mr. Parnell's reply was:—"Certainly not. To administer any law an honest man must be in sympathy with it and believe it to be a just and right law. Now, I am not in sympathy with the English rule of Ireland, but believe it to be both unjust in itself and prompted by alien feelings. Believing this, under no possible circumstances would I have part or lot in administering it."

MARTIN I. J. GRIFFIN in the *I. C. B. U. Journal:* Some time, in an amusing hour, we give extracts from newspapers of forty or fifty years ago, about the Irish "foreigners." It might teach a lesson to the sons of the then assailed and the newcomers. Many of them are using language about Poles, Hungarians, and the Chinese, just similar to the utterances against the Irish years ago. As many Irish now feel against others, so the "Americans" of that time felt against the Irish. If the Irish are now just in their denunciations they may think less harshly of those who maligned the Irish in the past. We Irish-blooded Americans must be just.

PERSONAL.

RT. REV. BISHOP HEALY has arrived at Rome.

P. S. GILMORE gave two concerts in Madison Square Garden, New York, on Sunday evening, February 21, in aid of the Parliamentary fund.

SIR EDWARD CECIL GUINNESS has given £2,500 to pay off the debt on the Dublin Artisans' Exhibition, and to start a fund for the foundation of a Technical School.

MR. WEST, the British Minister at Washington, is a Catholic and attends St. Matthew's Church. His pew is close to Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan's.

THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN, President of the Papyrus Club of Boston, a rising dramatist and novelist, is a descendant of Gov. Sullivan, the first Governor of Massachusetts.

WILLIAM GORMAN WILLIS, a Kilkenny Irishman, 57 years old, who prepared the version of "Faust," in which Henry Irving is now making such a sensation in London, wrote "The Man o' Airlie," in which Lawrence Barrett has achieved distinction.

PARNELL will be forty years of age next June. He is a bachelor and leads the simplest sort of life, — in lodgings, as a rule, — taking his dinner at a hotel. His habits are so quiet that he and his sister Anna were guests at the same hotel for weeks without knowing that they were under one roof.

REV. J. B. COTTER, ex-President of the Catholic T. A. Union of America, is to deliver a series of free lectures on Total Abstinence, under the auspices of the societies that comprise the Catholic T. A. Union of the Archdiocese of Boston. The first of the series will be given in Tremont Temple, Boston, Monday evening, February 15. The reverend gentleman is devoting all his time to this worthy object, and should be welcomed by a full house.

MR. THOMAS J. GARGAN, of Boston, delivered an oration in Halifax, Nova Scotia, before the Charitable Irish Society, of that city, on the occasion of its one hundreth anniversary. The president of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, Mr. Morrissey, received a very cordial invitation from the Halifax society to be present at the anniversary, and replied that, in consequence of business here, he could not attend. Mr. Gargan, however, an ex-president of the Boston organization, was delegated to respond at the Halifax banquet for the Charitable Irish Society of Boston. Mr. D. H. Morrissey, president of the latter organization, has invited the president of the Halifax society to attend the annual banquet at the Parker House, March 17.

REV. PATRICK STRAIN, pastor of St. Mary's Church, at Lynn, Mass., has been presented with two elegant altar chairs, an easy chair and an altar robe, in appreciation of his devoted labors during a pastorate of thirty-five years. He went to Lynn from a charge at Chelsea in 1851. Since he has been in Lynn he has raised upward of $200,000 for church work. The old original wooden church is now replaced by a spacious brick edifice. There is also a flourishing parochial school.

REV. FATHER NUGENT has retired from the chaplaincy of the prison at Liverpool, where he has done so much good service for the last twenty-two years. It is said that the retiring chaplain will enjoy a well earned pension of £200 a year. During the twenty-two years of his sacred ministry at Walton, over two hundred thousand prisoners have passed under his charge. Who can tell the number that have been rescued from a life of crime through his ministrations?

HON. A. M. KEILEY intends to settle in New York City and practice at his profession of the law. On January 6th, he was admitted to practice at the Bar of that State, by the General Term of the Supreme Court. His standing as a lawyer was certified to by the Clerk of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia; and ex-Chief Justice Charles P. Daly vouched for him as a moral person. As soon as he was sworn in, Mr. Kieley seconded Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan's motion for the admission of Mr. T. McCants Stewart, a colored lawyer from South Carolina. Mr. Stewart was admitted.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

THE ALTAR MANUAL for the use of the Reverend Clergy. Price 75 cents.

This very useful book contains Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays and holy-days. The Litanies, the Stations of the Cross, Litany and Prayers at Forty Hours' Devotion, etc., the whole forming a compact volume of two hundred and forty-one pages. Every clergyman in the country should possess this excellent book.

Excelsior Publishing House, N. Y.

LIFE OF PARNELL AND WHAT HE HAS ACHIEVED FOR IRELAND. By J. S. Mahoney. Price 25 cents.

This is a pamphlet of one hundred and forty pages, and contains a sketch of the life of Parnell, with portrait. In it is introduced the lieutenants of Mr. Parnell, with portraits — Dillon, Sullivan, Biggar, Healy, Sexton, McCarthy, T. P. O'Connor, Edmund Dwyer Gray, William O'Brien, Mayne, O'Gorman Mahan, Rt. Hon. Charles Dawson, with the names of the Irish members of Parliament, etc., etc. It is just the book for those interested in the great struggle for Irish Home Rule.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERE DIDON, the eminent Dominican, is engaged in the preparation of a work from which great things are expected. It is to be a refutation of Renan's infamous "Vie de Jesu" — a work which, it is declared by the best authorities, conduced more to the spread of infidelity than any that was ever published. Père Didon has paid a long visit to the Holy Land in furtherance of his researches, and intends to make another trip there before he concludes them. The book will probably not be published for six or eight months.

MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore, have issued a large type edition of the Holy Way of the Cross, new type with new illustrations. It is a great improvement on former editions.

HAVERTY'S IRISH-AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC, for 1886. Price 25 cents.

Persons who invest a quarter in this book will get the worth of their money. Stories, poetry, etc., etc. Address P. M. Haverty, 14 Barclay Street, New York.

I. F. M. in *Catholic Universe:* — Writing of Catholic publications and Catholic reading we are reminded of the fact that the Catholic public is often really victimized in this very matter. Books are made up out of old materials, a few facts are added on cognate subjects of present interest, the volume is handsomely bound, and an agent goes about the country selling the book, receiving payments in instalments and making sixty per cent. on his sales. Such books ornament a table and are little read; an incubus of instalments is laid on the buyer; he pays twice as much as ought to be asked for the book and the sale of really valuable and much cheaper books is prevented. We have seen handsomely bound Bibles bought for fifteen and twenty dollars, and solely used for an ornament, by poor people who could surely have made much better investments in reading matter. What we say of Bibles may be said equally of certain ponderous volumes containing the Life of the Blessed Virgin, etc. Of course, these are grandly useful books in themselves; but when so gotten up as to be unavailable except for ornament, and when creating an obstacle to the purchase of books more easily and more generally read, they do not serve Catholic interests.

INSTRUCTIONS and Prayers for the Jubilee of 1886. Published with the approbation of his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. 32 mo, paper, per copy, 5 cents; per hundred, $2.00. The same in German. Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL LIBRARY.— Instructions on the commandments and sacraments. Translated from St. Francis Ligouri, by the late Rev. Nicholas Callan, D. D., Maynooth. The title of this little book explains its contents. It is the first of a series of instructive books to be issued by the St. Vincent de Paul Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

WE regret to record the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Errington, Archbishop of Trebizond, which took place at Prior Park, Bath, England. The deceased, who was uncle to Sir George Errington, was born in 1804, was in early life senior priest at St. Nicholas's Church, Copperas-hill, Liverpool, and at a later period had charge of St. Mary's Church, Douglas. He was first bishop of Plymouth, having been consecrated on July 25th, 1851. In April, 1855, he was translated to Trebizond, and was succeeded in the See of Plymouth by the present bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Vaughan. Archbishop Errington was of a kindly and generous disposition, and performed many sterling but unostentatious acts of charity.

WE regret to announce the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, Bishop of Kilmore. He had been suffering from extreme weakness of the heart, which was always a source of alarm to his physicians. Dr. M'Quaid was in attendance, and as the cathedral bell was ringing its last peal for twelve o'clock Mass, Dr. Conaty, so much beloved by his priests and people, calmly breathed his last. Great was the sorrow in his cathedral when Father Flood, the officiating priest told the people that their good bishop was no more. The deceased was in his sixty-seventh year, and was consecrated bishop in 1863.

MOST REV. GEORGE BUTLER, D. D., bishop of Limerick, Ireland, died on the 3d of February. He was consecrated on the 25th of July, 1861. He succeeded Most Rev. Dr. Ryan.

PRIESTS.

THE Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, V. G., died recently at Charlottetown, P. E. I. By his demise the church in the Maritime Provinces has lost a scholarly and devoted priest. He was beloved by all classes in the community. May he rest in peace!

REV. VINCENT DEVLIN, S. J., died at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 29th of January. His brief life has been crowded with a phenomenal aptitude for scholastic attainments, and he ranked very high in the line of educational mission which he filled. Father Devlin was born in Belfast, in 1856. He accompanied his parents to Chicago when very young, his father, who still resides there, being John Devlin, senior member of the wholesale grocery firm of John Devlin & Co. His preparatory education for the priesthood was received at the Jesuit College, Chicago. He went through his novitiate at Elorissant, Mo., and became a member of the Jesuit order in 1871, and was ordained four years ago. For a number of years he was professor of belles lettres at the St. Louis University, and latter, of languages at St. Xavier's, in Cincinnati, at which latter place he died almost in the pursuance of his professional duties.

THE Rev. Patrick Tracy, of the diocese of Waterford, Ireland, died recently, aged seventy-three years. He was ordained in 1837, and up to 1848 was connected with the parish of Trinity Without, Waterford, as a zealous and devoted missionary curate. He took an active and earnest interest in the 1848 movement, and was intimately associated with the late General T. F. Meagher, on which occasion, fortunately, his great influence over the masses saved that city from a sanguinary conflict, as the rescue of Meagher on the morning of his arrest was fully determined. In other parishes of the diocese he was distinguished for his zeal and charities, and had been a hard-working priest for nearly fifty years.

THE Rev. Father George W. Matthew, of St. Patrick's Church, Racine, Wis., died on the night of the 27th of January, of cancer in the throat. The disease was similar to that which caused the death of Gen. Grant. The stricken priest was taken to Cleveland, O., three months ago, where a delicate operation was performed, and a silver tube placed in his throat. Upon his return to Racine he became very weak, and it was well known

to his friends that he could not possibly recover. He was one of the most prominent Catholic priests in the State, and one of Racine's honored and best men, and his death will be learned with sincere regret and sorrow by all classes of people. He was born in New York City in 1833.

DIED, in Rochester, N. Y., on the 22d of January, Rev. Michael M. Meagher, much lamented by all who knew him. Father M. was born in Roscrea, County Tipperary, on the 1st of August, 1831; he was ordained priest at Dunkirk, N. Y., by Bishop Timon on the 7th of September, 1862. There was no priest more zealous, charitable and devoted to every duty than the lamented Father Meagher, and that he is now reaping his eternal reward is the fervent prayer of all who know and appreciate the many noble qualities of head and heart of this good and holy priest.

THE death is announced of the famous Abbé Michaelis, director of the College of Philosophy at Louvain, previous to the establishment of the Belgian Kingdom in 1830.

REV. JOSEPH F. GALLAGHER, pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, of Cleveland, O., and for twenty-one years one of the most prominent priests of that diocese, died Saturday, Jan. 30, of pneumonia, aged forty-nine years.

THE Rev. John Dunn, D.D., died suddenly at Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently, of pneumonia, aged thirty-eight years. He was a pulpit orator of unusual ability. In August, 1877, his name was heralded throughout the country. The first of August was a very dark day for Scranton. The great strike of the steel workers was at its height. At 11 A.M., the strikers, to the number of five hundred, met in an open lot adjoining the silk mills. Speeches of the most inflammatory character were made, and it was finally resolved to march to the steel mill, burn it down, and then go to the Dickson Iron Works and compel the men there to quit work. Mayor McCune, summoning the whole police force and the militia to the rescue, awaited the coming of the strikers, who were now turned into a howling mob. Soon they appeared armed with sticks and stones, and when they caught sight of the militia they commenced to hurl stones at them. Mayor McCune mounted a box and read the riot act. This only infuriated the mob, and the cry went up, "Kill the Mayor!" The greatest excitement followed, and the mayor was in danger of his life, when Father Dunn, then pastor of the Cathedral, arrived on the scene. He mounted the box just vacated by the mayor and cried out: "Men, remember that you are men!" These words and the sight of the priest came like a thunderbolt upon the mob, and in an instant its fury was spent. Father Dunn then told the strikers in words of glowing eloquence that nothing could be gained by bloodshed and destruction of property. The mob then dispersed and peace reigned once more. At a meeting of citizens held shortly afterward, Father Dunn was thanked for the part he took in saving life and property, and Mayor McCune presented him with a gold-headed cane. In 1879 Father Dunn entered the American College at Rome, where he remained three years. He visited the Pyramids, and on St. Patrick's day unfurled the flag of Ireland on one of them. Dr. Dunn also celebrated Mass on the supposed site of the birthplace of the Saviour in Bethlehem.

REV. WILLIAM WALTER POWER, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Joliet, Ill., died of Bright's disease in that city. He was for a short time pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in Chicago, and was 55 years of age.

BROTHER.

BROTHER JOHN LYNCH, S. J., died at St. Mary's residence, Cooper St., Boston. He was a native of the county Tyrone, Ire., born July 25, 1802, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1837. He came to Boston with the venerable Father McElroy in 1847, and has lived here ever since. As sacristan of the church and procurator of the church and residence of St. Mary's for thirty-nine years, he endeared himself to the clergy and the people by his many virtues and great piety. May he rest in peace.

SISTER.

SISTER MARY, of St. Odilla (Parson), of the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, departed this life on the 10th of January, at the monastery in Newark, N. J. May she rest in peace!

SISTER MARY CECILIA MOORE, connected with the Academy of Notre Dame, Lowell, died on the morning of January 16,

aged forty years. She served in Boston, East Boston and Lawrence.

On Sunday, the 10th of January, Sister Monica (known in the world as Miss Barbara O'Brien) died in the Ursuline Convent, Valle Crucis, near Columbia, S. C. She was fifty-three years old, and had been a lay sister for twenty-four years. May she rest in peace.

LAY PEOPLE.

Death of Hon. John Ryan.—January 27, there died at his home in St. Louis, Hon. John Ryan, a gentleman who is well known to many of the older leading citizens of St. Louis. Mr. Ryan was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, eighty years ago, and came in early manhood to the United States, where, in Connecticut first, he soon achieved prominence in public life. Migrating to the West he first settled at Decatur, Ill., where he published a daily paper for some years as well as keeping up his connection with the Irish newspaper press of the East. For seven years he held the office of postmaster at Decatur, after which he came to Missouri, where he served two terms in the State Legislature with honor. The deceased gentleman leaves a widow and seven of the thirteen children that were born to him, among these being Mr. Frank K. Ryan, the attorney, formerly County Land Commissioner and recently elected to the Presidency of the Knights of St. Patrick. The other surviving sons are in business here. One of those deceased, Col. George Ryan, who was killed at the head of his regiment, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, in Virginia, was a classmate at West Point of Governor Marmaduke. And what is better than all, he was a true Irishman and devoted Catholic, and as such was a shining example through life. In public life he was above reproach and in private possessed all those endearing qualities necessary to lasting friendship. He was, in the true sense of the word, "self made," having acquired all he possessed through his own endeavors.

Mr. John McCane, Loyalist member of Parliament-elect for the middle division of Armagh, is dead. Mr. McCane was the guarantor for Mr. Philip Callan, in the latter's petition to unseat Colonel Nolan, the Nationalist member of Parliament from the north division of Louth.

Mr. William Doherty, who had been ill with heart disease for some time past, died Saturday night, January 16, at his residence, 142 Edmonson Avenue, Baltimore, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

The Royal Baker and Pastry Book.—A Royal addition to the kitchen library. It contains over seven hundred receipts pertaining to every branch of the culinary department, including baking, roasting, preserving, soups, cakes, jellies, pastry, and all kinds of sweet meats, with receipts for the most delicious candies, cordials, beverages, and all other necessary knowledge for the *chef de cuisine* of the most exacting epicure, as well as for the more modest housewife, who desires to prepare a repast that shall be both wholesome and economical. With each receipt is given full and explicit directions for putting together, manipulating, shaping, baking, the kind of utensils to be used, so that a novice can go through the operation with success; while a special and important feature is made of the mode of preparing all kinds of food and delicacies for the sick. The book has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Rudmani, late *chef* of the New York Cooking School, and is the most valuable of the recent editions upon the subject of cookery that has come to our notice. It is gotten up in the highest style of the printer's art, on illumirated covers, etc. A copy will be sent as a gift to every reader of this Magazine, who will send their address to the Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, New York, who are the publishers of the book, stating that they saw the notice in this Magazine.

Secret Societies.—A bold and noble stand against secret societies has been taken by General Pacheco, the new President of the South American Republic of Bolivia, and one which stamps him with the superiority of Christianity and manhood among princes and rulers. He declares himself a practical Catholic, and the unyielding foe of secret societies. Finding that Freemasonry was making way in the Bolivian army he has issued the following decree: "Bolivia being a Catholic country, and Freemasonry being entirely at variance with the teachings of the Catholic religion, no man will henceforth be allowed to hold an officer's commission in the Bolivian army, who is known to belong to a Masonic lodge."

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

UNDERCLOTHING.—Says Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, "The chief object of underclothing is the retention of the natural heat of the body in such a way that low temperatures and sudden changes will not affect the surface. Several years ago I performed some experiments which went to show beyond any doubt that silk is below wool in its power to prevent the loss of heat from the body, and very little superior to cotton. Indeed, nothing is in this respect preferable to wool, and of this material all underclothing meant for winter use should be made. In summer a mixture of wool and cotton, called merino, may be worn, but even in very hot weather silk is not desirable, for it is not such a ready absorber of the perspiration as wool, and allows the body to be kept in a state not very remote from that known as parboiled. Wool, however, taking up as it does, the moisture from the body, exposes it to the atmosphere, or is evaporated, and, the process being a cooling one, keeps the skin from being overheated. No underclothing should ever be so thick as to prevent free passage of the cutaneous excretions and the atmospheric air. The skin requires ventilation as do the lungs. Chamois-skin undergarments, "perforated" or unperforated, are abominations.

DO AMATEUR MECHANICS MAKE SKILFUL WORKMEN?—A machinist in the *Mechanical Engineer* thinks they do not. He says a failing common to all amateurs or non-professional workers is too great haste. It matters not whether they are amateur machinists, or carvers, or painters, or amateurs in any handicraft, the same weakness affects them all. The amateur wishes to see how his work will look when it is done, and he slights the preliminary process and hastens toward the final one, with the result of making a botch of the business in hand. The work shows to the practical eye that it has been done hastily (carelessly is a better word), and it is inferior for that reason. The amateur himself sees it, and after a time, after the first joy of completion is over, he hates the sight of his hurried job, and very often destroys it out of hand. The better way would have been to stifle all impulses to get the work finished before it was fairly entered upon, and go through the processes which all work must go through before it can be properly completed. If I were asked what were the most necessary qualifications for a successful amateur, I would say patience and perseverance. Rarely do amateurs make good workmen, and it is most frequently for want of these virtues.

THE VALUE OF SALT.—Severe pains in the bowels and stomach are often speedily relieved by the application of a bag of hot salt. A weak solution of salt and water is recommended by good physicians as a remedy for imperfect digestion, and for a cold in the head it is a complete cure snuffed up from the hollow of the hand. We have known severe chronic cases of catarrh entirely cured by persistent use of this simple remedy every night and morning for several months, when the best efforts of the best physicians failed to do any good. It should be used milk warm. A good handful of rock salt added to the bath is the next best thing for an "ocean dip," and a gargle of a weak solution is a good and ever ready remedy for a sore throat. As a dentifrice, salt and water is very cleansing and also hardens the gums. It will also prevent the hair from falling out. When broiling streak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from the dripping fat will not annoy. A little in starch, boiled or raw, will prevent the irons from sticking. If the irons are rough put a little salt on a thick brown paper, lay a piece of thin muslin over it and rub the iron over it till perfectly smooth. Ink stains are entirely removed by the immediate application of dry salt before the ink has dried. When the salt becomes discolored by absorbing the ink, brush it off and apply more; wet slightly. Continue this till the ink is all removed. If new calicoes are allowed to lie in strong salt water for an hour before the first washing the colors are less likely to fade. Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing. A teaspoonful of salt in each kerosene lamp makes the oil give a much clearer, better light.—*Katherine Armstrong.*

THE HUMORIST.

A DOCTOR figures it out that an average woman will shed a barrel of tears in forty years.

IF you would be wealthy, get upon a mule; you will soon find that you are better off.

A ZULU belle is like the proverbial prophet. She has not much on'er in her own country.

"WHAT is it you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply.

THE man who was hugged by a grizzly bear remarked on being rescued that he had never had such a tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him before.

SMITH. — Brown bought a dog last week and he tells me it just acts like a human being. Jones — Indeed. It must be very intelligent. S — N-no. Can't say that it is. J — But you said it acts like a human being. S.— Yes. It gets drunk.

AT a large party the other evening, while a young lady was playing the piano with peculiar touch, a bystander remarked, "I'd give the world for her fingers." He was greatly taken aback by her very prompt reply that "he might have the whole hand!"

First Swell. "What! going abroad at this time of year, old Chappie?" *Second Swell.* "Ya-as, I'm so afraid some girl will propose to me, and I mightn't be able to resist her. They tell me the custom is not known in 'foreign' parts."

AN actor once said to Garrick: "Don't you think I struck out some beauties in my acting last night?" And the great comedian replied without changing a muscle, "Well, yes, I thought you struck them all out."

"ILLUSTRATED with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his pocket-knife across the leaves of his grammar book. "Illustrated with cuts," said the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

WHEN Dr. H. and Lawyer A. were walking arm-in-arm, a wag said to a friend, "Those two are just equal to one highway man." "Why?" asked his friend. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor — your money or your life!"

"WHAT are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweller, pointing to some elegant cups on the showcase. "These are race cups, to be given as prizes to the best racer."—"If that's so, suppose you and I race for one," and the stranger, with the cup in his hand, started, and the jeweller darted after him. The stranger won the cup.

ON one occasion, when very much exhausted, General "Stonewall" Jackson was asked by a brother officer to join him in a glass of brandy-and-water. "No," said he, "I never take it; I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets."

MAKING THE BEST OF IT. — At a meeting of temperance women an old lady said, "I know something of the evils of rum. I have buried three husbands, and all were hard drinkers. But I am glad to say that I didn't fight with them. As soon as I found they would drink I got them to insure their lives heavily, and let them go ahead. Ah, me! each one of them died from the effects of liquor; but, thanks be to a kind Providence, each death netted me a clear 10,000 dollars."

"YOU are mother's nice boy. I am glad to see that you are not selfish, my son," said a Hewes-Street mother to her little boy, as she patted him on the head. "What's selfish, ma?" the boy asked, as he wriggled away from her. "Well, I gave you two peaches. One was a large one and one was a small one. I told you to give one to Lizzie. I wanted to see whether you would give her the large one or the small one. I looked out of the window and saw you give her the large one. That is why I say that I am glad to see that you are not selfish. Now some boys would have kept the large one. Those would be selfish boys. Do you understand now?"—"But I didn't want the big one."—"Because it would give you more pleasure to give it to Lizzie than to eat it yourself?"—"No; there was a worm in it. I don't like wormy peaches."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV. BOSTON, APRIL, 1886. No. 4.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Welcome of the Divine Guest.

IN a rare old Irish story,
I have read with a tear and smile,
Of a scene in a little chapel
In Erin's far-off isle;

A little rustic chapel
In a wild yet fair retreat,
Where the hardy sons of the mountains
On hallowed mornings meet.

* * * * * * * * *

The priest at the lighted altar
Is reading the blessèd Mass;
And the place is thronged from the chancel,
Clear out to the churchyard-grass;

All kneeling, hush'd and expectant,
Biding their chosen time,
'Till the bell of the Consecration
Rings forth its solemn chime;

When lo! as the Host is lifted,
The Chalice raised on high,
Subdued yet clear, the people
Send forth one rapturous cry:

"Welcome! A thousand welcomes!"
(While many a tear-drop starts:)
"Welcome! *Cead mille failthe!*
White Love of all our hearts!"

Oh, the passionate warmth of that whisper!
Oh, the grace of that greeting strong!
On the tide of its glowing fervor,
All hearts are borne along!

And the blaze of the Son of Justice
Lights up that dim old spot,
And kindles in every spirit
A flame that dieth not!

Ah! friends in our stately churches,
When we gaze on the gorgeous shrine
Where the Sacred Host reposes,
Like a great white Pearl divine, —

Let the voice of our faith find utt'rance
In a greeting free from guile;
Let us cry with our Irish brothers
In Erin's far-off isle:

"Welcome! a thousand welcomes!"
(What bliss *that* prayer imparts!)
"Welcome! *Cead mille failthe!*
White Love of all our hearts!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

John Scotus Erigena.

DURING the ninth century there lived few more remarkable men in Western Europe than John Scotus Erigena, the celebrated Irish theologian, philosopher and poet. Little beyond mere conjecture is known of his birth and early education. Indeed, the first well-authenticated facts in connection with his life is that in the year 851 he held the offices of rector and professor of dialectics in the famous Royal School of Paris, and that he occupied at the same time apartments in the palace of Charles the Bald, son of Louis le Débonnaire, and grandson of the Emperor Charlemagne. It may, however, be interesting to see what historical critics have to say of his birth and early antecedents.

Almost all writers of weight are agreed that John Scotus Erigena was an Irishman. In fact, there is hardly any room for doubt on the subject. If all other evidences of the fact were absent his very name furnishes proof enough that John was a son of the Emerald Isle. John Scotus Erigena simply means John the Irish Scot — Erigena being a corruption of a Greek word, the translation of which is "of the sacred isle," and every school boy knows that Ireland was known at that time throughout the nations of the earth as the "*insula sanctorum et doctorum*," the "island of saints and sages."

It was in 851 that he published his famous work on "Predestination." Long before that time, however, his name was well known in France, so that it may be safely assumed that he came to that country about the year 845. At this calculation we may place his birth somewhere about the year 820.

Prudentius, his colleague in the Scolia Palitina, or Royal School of Paris, says that he was the cleverest of all those whom Ireland sent to France. *Te solum omnium acutissimum galliæ transmisit Hibernia.* When we consider that Prudentius was so intimately connected with him as to style himself his "*quasi frater*," any doubts that might remain as to Erigena's nationality should entirely vanish.

But, it may be asked, why did this great man leave Ireland to seek shelter and patronage from a foreign king? Had he not at home a field wide and fertile enough for even his towering intellect in the numerous monasteries and schools which were at this time the pride and glory of Erin? The cause of his departure from his home and friends was probably the inroads of the Danes, who, in the year 843, under their brutal leader Turgesius, "plundered Connaught, Meath and Clonmacnoise with its oratories," and thus rendered a residence in the country anything but desirable for the holy monk and erudite scholar.

We have seen that John published his work "De Prædestinatione" about the year 851. In combating the errors of Gottschalk, he unfortunately broached new errors of his own, and thus incurred the displeasure of the Holy See.

The most precious volume in the Royal Library at Paris was a Greek copy of the works of "Pseudo Dionysius the Areopagite." Many unsuccessful attempts had been made to translate this work, and when Charles the Bald found that the erudite rector of the Royal School could translate Greek, he ordered him to furnish a translation which he did. It was published in 861, and a copy sent to Pope Nicholas I. The Sovereign Pontiff, who was not inclined to look with great favor on the author of "De Prædestinatione," did not approve of the translation, and as a consequence of some farther negotiations between Charles and the Holy See, Scotus was, in 861, dismissed from his position in the Scolia Palitina. He did not, however, just then cease to be connected with the Royal Palace. His principal works are—"De Divisione Naturæ," "Liber de Divine Prædestinatione," Translation of the Ethics of Aristotle and of the writings of "Pseudo Dionysius the Areopagite," and a "Commentary on the Gospel of St. John." That John Scotus Erigena erred and erred gravely, no one can for a moment deny; but we should remember with the learned and distinguished Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert (the Most Rev. Dr. Healy), "That he erred not in the spirit of Luther and Calvin, but of Origen and St. Cyprian."

How long he remained in Paris after his dismissal from the Royal School cannot be determined, nor do we know how he ended his days Some assert that "he was murdered by a band of infuriated students at Oxford or Malmesbury," but this is by no means certain.

Jan. 18th, 1885. OLLAVE FOLA

Frau Hütt: A Legend of Tyrol.

THE Austro-Bavarian Alps are perhaps unsurpassed in number and average height by any group of mountains in the world. There is always more or less snow on their summits, and as they are continually attracting the clouds and causing a changeable, capricious climate in their neighborhood, they may be said, like fashionable ladies, to have a different dress for every day in the week, and to look beautiful in whichever dress they choose to wear. They are beautiful when they stand out clear and sublime in the perfect sunlight of a cloudless day. They are beautiful in the night when the moonlight grows even more silvery from its contact with the snow upon their tops, or when there is no moon and the stars are rivalled by the bonfires which merry climbers have kindled upon their well-wooded sides. They were beautiful in the only thunder-storm I have seen during my residence among them,—their tops hidden by the clouds and the lightning flashing furiously down their sides, as if the thunderer of Olympus himself were hurling his bolts into the valley, while "a million, horrible, bellowing echoes" bounded and rebounded from mountain to mountain. And they were very beautiful on the day when I first heard this little legend which I am about to put into writing. It was raining in the valley, but yet it was possible to see more or less of all the mountains, and the summit of one of them was perfectly visible above the clouds that covered its sides. This was Frau Hütt, a peak whose shape bears a remarkable resemblance to that of a monstrous woman on horseback; and this is its legend as it was told to me by a very obliging *kellnerin* in the cosey little inn where I was sitting:

"Frau Hütt was a beautiful young maiden who lived in this very valley a great many hundreds of years ago, and one morning she determined to have her favorite palfry saddled and take a canter up the mountain-side. It was a lovely morning and she was soon glowing with exercise and pleasure. She had passed over the lower part of the mountain, and was enjoying the merry, upward rush through the cool, fresh air, when she suddenly perceived a beggar standing in the road before her, with head uncovered and hands outstretched for alms. Now, Frau Hütt was a selfish, cold-hearted woman, and instead of checking her steed or turning him aside, she rode straight upon the helpless beggar, and in a very few seconds he was being trampled beneath her horse's feet and was spending his dying breath, not in praying for his soul, but in cursing hers.

"His curse took immediate effect. Frau Hütt was at once struck by remorse. The glow of exercise fled from her cheeks, and she began to feel chilly and faint, and to think of returning home; but she shuddered at the thought of repassing the beggar's mangled corpse. And when at last she attempted to check her steed and head him for the valley, she found with horror that the brute had acquired a will of his own and would no longer obey the bit; and when she tried to hurl

herself from the saddle, it was only to discover that she was firmly fastened to her seat and could not move from it. So horse and rider rushed upward higher and higher, upward through the frosty mountain air and over the frozen mountain snow, and all the time Frau Hütt grew colder and colder, and felt the very blood in her veins ceasing to circulate, and her muscles becoming so stiffened that she could not even shiver. And when they had reached the summit of the mountain where people in the valley might best see her and be best warned by her fate, the palfrey rested, and Frau Hütt's whole body became what her heart always was, — stone.

"And even unto this day, once every year at a certain midnight, when the air is silent except for here and there the crowing of a cock, and the continuous gurgle of our rivers rushing to the sea, a mist arises from the muddy waters of the river Inn and thickens into a cloud and floats northward; and when it approaches Frau Hütt, it slowly takes the form of a beggar with head uncovered and hands outstretched as if for alms; and then the upper part of the mountain trembles visibly, just for all the world like a mortal shuddering in the presence of some ghastly horror.

"And have I seen this myself?" repeated our kind informant. "No, indeed; and I suppose if I were to ask the same question of the person who told me the story, he would reply, after the fashion of all ghost-story tellers, that his mother's first husband knew a gentleman whose aunt's next-door neighbor was reported to have seen it often. At any rate, one cannot easily watch for the spectre, because nobody knows the date of its annual appearance. "And how in the world could a woman and her horse ever become so monstrously large as to form the peak of that great, big mountain?' Oh, that is easily answered. They did not become so. They always were so, for it all happened in the days of the giants."

CASPAR PISCHL.

CHARLES O'CONOR.— "He went to Ireland and visited the seat of his ancestors at Belanagre, in Connaught, the result of which was that upon his return he changed the orthography of his name. Before that time he and his father had spelled Conor with two n's, but he then dropped one of the n's upon discovering that the family name was anciently spelled in that way. I was once asked if I knew why he had changed the spelling of his name from two n's to one, and I answered that he was descended from the Irish kings, and found, when he visited Ireland, that they spelled the name in that way, which information Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis, the witty Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, who was present, supplemented with the remark that he supposed that the Irish kings had always been so poor that they had never been able to make both n's meet."

Echoes from the Pines.

"———, This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow,
But God alone, when first His active Hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul."

THE palm, the laurel, and all the fountains of Pindus, Helicon and Parnassus, were sacred to the muses. The deep and dark pine woods of Maine, if not sacred to the muse of the author of "Echoes from the Pines," seem at times to have been a source of inspiration to her. We say "at times," and in a relative sense only, for assuredly, Margaret E. Jordan, the gifted author of the beautiful volume of poems, with the above title, sought her sources of inspiration at a higher fount than this, or any named in the pages of ancient mythology. Of her, indeed, it may be truly said,—

"His active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul."

These poems, about fifty in number, are scattered throughout the work like wild flowers o'er mead and hill, in copse and glen. They are, to some extent, artless in composition, free and flowing in style, garnished with pure and holy thoughts, and most of them, while stamped with the royal sign of deep religious thought,—truest source of all poetic inspiration,—are free of the namby-pambyism common to what are sometimes called "religious" poems.

Nearly all these poems are written in words of one syllable; that, at least, is a chief characteristic of them. This simple beauty of composition is oftener felt than observed. Thus, in our immortal lyrics, the Irish Melodies, Moore deals largely in this style.

Take a glance at the following:—

"The harp that once through Tara's hall
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's wall,
As if that soul were fled;
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more."

This beautiful simplicity is too often overlooked by the lovers of the Irish Bard, yet it indicates great strength of mind and a powerful pinion not only in poetry but in prose. (*Vide*, Cardinal Newman's *Apologia*).

The patriotic poems in Miss Jordan's collection are full of fervent pathos and fine feeling.

Take this stanza for example:—

"'Twas no disgrace to be Irish
In the far-famed days of old,
When the tale of our redemption
In Tara's halls was told.

When the holy feet of Saint Patrick
Blessed the land whose soil they trod,
And a pathway traced, yet never effaced,
From Ireland to God.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"'Tis no disgrace to be Irish,
Or to bear the faith to-day
That Ireland's sons have cherished
Thro' many a weary way.
What! a disgrace to be Irish!
A pride and a joy let it be!
More than fortune or fame, prize the faith and the name,
Of the Saint-hallowed isle of the sea."

In the spirited poem, "Leave their Fair Fatherland," in which the cruel process of emigration as a panacea for the sufferings of Ireland is described by the author, the opening stanza gives the tone of the whole poem: —

"Leave the fair land of their fathers,
The graves of their grandsires — for what?
Have ye not hearts in your bosoms,
Or think ye the Irish have not?
When sounded our trumpet of battle,
Were they cravens? Nay, bravest of men!
And they fought till the 'stars' rose in triumph
Never to vanish again!"

Our poet is not above giving "A Bit of Advice," and the way she gives it is this: —

"Whene'er you find a chance to wed
A noble girl, don't slight it;
And if you cannot speak your mind,
Why, just sit down and write it."

But the fellow who couldn't "pop the question" to "a noble girl," would not deserve to get her, and we think the noble girl would say the same.

The above selections are by no means the best we could have given. They are selected at random, and chiefly because they admit of selection without injuring the sense of their meaning. In other instances it would have been necessary to quote the poems entire, and this, of course, was neither desirable nor practicable in the small space at command.

The author of these poems is not unknown in Boston and throughout the New England States. It would be an encouragement to her to find that her efforts were not without promise of reward, and confident we are that those who spend a dollar in purchasing this handsome volume will not regret it. We have all a duty to discharge in the encouragement of Catholic writers and here is an excellent chance.

The work is beautifully brought out by the spirited publishers, McGowan & Young, of Portland, Me. It is printed on the finest paper, well and handsomely bound, gold lettered and red edges. It has a

dedication so brief and beautiful that we give it entire. It is a little poem in itself. Here it is:—

"To My Beloved Father and Mother."

Were it possible to reveal even a little of what this abdication means, and what it conceals, the effort of Margaret E. Jordan would reap a rich return for literary labors performed under trying circumstances. Our beautiful singer could not well refrain from writing about "Gethsemane." Her devotion and her love to our Suffering Lord must needs find its vent among the trees of Mount Olivet!

Procure a copy of "Echoes from the Pines," and the sweet music and balsamic odor will be deliciously refreshing and grateful to every sense.

P. McC.

Musings from Foreign Poets.

THE PEARL AND THE SONG.

From the German of Ebert.

The million-tinted pearl of ocean
Lies shrined within its mortal shell,
And sails the deep in wavy motion,
Responsive to each tidal swell.

These songs of mine that shell resemble
Freighted with tears, in ebb and flow,
Like to the shell they float and tremble
On the wild ocean of my woe.

THE MODERN MUSE.

From the Italian of Leopardi.

While still a youth and all aflame
With fire poetic, I became
A pupil of the Muses nine;
One took my hand in kindly mood,
And led me to the inner shrine —
The secret workshop, where apart,
In silence and in solitude,
They wrought the marvels of their art.

The Muse then showed me, one by one,
And in minute detail outlined
The various tasks to each assigned;
I listened, marvelling much the while;
"Pray, Muse," I asked, "where is the file?"

She answered lightly as in scorn,
"The file is rusted and outworn,
'Tis used no more in prose or rhyme."
"But why not mend it if 'tis broken?"
Lightly again the words were spoken,
"The fact is, friend, we have no time!"

PRAYER OF THE POOR.

From the French of Lamartine.

O THOU who dost thine ear incline
Unto the lowly sparrow's nest,
And hear'st the sighs of flowers that pine
For dews upon the mountain's crest!

Divine Consoler of our woes!
Thou dost the hidden hand perceive
That on the poor a coin bestows
To buy the bread by which they live.

Thou givest, as Thou deemest best
To mortals, wealth or poverty,
That, springing from their union blest,
Justice might live and charity.

To know the hearts, be this Thy care,
Who thus their kindly gifts dispense,
That in the treasures they may share
Of Thy all-bounteous providence.

We know not those for whom we pray,
They are beheld of Thee alone;
Their right hand's gifts from day to day,
Are ever to their left unknown.

THE plan to unite Paris and London with pneumatic tubes has been reported on favorably by French engineers, and submitted to the Government. It is proposed that two pneumatic tubes be laid, following the line of the Northern Railroad from Paris to Calais, thence across the channel to Dover, and following the line of the South-Eastern Railroad to London. Letters could thus be transmitted between the two capitals in one hour. Wagonets like those now used to transport telegrams from Paris are used, weighing ten kilograms and capable of carrying five kilograms weight of mail matter. Twenty pneumatic trains are to be started every hour.

Erin on Columbia's Shore.

BRIGHT INCIDENTS OF CORRELATIVE IRISH HISTORY.

THAT history repeats itself in many and sometimes mysterious ways, is rather interestingly illustrated in a talk with Mr. Denis McGillicuddy, of Medford. This gentleman emigrated from Ireland to America about forty years ago, and in the meantime has been a prominent builder and contractor. His works include the construction of nineteen Catholic Churches, among them in 1870–1, St. Augustine's Church of South Boston, and also the mansion of Archbishop Williams and his priests near the Cathedral in this city. His story links two countries together in its detail, though centuries and three thousand miles of ocean divide them, and the incidents he related yesterday to the writer, as follows :

"When I read the account of the truly Christian celebration of Christmas in St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, it brought to my mind an incident in connection with the building of that beautiful and elaborately finished edifice and its worthy pastor, Rev. Father O'Callaghan, which I should think might very well interest the general reader; but it certainly ought to be interesting to those who familiarize themselves with comparisons in history. Among the artisans employed on St. Augustine's, when in process of erection, were four men bearing the historic names of O'Keefe, O'Sullivan, O'Falvey and O'Connell. Now, sir, in the Annals of Ireland, by the Four Masters, we find that Ceallachan (Callaghan), a celebrated warrior of the Erigenian race, was King of Cashel in the tenth century, and having defeated the Danes in several battles, Sitric, who was then chief of the Danes, in Dublin, made proposals of peace to the King of Munster. Ceallachan went to Dublin on that mission accompanied only by his body-guard, and one or two friends. On his arrival there, his party was treacherously attacked, and Ceallachan was taken prisoner,— the entire proceedings, on the part of the barbarians being a conspiracy to get Ceallachan, their formidable opponent, into their power. The Munster (South of Ireland) chiefs, in order to release their king from captivity, collected a powerful force, numbering over twelve thousand troops commanded by Denis O'Keefe, Prince of Fermoy, and O'Sullivan, Prince of Beara. They also organized a large naval force, consisting of one hundred and twenty ships commanded by an O'Falvey and an O'Connell.

The army marched northwest through Connaught, and thence through Ulster to Armagh, which city was then in possession of the Danes, and whither the latter had brought Ceallachan to transport him captive to Denmark. The Irish attacked Armagh, applied scaling ladders to the walls, and the Danes under Sitric and his brothers, Tor and Magnus, were defeated with great slaughter. The Danes fled in the night to the protection of their ships at Dundalk, and carrying Ceallachan, they embarked on board their vessels in that bay. Warrior O'Keefe followed, and from its shores sent a flag of truce demanding

of Sitric that he deliver to him the person of King Ceallachan. But Sitric refused the demand unless an eric, a sum of money, was first paid for every Dane who fell in the fifteen different battles with King Ceallachan and his forces. Sitric then ordered Ceallachan to be tied to one of the masts of his ship, and he was thus exposed in full view of the whole Munster army. The Irish were terribly enraged at this outrage on their chief, but had not then any means of attacking the enemy. Shortly after, however, O'Falvey, the Irish admiral, hove in sight and drew up his ships in line for attack on the Danish fleet. A desperate engagement ensued; the Irish commanders gave orders to grapple with the enemy's vessels. O'Falvey succeeded in releasing Ceallachan, and, giving him a sword, asked him to assume command. The Irish, at seeing their king at liberty, fought with renewed valor; but the valiant O'Falvey fell pierced with many wounds. O'Connell, who was second in command, seized Sitric, the Danish chieftain, in sudden grasp and plunged overboard with him. Both were drowned. It is also related that Fingal, and many other Irish chiefs, grasped other Danish chiefs in similar fashion in their arms, and leaped with them in like manner into the sea. At length, the Danish forces were defeated, and their fleet totally destroyed. Almost all the Irish chiefs and a great many of the men engaged in that hard contest were slain. The consternation of General O'Keefe and his army, being unable to render any assistance to their countrymen on the water, may be imagined. After the naval combat Ceallachan landed in Dundalk, where he was most joyfully received by the people, and soon after resumed in peaceful sway, the government of the Munster province."

"This great sea fight took place," said the narrator, "in the Bay of Dundalk, in the year 944. The account is given in an ancient Irish MS. with the title of '*Toruigheachd Cheallachain chaisil*,'—signifying the pursuit for the rescue of Ceallachan Cashel."

"Well what are your deductions, Mr. Mc.," queried the writer.

"The coincidence to my mind is this," said Mr. McGuillicuddy, as his face brightened; "and it is a singular one I think, that here in this glorious and enlightened Republic, one thousand years later, the kinsman of this Munster prince, Rev. Denis O'Callaghan, when erecting his church, now all paid for, had in his employ the kinsmen of the four chiefs highest in command on that memorable occasion — viz: O'Keefe, O'Sullivan, O'Falvey and O'Connell, all professing the identical Christian creed their forefathers professed and practised. There are no barbarians here now, thank God, to hinder Christians from kneeling at their own shrine, and all as they chose, no matter how else they may differ on material and worldly questions. Here the kinsmen of these brave soldiers of the tenth century build temples to the Lord of Hosts, and are not called upon to defend them with their life's blood from the fire and sword of barbaric legions. Thus let us pray that with pure Christian foundations, the beloved union of States, — the Republic — may be in the quotation of Henry Grattan, "*esto perpetua.*"

The Ursuline Convent of Tenos.

TWENTY-THREE years ago there started from France four Ursuline nuns with the intention of founding a convent of their order in the island of Tenos, in the Greek Archipelago. The first idea had been to found this establishment in Syra, the chief commercial town of the Cyclades; but insuperable difficulties turned their hopes to Tenos, known to the ancient Greeks as the island of Serpents. Nothing could be more picturesque and lovely than the island, nothing less civilized. These four ladies, of high courage and energy, left the shores of the most civilized country in the world with the small sum of six hundred francs, upon which they resolved to start a school of Catholic education and charity in an island which had ceased to be universally Catholic from the time of Venetian rule. Having gone over the ground and realized (only dimly) their enormous difficulties, the complete sacrifice they were compelled to make of all bodily comforts, and the unendurable conditions of exsistence they bravely faced, I can only compare their courage with that which formed the annals of the earliest stages of Christianity. Becalmed upon a whimsical sea, they arrived at Tenos a little before eight in the evening. Tenos was the spot selected, or rather its village, Lutra, because the bishop had consented to the erection of a convent in his diocese. To readers accustomed to the resources of civilized travelling the hour of arrival is an inconsequent detail. Not so even to-day in Tenos. Judge, then, what it must have been twenty-three years ago! Four delicately nurtured women had to face a dark, rocky road, more of the nature of a sheer precipice than a road, late at night upon mules. I made the same journey at midday and felt more dead than alive after it. There is positively not a vestige of roadway up the whole steep mountain pass, nothing but large rocks and broken marbles, though the traveller in search of the picturesque is amply repaid the discomfort of the ride. But compared with the village of Lutra, which was the destination of the nuns, this wild and dangerous-looking path is a kind of preliminary paradise. No word-painting of the most realistic school could do justice to the horror of Lutra to-day — and what must it have been there before the refining influence of those nuns touched it? This dirty stone-built and tumble-down village the four nuns entered at eight o'clock, when darkness covered its ugliness, but greatly increased its dangers. The first entrance winds under an intricate line of narrow stone arches, the pavement uneven, the mingling of odors unimaginable. Through this unearthly awfulness they bravely struggled and reached their destination at last. A Father from the neighboring community had heard of their expected arrival, and was already superintending the rough and hurried details of their reception. I saw the house which stands just as it was when the Ursuline nuns first made it their residence. A mud cabin containing two rooms: kitchen and dining-room, bed-room and chapel. The roof is made of stones thrown loosely over wooden beams placed far apart, the two rooms separated by a whitewashed arch instead of a

door. There are no windows; but spaces are cut in the walls which served to let in the light and air, and at night were covered by shutters. Hail, rain, or snow, it was necessary to keep these spaces open by day in order to see, and it is not surprising that one of the nuns was soon prostrated by a dangerous fever. The beds were mattresses stuffed with something remarkably like potatoes, and laid on the mud floor at night, upon which the nuns slept a short, ascetic sleep.

Here they remained for some time, going among the villagers and soliciting that the poor would send their children to be taught. This the poor did, and gradually the children began to fill the kitchen of the mud cabin. If it rained during class umbrellas had to be put up as a protection under a nominal roof, just as the nuns had to sleep under umbrellas in wet weather. Indeed, sometimes it rained so hard that they were obliged to take up their mattresses at night, and seek a more sheltered spot elsewhere. At last the number of their charity pupils increased; and the bishop, as poor as they were almost, offered them the only asylum in his power, his own paternal home, also a mud cabin; but instead of two miserable rooms it contained four. This was an immense improvement, and the nuns felt like exchanging a cottage for a palace. But here the protection of umbrellas was still necessary, as the roof was also made of loosely set stones and beams. In time other nuns joined them from France, until they formed a community of eleven, with eighty village school children and one boarder. It grew daily more and more necessary that something should be done to raise money to build a convent. Their couches had been slowly raised from a mud floor to tables, upon which they slept the sleep of Trappists; but a proper establishment was now indispensable to the work they had laid themselves out to do. With this object, two nuns set out on a supplicating mission round the Levant. They were less successful than they had perhaps anticipated, for they returned after their arduous task only enriched by eight thousand francs. With this sum they were enabled to build a small portion of the present establishment; but building in a Greek island is slow and costly work. Each stone has to be carried up the long mountain pass from the quarries; the way is difficult, the men unaccustomed to prompt work.

However, in due time the nuns were enabled to leave the bishop's homely roof, where their chapel was a tiny closet separated from the class and dining-room by a curtain, and the beds the tables used during the day with umbrellas for a roof.

Two nuns later made the tour of France in search of funds, and were rewarded for their unpleasant undertaking by the sum of twenty-five thousand francs, which added something more to the building already commenced, and smaller sums, together with pupils, came afterwards. Now they have between fifty and sixty pupils who are paid for, and almost as large a number of charity children and orphans who are supported at the expense of the convent. These children are all Greeks or Levantines; but as the language of the Order is French, they speak French fluently.

So much for a general idea of the immense difficulties in the way of foundation, and for an outline of the personal sacrifices and admirable

courage which has carried it through. I will now try to give an outline of what has been done. To begin with the island of Tenos, although extremely picturesque, with its marble rocks, its clear, bare hills shadowed lightly by purple thyme and gray olives and torrent beds in dry weather forming zigzag lines of pink-blossomed oleanders, fig-trees, mulberries, tall, feathery-headed reeds and orange and lemon trees, is as devoid of all the necessary adjuncts of modern existence as it is possible to imagine any place. As you approach it, it lies upon the deep, blue Mediterranean, a stretch of dimpled brown hills, curve laid inextricably upon curve, its apparent barrenness softened in the beauty of shape, as the morning sea mist, which has rested upon its base like a fine white veil, gradually lifts itself into the clouds. From an æsthetic point of view, the picture is admirable; but the least fastidious of travellers must at once recognize the almost impossibility of raising upon it anything like a comfortable European home. Yet, nevertheless, this gigantic feat is what the nuns, by a peculiar genius, patient perseverance, and severe economy, have accomplished. The two-roomed mud cabin of twenty-three years ago is now a tradition, and they have made themselves a lovely centre above the dirty village of Lutra. They have cultivated the stony, impoverished soil till their gardens are thickly foliaged by lemons, oranges, figs, pomegranates, cactuses, oleanders, oaks, olives, apples, pears, and apricots. These fruits are consumed in the convent partly, and the surplus is sold in Syra for a mere song, which, if they could export to England would yield them a profitable interest. Their gardens are arranged with great taste, French and English flowers blooming side by side with the luxuriant growths of the country. Nothing more lovely than the site upon which their mountain home is built can be imagined. The hills roll one above the other in different colors, and the valleys, with their stains of verdure and dusky foliages upon the red soil and marble rocks, are unfolded like a perpetual panorama. If you mount the terrace or the castra higher up — once a Venetian fortress — you will see the dreamy Mediterranean, responsive to the slightest emotions of the Eastern sky, and you will be surrounded by soft, blue touches of land breaking above its waves of intenser color — the Grecian Isles, Syra, with its white town half hidden by the cloud-shadowed hills, Syphona, a misty margin of gray upon the clear horizon, ancient Delos, so dim as to appear neither wholly sky nor land; desert Delos, with darker, fuller curves of land upon a silver edge of water, and nearest Mycono, a blending of the purest blues, with the famous Naxos behind washing which, whatever its mood in general, the Mediterranean is sure to take its own distinctive color — sapphire.

The convent is built in the shape of the letter S, with the new building recently added for the pupils — a long line of class-rooms and music closets below and the dormitories above admirably arranged so that each girl is enclosed in a kind of cell, or cabin, numbered on the door outside, with a general ceiling. It is original and much better than the old system, by which twenty or thirty girls felt themselves in a general bedroom. This building has proved the most expensive of all, and the undertaking leaves the community considerably in debt

and if any of my readers feel sufficiently impressed by the endurance, courage, and self-sacrifice I have indicated in this short sketch to desire to be of any help in a most deserving cause, donations to enable the convent to pay off its debt will be very gratefully received by the superior. Their charities and hospitalities are necessarily great, and their isolated position precludes them from the enjoyment of those resources and assistances which the communities in Catholic countries may justly rely upon.

The features of the island of Tenos gather beauty with familiarity, and the inhabitants are as simple and pure and primitive as the old ideal of Arcadia without, however, the picturesque shepherd costume and crook. They have the greatest respect for the French nuns, teach their little brown-faced babies to salute them by kissing their hand, and with the untutored courtesy of their peasant race are willing and anxious to render the sisters whatever service lies within their power. They wonder greatly at the taste and artistic beauty of the convent grounds; at the perfect neatness and cleanliness of all the domestic details, and those who have come under the personal influence of the nuns are already endeavoring to beautify their own homes. A servant man who had worked in the convent has gradually turned his pig-sty home into a charming little cottage, with a neat terrace covered with trellised vines, the poles which support it wreathed in fragrant basilica. He is quite proud when you stop in the dirty village to admire the incongruous effect of his pretty house, and tells you frankly that he owes his taste to "*la Mère Assistante.*"

The influence of these ladies throughout the primitive island is remarkable, and by the simple-minded peasants who have benefited so greatly by their charity and labors, are gratefully recognized as the one oasis of civilization in their midst. Unfortunately they are not rich enough to give any more practical evidence of gratitude than sincere love and devotion.

HANNAH LYNCH.

IT has been noticed that boiler explosions are especially frequent in the morning. Take, for example, an engine which works during the day with steam at six atmospheres. The workmen leave the factory at seven o'clock P.M., and about six o'clock the fireman reduces his fires and leaves the boiler with the gauge at four atmospheres. On returning the next morning at half-past five, he generally finds the gauge at 1.5 or two atmospheres, with a fine water level. He profits by the reserved heat, which represents a certain expenditure of fuel; as an economist he utilizes it, and drives his fires, to be ready for the return of the workmen, without suspecting the dangers concealed in the water which has been boiling all night. He does not feed his boilers, because they are at a good level. In other words, he prepares, unconsciously, the conditions which are most favorable to superheating, and a consequent sudden and terrible explosion, which will be attributed to some mysterious and unknown cause.

Southern Sketches.

XIX.

FROM HAVANA TO MATANZAS—THE VALLEY OF THE YUMURI.

THERE are two railways leading from Havana to Matanzas, one called the via Baya (Bay line) runs along the sea coast through a mountainous and romantic country. This is much shorter than the other route, which passes through the interior, affording the traveller an excellent opportunity of observing the rural tropical scenes of the island.

I decided to go the latter way by the train, which was to start from the depot near the Campo de Marte at 2.40 P. M. The fare from Havana to Matanzas either way, second-class, is $7.10 in Cuban currency. This class is well patronized by respectable travellers. Negroes, Chinese and the poorest Cubans take the third. The carriage in which I rode was built and furnished somewhat like those in the United States, except that the seats had no cushions, and the windows no glass. The train started at the appointed time, and we soon found ourselves rushing through narrow streets, past many colored buildings.

The Yanza, or Chinese quarter, presents an extremely wretched and filthy appearance, thus contrasting wonderfully with the splendid attractions of other parts of the city. The suburbs were soon reached, and the hot and dusty town gave place to the clear, refreshing country. Hurrying past the gardens of the captain-general, with their avenues of royal and cocoa palms, their fountains, waterfalls and pyramids of flowers, we beheld ahead verdant, green hills, beautiful mansions, and here and there very ancient stone buildings, forts, cottages and gardens. All kinds of vegetables and blossoming plants were seen growing down to the railroad track. There were waving meadows through which streams of a pale blue, transparent tint, wandered gracefully, bending bamboos, slanting palms, and thousands of wild vines full of flowers grew on the banks. As the train rushed by these silent Edens, the splendid paroquets and other gorgeous birds, browsing goats, mules and cattle started at the sound, paused in wonder as we passed, and then relapsed into their previous occupations. Half-naked Chinese farm-hands carried water in buckets suspended from yokes fixed on their shoulders. We saw fields of corn and sugar-cane stretching away for miles. Here and there, out of this bright, green sea arose an odd planter's mansion, painted sky-blue with its pillars, railings, and towers of white and gold. One of these houses stood a few hundred feet from the track. It was two stories high, solid and Corinthian in its architecture, of a cream color, while its lofty colonnades were painted in delicate crimson and blue. Large, costly vases, full of flowers, decorated the entrance, and this was reached through an antique gateway that was covered with roses. Now we swept by large banana groves whose trees were loaded with fruit. We rushed by rocks, dells and fields

adorned with grasses as glossy as satin and of every color. We saw fruit trees of all kinds, stone fences covered with century plants, cacti and other flowers; enchanting vales, fields of shrubbery, and avenues of royal palms over fifty feet high, ever stately and beautiful whether in groups or alone.

The soil of the island is of a deep red color, and contrasts splendidly with the rich green of the trees. The cattle looked fat and large, and numerous queer-looking domestic fowl were seen in the fields. The "Ingenio" or sugar plantation, was readily recognized, whether rising above the cane fields or partly shaded by trees. It consisted of a group of buildings generally painted white, out of which arose a very tall furnace chimney. Negroes and Chinese were seen steering oxen with carts full of cane from the fields to the mill.

The chief agricultural industry of the island consists in the cultivation of this product. Cane fields almost boundless in extent appeared here and there in the luxuriant landscape. The railroad stations at the villages where we stopped were crowded with hogsheads of sugar and molasses, ready to be sent to Havana, and shipped from there to foreign seaports. Black and white coolies were noticed cutting the cane and often greedily devouring it, while the rich juice ran down their naked chests. This could be had for almost nothing at the depots from the dealers who also sold oranges, pineapples, tamarinds, caimetoes, cocoanuts and other luscious fruit. I stepped out of the cars at Guines, where the train was to stop for a few minutes, and bought for a couple of cents two cocoanuts, each as large as an ordinary sized mushmelon. The rind was perfectly green, soft and easily broken, the juice fresh and delicious, and the pulp was tender and sweet, much richer in flavor than that which one eats in the North. On the journey I often noticed the tall and handsome ceiba tree, with its smooth trunk and gracefully-spreading limbs and branches full of verdant leaves. Now we passed by the house of the *montero*, or sporting peasant. It was a rather rude-looking dwelling thatched with palm leaves, and open at the sides to the mild, pure air. This *montero* usually possesses but a few acres, which yield him fruit, cane and vegetables enough to make his life easy and contented. The streams give him lots of fish, and the sunny blue skies look down with favor upon him, as he languidly reclines on the grass and eats his melting bananas. The sisal hemp fields look very attractive, and as the train rushes on, we catch glimpses of laughing children, who are playing amid a wilderness of roses. We soon reached the town of Catalina. It looked wonderfully charming, with its handsome church and houses, surrounded by groves of bananas and oranges. We saw pine apples growing in the gardens. The colored leaves of these plants were conspicuous for their variety and beauty. The motion of the train developed a steady breeze, and this, laden with the odors of millions of blossoms and fruits, afforded us the greatest delight. The eye could never tire of the beauty of these tropical scenes. When it withdrew from immediate objects, it wandered away to rest with delight on the softly lit-up mountains, crowned with palms. How splendid those mountains looked, covered to their summits with verdure, and now as the sun was sinking, becoming enveloped

in purple and crimson mists. The glory of the rosy sunset on field and wood was brought into deeper relief by the shadows of the trees and hills. On getting on the rear of the train, I was enabled to take in the receding landscape and the views to the right and left. The whole seemed a poetic reality, a region of luxurious delight. The heavens assumed most exquisite hues, forms and colors peculiar to tropical skies. Clouds lately gorgeous, passed into shapes still brighter, and their softness, delicacy and glory seemed to illumine the landscapes. The grand, royal palms which carried one's thoughts to the Holy Land and the time of our Saviour, the mountains tipped with the moving mists, the peaceful valleys where droves of fat cattle feasted, the gaps in the hills, the groves of fruit trees and the flowing streams — all rested tranquilly and brightly under the belts of gold in seas of blue and green, the tongues of fire, rivers of light, silvery hills, purple and crimson isles, castles, vases, columns and thrones that were traced in the clouds. No language can sufficiently describe the beauty of this tropical region; it must be seen to be adequately appreciated.

Night was just falling, when we arrived at Matanzas. The drive to the Hotel de St. Francis, where I determined to stay while in the city, led through a number of narrow and hilly streets, lined on both sides by low, jail-like stone houses, painted as at Havana, in every imaginable color. In the course of about twenty minutes I arrived at the hotel which stands on the Calzada De Tirry, the principal street near the bay. The host, Signor Juan Gonzalez, with a Scotch interpreter who knew Spanish well, received me very heartily at the door. After passing several refreshment saloons and reaching the office, I requested to be shown to my room. I found that it opened, like all the others, on a courtyard, and being the best that could be had, I agreed to remain a guest at the house for $2.50 per day, in gold. Dinner being the next on the programme, I soon found myself at the head of a large table, on both sides of which a number of swarthy, black-eyed, dark-haired coolies and Spaniards were seated. Recognizing me as a *padre cure*, all bowed and ceased talking as I entered, exchanged courtesies and then resumed an exciting conversation. The meal consisted of a variety of courses. The meats were ingeniously spiced, but rather redolent of garlic. Tropical fruits and vegetables, cooked in all manners of ways, were served up in abundance, and each guest was treated to a bottle of Catalonian wine, which is a very pure and favorite claret in Cuba. This wine is imported from Spain, and a *pipe* containing one hundred and twenty-five gallons costs about fifty dollars in gold. When dinner was over I retired to my room to find it containing two windows without glass, enclosed by heavy green shutters. The plainest kind of furniture was visible in the apartment. The bed, scantily supplied with clothing, was adorned by a large mosquito net. Anticipating colder evenings in Matanzas than I supposed were peculiar to Havana, owing to the former's situation on so many hills, I requested the waiter to bring me a blanket. This article (being rather unusually used at the Hotel de St. Francis) it took him a long time to find. At last he procured me a peculiar specimen of one, so, resolving to make a virtue of necessity, I placed myself under the protection of heaven and retired

to rest. After a sound sleep I was awoke before dawn by the hopping and cooing of numerous doves, whose cots were established not far from my bedroom. The morning soon followed their waking, and eager to gaze on the city and its environs, I made haste to dress and go abroad. The view which greeted my eyes the moment I stood on the balcony outside my door, seemed to me very strange and delightful. The sun was just rising in the east, and in such a soft and lovely sky as the tropics only know. Its calm, golden light fell on the city before me, and on the emerald mountains behind, giving to the villas and gardens that sat on the hills an aspect of unearthly beauty. The doves, finding their society invaded, flocked together and flew over a grassy square, in the midst of which stood immense stores for sugar and molasses. I walked down to the courtyard, admired its fountain, gold-fish, peacock, and tame flamingo. All in the hotel were up before I rose from bed. Cubans take advantage of the early morning, as it is much cooler, and consequently pleasanter to work then than later on in the day. Each guest enjoys a cup of coffee after getting up and takes breakfast about ten o'clock. The coffee in Cuba is well made, and has a most delicious aroma. After taking a cup I went out and saw the street alive with Chinese laborers, who were employed by the city in making extensive repairs. I sauntered towards the Church de San Carlos to hear Mass. On crossing the bridge that spans the San Juan River, which shone in the sunlight as it flowed into the sea, I observed curious-shaped boats, lighters and other craft moving on it, all occupied by queerly-dressed, bronzed, bustling men. Numerous drays and strings of packed mules, carrying heavily laden panniers, raised clouds of dust, from which I was glad to escape on entering the narrow streets near the church. Over the doors of the stores were the customary fancy signs and names. There seemed to be no end to the picturesque street-venders even at this early hour of the morning. A Chinaman, dressed in loose, blue shirt and yellow trousers, passed with a long, flat box on his head, striking it loudly with a short, thick stick, and crying out, "dulces, dulces," — "sweet meats, sweet meats." A *panadero* (baker) balanced on his cranium a big basket full of rolls, and carried on each arm also a palm-leaved bag full of bread. A tall negress turned a corner, holding a weighty basket, and shouting out at the top of her voice, "Naranges, dulces, naranges, dulces," "sweet oranges, sweet oranges." Soldiers, lottery-ticket venders, and an occasional negro *calasero* dressed in gorgeous blue jacket, fringed with gold, jack boots reaching to the hips, high silk hat and silver-plated spurs, lent variety to the scene. I soon saw the church of San Carlos, a large building of dark stone, with two lofty towers, one of which had a splendid chime of bells. The edifice within was long and high; its gigantic pillars and great marble altar looked very imposing. When the service was over I returned to my hotel, intending to visit the priests after breakfast. When the meal was despatched, eleven o'clock found me in the presence of Father Francisco de P. Barnada, Cura Vicario Parroco Ecclesiastico, and Phro Jose Saenz, one of his assistants. Being a stranger, the pastor had some slight suspicions about my orthodoxy; but these were soon dispelled when he read my letters of introduction. I could see at once that, though strict, he was a very

cheerful, hospitable gentleman. His bright and pleasing features indicated the presence of a brilliant mind and a tender heart. Father Jose Saenz was the life and soul of cheerfulness and kindness. I found myself at home immediately with these excellent priests, and we chatted together very pleasantly for about an hour, on a variety of subjects. Bits of Latin, English and Spanish were our channels of expression. The quarters of the priests were simple, but comfortable, and communicated directly with the church.

On suggesting that I would like to see the famous valley of the Yumuri, Father Barnada had me introduced to an engaging and intelligent young Cuban named Signor Joaquin Mariano, who volunteered at once to accompany me on my ramble.

The most interesting though longest way to the valley is to walk along the banks of the Yumuri River from a point a little above the beautiful bridge near that part of the town called Versailles. Here the costly and grand church of St. Peter's can be seen rising, with its beautiful spires, above every other building. On our way to the valley we were at first obliged to pass objects not very inviting, such as city rubbish, luxuriant weeds, yelping dogs, grunting pigs, tanneries and dilapidated houses; but these soon yielded to grassy lanes, charmingly picturesque little dwellings perched on rocks in regular staircase position, and gardens full of exquisite fruit trees and flowers. The road is now perfectly clean and level, edged on one side by the bright, placid river, and on the other by steep rocks and quarries, in the cool nooks of which large, lovely ferns, air plants, and numerous wild flowers bloom. Here we noticed a handsome private residence, fronted by a stone wall crowned with cacti, and guarded at the rear by stupendous cliffs. Sago and date palms grew near the narrow road. We saw tremendous openings in the bare-ribbed mountains on the other edge of the stream. Pieces of rock overhead looked down like dead sea-lions and quarters of beef. Blossoms of every hue peeped out through the old black rocks beside us; millions of insects rushed pell-mell out of the crevices of the shining stone, and while we looked, the breeze from the rippling river shook millions of neighboring flowers, scattered their perfumes broad-cast, and thus afforded us an exquisite treat away from the heat, dust, and noise of the city. Gazing up, we saw birds' nests in the limbs of trees, naked roots of large bushes and vines clinging like net-work to their rocky bed, and century plants growing in profusion where they could scarcely get an inch of soil. These cliffs must have been two hundred feet high, and on looking up one would imagine that the almost disjointed masses of hanging rock would fall down at any moment and crush us to pieces. Turkey buzzards, with their black bodies and pink bills, were screaming overhead on the tops of big limbs, and anxiously looking out for prey. The fair blue sky above looked down on the lines of green, wild shrubs that flourished amid beds of solid rock. Sun and candelabra flowers, big as cups and orange in hue, with stalks like the bananas or Indian corn, sprung out of the cliffs to the height of twenty feet. Morning glories, rare lichens, violets, dresinas, and century plants grew by their side, while the silky Spanish moss, suspended from a higher point, threw a veil of beauty

over all. A curve in the walk brought us into the valley. On the other side of the river we saw sand-hills crowned with emerald mountains and groves of palm. The plain, as far as it could be seen, was one sheet of verdure, and the stream widening at this point into a lake, was adorned with woody islands. Birds, breezes and the echoes of the hammer's sound in the quarries supplied natural music. As far as the eye could see, the valley was surrounded by mountains. The lofty, rocky wall continued to the left, exposing to our view its beautiful cream-colored layers of granite, fringed with lichens and ferns, and surrounded by weirdly-carved roots and branches of gray stone. All before us looked charming. The narrow foot-path in the long grass, the wild flowers everywhere, the old kiln, embraced by parasites, convolvulus and jasmines, the brushwood rustling with little reptiles, the flying fish in the stream, an old negro rolling a barrow full of leaves, the Indian mounds having figures of lions and human heads carved out of the rock, the ever-royal palm with its mistletoes and berries, its blood-red tassels on the smooth, hard trunk, its long, feathery leaves, ever falling like ribbons or streamers into various situations by the force of the breeze; all, all looked beautiful. And to add to our delight the sounds of the Angelus from the tower of the church of Monserrat, at the top of the mountain at hand came down on our ears like music from heaven. The mountains around this valley of peace seemed to echo the melodies of God. The cross on the beautiful Corinthian Church, shone between the hills and the sky, reminding us of Him who died for us, and who holds all creation in His hands. All the lovely objects in this tropical vale seemed to murmur His praises. The palms reminded us of His wanderings in the desert, when a child, of His domestic life at Nazareth, and His latter years in and around Jerusalem and Galilee.

Our course now led through winding walks under waving palms, by a house in the rocks, past doves, ducks, chickens, arches, arbors, flowering thickets, wild lime, sour orange and paw-paw trees. We inhaled the most delicious fragrance at every step. On emerging from the glades into an open field, we began to climb the hill to the church of Monserrat. As we ascended, the view of the valley grew wider. Scenes, unobserved from the level, now appeared enriching the picture. We crept rather than walked up the great hill, at one time gazing upon gullies and wells, at another, admiring big beautiful berries, but ever and anon pausing to take in the view of the vale. When the summit of the Cumbre was gained, I felt well rewarded for my toil, for never before did I see a landscape so brimful of poetry and repose. There it lay extending in every direction for miles, bounded on all sides by mountains with picturesque gaps, spurs, peaks and openings; it seemed to me more like a scene in a dream than a reality,—the character of the prospect was so ethereal, a fit retreat for celestials,—lovelier than the most delightful panorama. Still, it was a reality, and not a painting of indescribably happy combinations of contrasts in color, vegetation, lights, shadows, and forms, like the garden of Eden, and far fairer than the happy valley described in Rasselas. The Yumuri River flowed through it looking like a silver thread. Billowy fields of cane, rich pastures,

clumps of feathery palms and shrubs with golden flowers adorned the vale. It is like a glimpse of Paradise to see it at sunset.

I turned with regret from this feast of nature, and walked with my companion along the extensive plateau on which the church and other buildings stood. A venerable, mild-looking old gentleman approached us. He was Migael Darna, the sexton and bell-ringer of Monserrat, living like a hermit on the top of the Cumbre. A handsome little boy with dark eyes and coal-black hair accompanied him. This was his son, of whom he seemed to be very fond. At a sign from Migael we entered the church. Its interior, like the outside, was very pretty. Behind the altar and around the side walls of the sanctuary stood a miniature mountain of cork, on the top of which rested a statue of the Blessed Virgin resembling the image supposed to be made by St. Luke, which graces the monastery of Monserrat in Spain. Flowers and gifts of various kinds were attached to the cork by faithful doners. On our way to the tower, I could see from the clever manner in which young Darna played the organ, that on the hills his father had not neglected his musical education.

After gaining the top we beheld a prospect, which, for grandeur and extent, could scarcely be surpassed. The valley to the left looked even more mysteriously enchanting than before, owing to its greater distance and depth. On the right the glorious ocean burst upon us, its blue and green waters in some places as smooth as glass, in others worked up into angry billows. We saw the ships in the bay, the coral reefs washed by the waves — the city with its sloping streets, quaint, gaudy buildings and villas resting below us like lords looking down on the scene. In front we observed brown, grassy, shrubby hills, cliffs, precipices and vast fastnesses. Behind us flowed the San Juan River by low, rich meadows, past numerous houses till it rested in the sea. Beyond appeared a chain of mountains, whose dark-blue peaks were almost lost in the clouds. The view of the country and city from the tower of this church is certainly the finest in all Cuba, and it was with the greatest reluctance that I turned from it to follow my companions down stairs. Bidding good-by to Migael, Signor Mariano and myself descended to the city over a grassy road, full of blue, white and yellow flowers. We noticed on one of the lowest slopes of the Cumbre one of the handsomest villas in Matanzas built in the midst of gardens, and surrounded by a pretty stone wall. Numerous statues and fountains adorned the grounds. Signor Mariano, being acquainted with the family, offered to introduce me. We were received at the door of this fine stone villa by Signora Torres who is regarded by the priests and people of Matanzas as the foremost Catholic lady in the city. The recent death of her husband and brother sorely afflicted her, but she endured this trial with Christian fortitude, and an ever-present desire to please and do good could readily be noticed even in the midst of her sorrow. As we moved through the house, I admired the lofty ceilings, handsome stained-glass windows, black and white marble floors, and splendid furniture that graced the several apartments. Coolness and shade, so desirable in the tropics, reigned here, and were rendered further agreeable by the sight of occasional rosy beams, the odor of flowers and

songs of birds. The rich antique vases and fine old paintings on the the wall looked very beautiful. The most precious woods of the island were seen in the wainscoting and furniture. The chapel looked a rich and graceful little temple. All the rarest valuables seemed to be reserved for here. When the chaplain is home (as he generally is) Mass is celebrated in the villa every morning.

After saying a little prayer, we walked out on the front piazza. This had a fine tiled floor and several pretty iron seats and sofas. Its numerous vases were full of flowers. Its balustrades were of stone, with blue and gold, porcelain finish. Rustic baskets hung around it in appropriate numbers and graceful order. It faced the city and the bay. Down in the garden were all kinds of fruits and flowers. Oranges, bananas, pomegranates, caimetoes, pineapples, oleanders, cacti, allspice trees, enormous fuchsias, canicas, kaladiums, and numerous other varieties, bloomed in abundance, each and all emitting a fragrance quite irresistible. Prince Alexis of Russia, while on his visit to Matanzas, spent a few weeks in this villa and garden. He could not have selected a more charming spot in Cuba. As time was precious, we took our leave, thanking the good Senora for her kindness, and pursued our journey down the hill. On the right and left of us were high walls of calcareous rock, over the tops of which hung thousands of brilliant, sweet-scented flowers. The Casus de Benefecentia, a long, yellow stone building, with great pillars and piers, rested on a hill a short distance away, and on the edge of the street on which we walked, stood the handsome, sky-blue dwelling of a *cure*, who was attached to a charitable institution conducted by the sisters. I visited these buildings on an after occasion, accompanied by two priests, and was greatly edified and delighted with all I saw in them. Before we came to the Church of St. Carlos, we passed through the Plaza de Armas, the most beautiful square in Matanzas. A magnificent fountain ornamented the centre of a circular row of palms. Numerous fragrant shrubs and flowers flourished near at hand, and iron seats were provided for all who wished to rest. Beautiful stores and private dwellings line the enclosure, which is surrounded by gas lamps, sofas and wide-paved walks. The palace of the *comandant*, or governor, of the department, is situated on the east side. The Licco, or lyceum and club-house, stand on the north. The military band plays in the Plaza on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings. Thither all classes come then to hear the music, observe the fashions, form acquaintances, and chat with friends. On our arrival at the priest's house, Padre Barnada invited me to celebrate Mass, in the church, on the following morning (Ash Wednesday). I cheerfully consented, and then took my leave, intending to see more of the town. The attractions of Matanzas are greatly marred by the clouds of dust that are almost constantly drifting. As rain seldom falls the streets become very dry, and the steady passing and repassing of mules and heavy ox-carts, laden with sugar and molasses, cause the calcareous sand to rise and envelop everything. The Chinaman occupies a conspicuous place in the life scenes of Matanzas. He can be readily recognized whether attired in the long, loose, shabby shirt of the laborer, or the citizen's dress of the storekeeper. His peculiar gait,

hair and countenance are very characteristic. He associates familiarly with the negro, is zealous, parsimonious, and so sensitive that he will even kill himself if he becomes incapable of revenging an insult. Most of these people in Cuba remain in a beastly state of degradation, while others of the race rise in the ranks, own elegant stores, and other establishments. A certain Chinaman in Havana owns the finest silk establishment in that city. Another keeps a hotel in Matanzas, styled the "Flower of America." Their diet chiefly consists of rice, fruit and vegetables. They are generally vaccinated on the tip of the nose. Chinese free railroad hands receive sixty dollars per month, in currency, and street laborers get twelve reals a day.

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

The Church and Modern Progress.

VATICINATION, if we are to believe George Eliot, is only one of the innumerable forms in which ignorance finds expression. In the olden time prophecy for the most part assumed a sombre guise, denunciatory of woe and wrath to come. In these latter days prophecy appears under the form of *taffy*, which, perhaps, is indispensable for a generation whose religious emotions find adequate musical expression in that popular hymn, "The *Sweet* Bye and Bye"—heaven being apparently a sort of candy-shop on a large scale. Artemus Ward's famous advice, "Do not prophesy until *after* the event," is scarcely applicable to modern prophets, inasmuch as the fulfilment of their predictions is not at all necessary to their character and standing, unless, of course, they should chance to be weather prophets.

The modern prophet dearly loves to take up some dominant idea of his time, of such vastness and hazy indistinctness, as will afford ample room and verge enough for his wildest speculations, and allow him to disport at will within its undefined limits. An idea of this kind is that which appertains to the progress of the species of humanity. With this for his theme, the modern prophet, whether in the guise of a popular lecturer, or masquerading as a writer in the current literature of the day, rarely forgets, while weaving his rose-colored visions of the future, to indulge in a fling at the Catholic Church as the irreconciliable foe of progress in all its forms. Ask him what progress means, in what respect the Catholic Church is opposed to it—the answer will prove to be rather unsatisfactory. The constant cry of old Aristotle—"Define, Define," is to him the voice of one calling in the wilderness. If he ever read Cicero, it must have been in some expurgated edition, "*Pueris Virginibusque*," in which the following passage found no place: "*Omnis quæ ratione suscipitur de aliqua re institutio debet a definitione proficisi, ut intelligatur quid sit id de quo disputetur.*" *De offic.*, I, 2. The prophet of progress has an instinctive dread of the bull-dog grip of a definition, and will not readily run the risk of being pinned to the ground, and perhaps rolled over in the dust. And yet the chief cause

of controversy, of the heat with which it is carried on, and its customary lack of decisive results, lies in the fact that the disputants do not attach a definite meaning to words, and do not understand them in the same sense.

I.

Progress means "motion forward." This supposes a starting-point and a definite end or goal. Without these two requisites there may be motion, but no progress. Now there is such a thing as "progress" in the life of individuals and of nations. Indeed, the magic of this word "progress," its power to sway the minds of men, goes to show that the conception rests on some underlying basis of truth. A lie pure and simple has no such power. It must clothe itself in the garb of truth if it would win converts and adherents.

The very life that throbs within us impels to progress, for all life is but a motion and a striving towards a destined end, and implies the growth and development of all our faculties to the full perfection of their being. Death alone is a resting and a standing still.

This visible nature around us pulsates with the spirit of life and progress. The stars wheel onward in the courses marked out for them by their Creator. The interior of the earth is heaving and palpitating with a hidden life of its own, which is ever manifested in richer fulness and strength, in higher and more perfect forms. Nay, the very stone that seems so motionless, the inert metal in the bowels of the earth, comes under the influence of this universal law of life and progress. And what is this but the creative breath of God streaming through the universe, and ever shaping it into new and diverse forms of life?

But this law of progress under which the physical universe lies, affects man likewise in a manner worthy of him as the crowning masterpiece of creation. So essentially is progress a law of our being that while material things, in the process of their development, cannot overstep the limits marked out for them, man is called upon to progress even beyond the limits of his nature. God Himself, in all His greatness and Holiness, is the exalted ideal towards which all our aspirations should tend. "Be ye perfect as my Heavenly Father is perfect."

Nay, more: not alone is progress a law of man's being; it is a positive duty and command which he is obliged to fulfil. And herein lies another point of difference between the laws of progress, which are stamped into the nature of man, and those we perceive operating in the visible world around us. In nature no backward steps are possible. Every object in the physical universe, in its growth and development, moves within the fixed, unchanging limits of law which God has marked out for it. As a consequence, there is no falling back in the world of nature from a higher to a lower type of existence. The plant ever remains a plant; the mineral ever remains a mineral. But in the case of man, he cannot stand still — he can only retrograde, sink beneath his own level, if he does not continually move forward, in order, by degrees, to reach the supreme end and aim of his existence. Thus does the Catholic Church not alone recognize progress as a great law of our

being; she insists upon it, as a divine duty which we are obliged to fulfil.

II.

From these preliminary remarks, it will be seen that those who charge the Catholic Church with being opposed to progress, must mean *material* progress; that is, a larger knowledge of the laws of the physical universe, and a wider diffusion and application of the various arts and contrivances which minister to the comforts and conveniences of man's earthly existence, leaving out of account altogether the moral and spiritual advancement of humanity.

To all such it will be enough to observe: the Catholic Church is not opposed to progress in the material order of things. She places no hindrance to the exercise of man's inventive faculties. But above and beyond the highest material progress, above and beyond railroads and telegraphs, steam-engines, and cannons and iron-clads, she places the moral and spiritual progress of the human race. She will never cease to maintain that though railroads and telegraphs girdle the earth a hundred times over, and the telephones penetrate into every private dwelling; though the sails of a nation's commerce whiten every sea, and the face of the land be covered with the most varied and prosperous industries — man will be none the happier, society none the more peaceful and durable when not leavened by the spirit of Christian truth and Christian morality. At every new invention men cry aloud in tones of triumph: See how humanity is advancing; see what victories mind is daily gaining over matter; and dazzled by the splendor of their progress in the material order of things, come to think that therein lies the end of their existence, the supreme aim of all human exertion. To all such the church simply observes: Labor and strive to make what progress you can in art and science, in commerce and industry, in every department of human enterprise and activity: and when you have travelled over the whole field, have exhausted all your resources, and reached the farthest limits of your power, I say to you: You have not progressed far enough. A far nobler and higher ideal is yours. You are born to be a child of God, to bring out into utmost clearness and distinctness the likeness of God that is stamped on your soul, and develop into the full-grown man, "to the measure of the stature and the fulness of Christ." Thus, as regards the higher order of progress, the Catholic Church is in advance of her age. "Excelsior" is the motto emblazoned on her flag.

It is no difficult task for the mere theorist to sketch out, in the domain of religion or politics, systems ideally perfect, serenely ignoring in their application such disturbing elements as the vices and frailties incident to a fallen humanity. But the practical man of affairs who has to deal, not with abstractions, but with the concrete realities of life, soon, alas! perceives that such a dazzling formula, for example, as that of the French republicans, "Libery, Equality, Fraternity," can be realized on earth by revolutionizing, not only political institutions, but the very nature of man himself. Humanity is a mere empty abstraction, except in so far as we conceive it as composed of individuals.

Society is a mere aggregate of individuals. Except to your modern prophet, it is difficult to conceive how there can be progress in society without progress among the individuals who go to compose that society.

Each individual may be viewed, under a threefold aspect: in his relations to himself, to the family, and to the society of which he is a member. Now all progress which deserves the name must make for the well-being and advancement of the individual in these threefold relations of life.

This the Catholic Church claims to do. On the first page of the catechism which she places in the hands of the little child is a decisive, authoritative answer to the heart-piercing cry of modern doubt: "Whence, and great heavens, whither?" She exhorts to the practice of those virtues which alone beget true peace and contentment of mind — to temperance, purity, honesty, self-control, love of God and our neighbor. She claims, furthermore, to be the sole depository and dispenser of these spiritual aids, without which the practice of these virtues is impossible, and without which man can never attain the end of his existence.

The church has blest and sanctified the family relation as the fundamental element in the structure of human society. She is the only institution now in the world which upholds the unity and indissolubility of the marriage tie. She has uplifted woman from the mire of degradation into which paganism had dragged her, has made her the equal, instead of being the slave of man. She counsels mutual love, trust and fidelity, as between husband and wife, and reminds them of their common responsibility in training their offspring in the ways of truth and virtue. She exhorts children to the duties of love, reverence, obedience towards their parents.

She tells the citizen that he owes a strict, conscientious obedience to the laws of the realm, a willing allegiance to the lawfully constituted government under which he lives. She reminds rulers that they have no power except in so far as it has been given to them from above; that they are responsible to the Most High for the use they make of that power; that their authority must be exercised in a spirit of justice, moderation, and regard for the interests of those over whom they are placed; and that, finally, in the sight of God, they are of no more account than the lowliest of their subjects.

This doctrine of the equality of men before God is the fruitful principle which flung forth into the seed-field of time has developed into the kindred doctrine which asserts the equality of all men before the law. The assertion and application of this principle it was which enabled the Church to abolish slavery in Europe, not indeed by the effusion of blood and treasure, but by the calm, winning influence of her persuasiveness and her example. In truth, it may be said that the history of the Catholic Church is the history of human progress on earth. From the day when she stepped down from the little chamber in Jerusalem into the public squares of the city, and took society by the hand to lift it out of the corruption into which paganism had dragged it, dates the first step in the true progress of human society.

III.

But, unhappily, in these latter days certain elements have been imported into men's conceptions of progress, of which the Catholic Church is the stern and uncompromising foe. In so far as the advocates of modern progress aim at the destruction of those Christian principles of conduct which should influence the individual man in his relations to himself, to the family, and to the State, they may expect unceasing opposition from the Catholic Church.

In some respects the Church does not consider modern progress, so-called, as progress in the true sense of the word, but rather a retrograde movement — a relapse into the moral corruption, the political and social degradation of ancient paganism. When a man finds himself moving forward at a rapid pace along a road which he discovers to be a wrong one, he is only moving farther away from the end of his journey; he cannot be said to be making progress. Or, when a man is sick of a deadly disease, which is rapidly gaining ground, it cannot be said that he is progressing, since such progress leads to death, not life.

In certain European countries at the present day, advocates of progress insist that the Church should adapt herself to the spirit of the age, and would fain transform her into a mere creature of the civil government, a sort of moral police under its pay and control, or to use the illustration of Cardinal Newman, employ her as a pet jackdaw, useful for picking up the grubs and worms on its master's trim, smooth-shaven lawn.

The Church, however, will not surrender her independence, nor will she change her doctrines to suit the shifting, fallible opinions of men. Her mission is to hold pure from all taint of error, and transmit unimpaired to future generations the word of her master: "Guard that which is entrusted to thee, turning away from the profane babblings and oppositions of knowledge falsely so called."

The Church is opposed to modern progress in so far as it seeks to rob Christian marriage of its sacramental character, and reduce it to the level of a mere contract, which may be dissolved at the will of the contracting parties.

She is opposed to the divorce of religion from education, holding that the development of man's moral and intellectual nature, should go hand in hand. Indeed, among ourselves of late, many serious-minded persons seem to be coming round to the Church's way of thinking on this important matter. They are exerting themselves to find some substitute for religion in the moral training of children, and profess to have discovered it in a knowledge of the elements of physiology. A text-book of this science, which will clearly impress on the youthful mind the dire fattening qualities of alcohol is the *unum necessarium*. It is fondly hoped that the natural horror which one experiences at the thought of an accumulation of adipose tissue in the intestines will be quite sufficient to deter the rising generation from the use of alcoholic stimulants.

This, however, is only taking a limited view of the matter, for humanity may be conceived as divided into two classes, the fat and the

lean. This latter class constitutes a large percentage of the world's population; and in their case the temptation is great of falling back on alcohol as an excellent substitute for padding, forswearing thin potations and addicting themselves to sack.

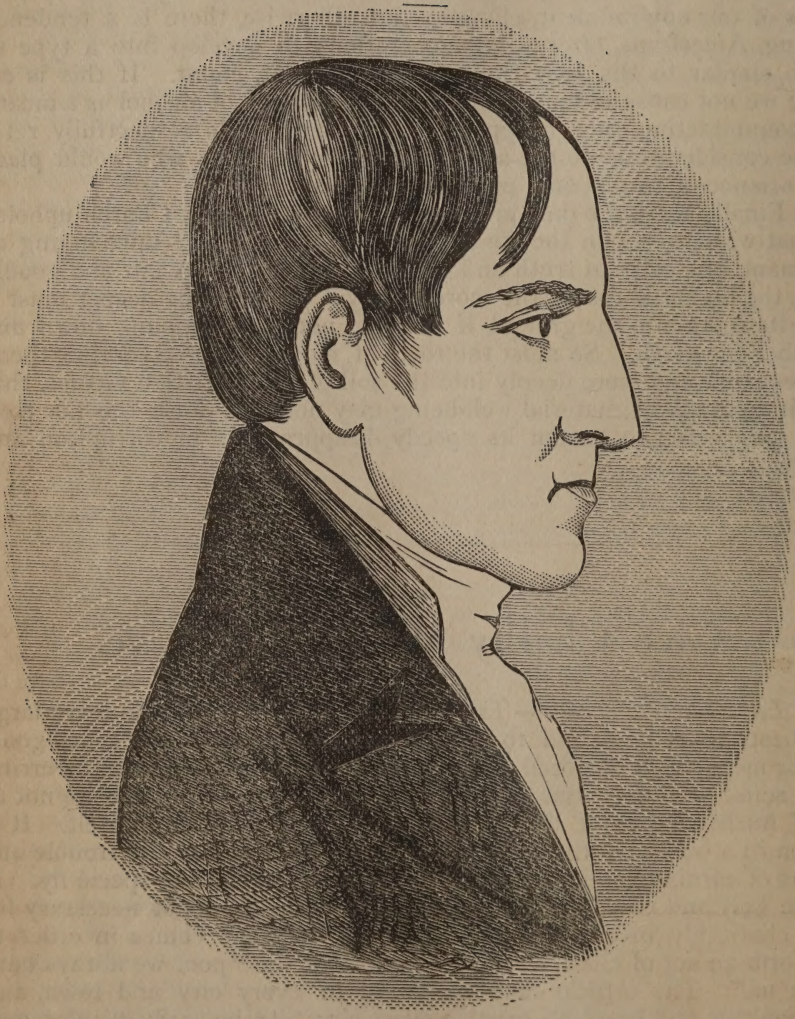
Furthermore men of science inform us that, owing to the conditions of our environment, climatic and otherwise, there is a tendency among Americans, after a few generations, to develop into a type of man, similar to the Red Indian, tall, muscular, gaunt. If this is so, have we not cause to apprehend the universal use of alcohol as a means of counteracting such a deplorable tendency. We respectfully refer these considerations to the serious attention of those who would place the science of morals on a physiological basis.

Finally then, the only progress which the Catholic Church upholds is that which rests on the foundations, everlasting and unchanging as adamant, of Christian truth and Christian morality. A fair and goodly tree, the higher it grows, the more widely it expands, the deeper must it cast its roots into the ground, if it would not come toppling down and cumber the earth. So must the roots of modern progress strike themselves more and more deeply into the soil of the Christian virtues, that its fine growth of material well-being may not drag down the fair tree, and only serve to hasten its speedy disappearance in corruption and death.

J. C.

Give Charity While You Live.

Lake Shore Visitor:— The many men and women who leave large bequests to religion and to charity do in a certain sense some good. Their means thus disposed of may feed the hungry and bring the erring to a sense of duty. But generally speaking means thus left are not as well husbanded as if they were spent by the testator himself. It is given in a bulk and the legatee not having been put to the trouble and pains of earning the legacy dollar for dollar soon lets the specie fly. It came easy and is very apt to go the same way. It is not necessary for the charitably inclined to wait until the message comes in order to perform an act of charity. We are told that the "poor we always have with us." The orphan may be found in every city and town, and orphanages and hospitals exist in every city. To be really disinterested in our charity, we should give while in health. While giving thus we are making a sacrifice, and plainly proving that our hearts are not very strongly set on the goods of this world. To give when that which we give is about to be snatched away from us is certainly not giving with the hope of obtaining a very great reward. Looking after our own donations would make them more profitable to the cause of good, and giving when we are in health and strength is making a sacrifice that without doubt will meet a reward.



ROBERT EMMET.

Born March 4, 1780. Executed Sept. 20, 1803.

Emmet's Rebellion.

At the time when the plans of the United Irishmen were slowly ripening toward revolution, and when Wolfe Tone and Edward Fitzgerald still believed in the immediate regeneration of their country, there were two young men in Dublin University — close personal friends — who were watching with peculiar interest the progress of events. Both were exceptionally gifted young men, and both were destined to leave behind them names that will live forever in the history of the Irish nation. One was Thomas Moore; the other, his junior by a year and his senior by one class in the University, was Robert Emmet.

It was especially natural that two such young men should take the keenest interest in the national movement that was going on about them. It was a movement calculated to attract all the generous and impassioned impulses of youth. Both Moore and Emmet were profoundly ambitious for their nation's welfare; both of them, we may well assume, felt conscious of the possession of abilities beyond the average; and both were animated by a desire to be of active service to their people. The desire, however, which led Moore to become the poetical voice of Ireland's aspirations and regrets, urged Emmet into directer and more decided action. Emmet was a brother of Thomas Addis Emmet. He was, therefore, closely in connection with the revolutionary movement, and did all that lay in his power to advance it by his speeches in the Debating Society and in the Historical Society of the College. Political speeches were, of course, forbidden in such bodies as these two societies; but Emmet always contrived to introduce into his utterances upon any of the themes set down for debate some burning words which those who listened to him, and loved him, could readily interpret into justification of the United Irishmen, and encouragement of their efforts.

Between the young orator and the young poet the closest friendship and affection existed. The genius of Moore was naturally captivated by the pure and lofty enthusiasm of Robert Emmet; and it is almost surprising that under the circumstances Moore did not become more deeply involved in the conspiracy that spread all around him. Moore had not, however, the nature of the conspirator, or of the very active politician. He was called upon to do other work in this world, and he did that work so worthily that we may well forgive him for having been so little of a rebel at a time when rebellion was the duty of every Irishman. Moore tells a touching little story of himself and of his friend, which, in itself, exemplifies the different natures of the two young men. Moore had become possessed of that precious volume in which the labors of Mr. Bunting had collected so much of the national music of Ireland; and he delighted in passing long hours in playing over to himself the airs which he was destined later on to make so famous by his verses. Emmet often sat by him while he played, and

Moore records how, one evening, just as he finished playing that spirited tune called "The Red Fox," Emmet sprang up from a reverie, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!" The air which awakened in Emmet the gallant hope, which he was never destined to see realized, had probably started in the brain of Moore dim memories of the lost glories of Ireland; of the Knights of the Red Branch, of Malichi with the gold torque, and of the buried city of Lough Neagh. The music which Emmet had desired to hear as the marching song of victory is familiar to every Irishman as "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." "How little did I think," said the poet, "that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feelings; or that another of those mournful strains would long be associated in the hearts of his countrymen with the memory of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer. Ninety-eight had come and gone like a dream. The leaders of the United Irishmen were dead, in exile, or hiding from the law. The Irish parliament had passed from existence, and the hated union with England had become an accomplished fact. The promises of the British minister, which had done so much to facilitate the passing of the Act of Union, had, of course, been shamefully violated.

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There were desperate riots in Limerick, Waterford and Tipperary in the year of the union — smouldering embers of the revolution of '98, which were destined still to break out into one final, fitful conflagration. Robert Emmet saw the sufferings of his country with indignation, but not with despair. He conceived the possibility of reviving the spirit of '98. In his eyes revolution was not dead, but only asleep; and he proudly fancied that he might be the voice to wake rebellion from its trance, and lead it to its triumph. He had some personal fortune of his own, which he unselfishly devoted to the purpose he had in view. Gradually he began to gather around him a cluster of the disaffected — survivors of '98 who had escaped the grave, the gibbet, or exile — men like the heroic Myles Byrne, of Wexford, who had evaded the clutch of the law, and was lying *perdu* in Dublin, as assistant in a timber yard, and waiting for fortune. In Myles Byrne, Emmet found a ready and a daring colleague, and each found others no less ready, no less daring, and no less devoted to their country, to aid in the new revolutionary movement. Like the United Irishmen, Emmet was willing to avail himself of French arms; but he trusted France less than the United Irishmen had done. He had been in Paris; he had had interviews with Napoleon; he had distrusted the First Consul, and, as we know from his dying speech, he never for a moment entertained the slightest idea of exchanging the dominion of England for the dominion of France. His scheme was desperate, but it was by no means hopeless. Large stores of arms and gunpowder were accumulated in the various depots in Dublin. Thousands of men were pledged to the cause and were prepared to lose their lives for it. The means of establishing a provisional government had been carefully thought out, and had been

given effect to in an elaborate document, in which vast information was printed, ready to be sown broadcast through the city and the county as soon as the green flag floated over Dublin Castle. That was Emmet's chief purpose. Once master of the castle, and Dublin would be practically in his power; and Dublin once in the hands of rebellion, why, then, rebellion would spread through the country like fire in a jungle, and Ireland might indeed be free.

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It is scarcely necessary to recapitulate the events of that memorable evening of July 23, 1803. At 10 o'clock a rocket sent up from Thomas Street blazed for a moment, the meteor of insurrection, in the unwonted darkness of that summer night. But the signal that was to have been the herald of freedom was only the herald of failure. A small mob of men hurried to the malt house in Mass lane, which was the principal store of arms. There pikes were hurriedly handed out to the crowd, and then Emmet, who had hoped to head an army, found himself the centre of an undisciplined rabble. His hopes must have sunk low as he stood there in the dim and dismal street, in his glittering uniform of green and gold; but his heart did not fail him for a moment. He turned towards the castle at the head of his turbulent horde as composedly as if he had been marshalling the largest army in Europe. But the crowd lacked cohesion, lacked purpose, lacked determination. It fell away from its leader loosely, even aimlessly. Some rushed wildly at the castle; others, at the moment when unity and concentration were of the utmost importance, hurried off in another direction to sack a debtor's prison and set the inmates free. While the disorganized crowd was still in Thomas Street, while Emmet was vainly trying to rally his forces and accomplish something, a carriage came slowly down the street — the carriage of Lord Kilwarden, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Inside the carriage were Lord Kilwarden, his daughter, and his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe. The mob surrounded the carriage; Lord Kilwarden and his nephew were dragged from the carriage, and killed with innumerable pike-thrusts. The girl was left untouched; was, it is said, carried out of danger by Robert Emmet himself, who had vainly attempted to stop the purposeless slaughter. Before the Chief Justice was quite dead Major Sirr and a large body of his soldiers made their appearance, and the mob vanished almost without resistance, leaving several prisoners in the hands of the military.

Emmet had disappeared, no one knew where — no one, that is, except some dozen of his followers and some farmers in the Wicklow Mountains, whose hospitality and protection were extended to the fugitive patriot. Emmet might easily have escaped to France if he had chosen, but he delayed till too late. Emmet was a young man, and Emmet was in love. "The idol of his heart," as he calls her in his dying speech, was Sarah Curran, the daughter of John Philpot Curran, the great orator who had played so important a part in defending the State prisoners of '98. Emmet was determined to see her before he went. He placed his life upon the stake and lost it. He returned to Dublin, and was hiding at Harold's Cross, when his place of refuge was

betrayed, and he was arrested by Major Sirr, the same who had brought Fitzgerald to his death, and who now, strangely enough, occupies a corner of the same graveyard with the "gallant and seditious Geraldine."

Curran very bitterly opposed Emmet's love for Sarah, and the voice which had been raised so often and so eloquently in defence of the other heroes and martyrs of Irish revolution was not lifted up in defence of Emmet. Curran has been often and severely censured for not undertaking Emmet's defence, and he has been accused, in consequence, of being, at least indirectly, the cause of his death. But we may safely assume that no advocacy either of men or of angels could by any possibility have stirred the hearts of those in authority, and saved the life of the man who was presumptuous enough to rebel against the Union. The trial was hurried through. Every Irish schoolboy knows the impassioned and eloquent address which Emmet delivered — an address which even the tragic circumstances could not save from the brutal interruption of Lord Norbury. On the altar of truth and liberty, Emmet had extinguished the torch of friendship, had offered up the idol of his soul, and the object of his affections. With the shadow of death upon him, the doomed patriot addressed his countrymen in words of wellnigh prophetic import, forbidding them to write his epitaph until his country had taken her place among the nations of the earth. The words did not pass his lips long before his death. He was found guilty late in the night of the 19th of September, and he was hanged the next morning in Thomas Street, on the spot where the gloomy church of St. Catherine looks down Bridgefoot Street, where his principal stores of arms had been found.

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Such was the fate of Robert Emmet. His dying request has been faithfully obeyed by his countrymen; and it is but fitting that no spot should bear his name, no statue should typify his memory, until the time comes for which he hoped, and for which he suffered. His old friend, the companion of his youth, the poet who had loved him, has honored his memory with two of his noblest lyrics, and has devoted a third to the girl whom Emmet's love has made immortal. Curran never forgave his daughter for having given her affections to Emmet; he practically disowned her, and did not, it is said, even extend his forgiveness to her at the hour of her death some years later. It is melancholy to have to record the fact that the betrothed wife of Robert Emmet was not entirely faithful to his memory. She married, at the instance, it is said, of her friends, and did not long survive her marriage.

JUSTIN HUNTLEY M'CARTHY in *United Ireland*.

No workman engaged in the copper mines or in the manufacture of copper was ever known to have cholera. Science has demonstrated the fact that cholera has raged the least where the presence of electricity in the air was most positive.

The Annunciation:—March 25th.

How pure and frail and white
The snowdrops shine!
Gather a garland bright
For Mary's shrine.

For, born of winter snows,
These fragile flowers
Are gifts to our frail Queen
From spring's first hours.

For on this blessed day
She knelt at prayer;
When, lo, before her shone
An Angel Fair.

"Hail, Mary!" thus he cried
With reverent fear;
She, with sweet, wondering eyes
Marvelled to hear.

Be still, ye clouds of heaven!
Be silent, earth!
And hear an angel tell
Of Jesus' birth.

While she, whom Gabriel hails
As full of grace,
Listens with humble faith
In her sweet face.

Be still, Pride, War and Pomp,
Vain Hopes, vain Fear,
For now an angel speaks
And Mary hears.

"Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings
Through ages on;
"Hail, Mary!" it shall sound
Till time is done.

"Hail, Mary!" infant lips
Lisp it to-day;
"Hail, Mary!" with faint smile,
The dying say.

"Hail, Mary!" many a heart
Broken with grief
In that angelic prayer
Has found relief.

And many a half lost soul
When turned at bay,
With those triumphant words
Has won the day.

"Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven!"
Let us repeat,
And place our snow-drop wreath
Here at her feet.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Much-a-Wanted.

THE sun of an Italian September was shining in broad, yellow splendor on Ancona — shining on the city, on its tawny background of hills, and on the shimmering spread of the Adriatic at its feet. But for all the sunshine, the city was not cheerful. The narrow streets were deserted by ordinary wayfarers, shops were shut, sometimes a wan face peeped furtively from a half-opened casement. The churches were turned from their normal purposes to those of hospitals. Sant' Agostino, near the Piazza del Teatro, was assigned to one set of patients; even the transepts and aisles of the Duomo, on the top of the Monte Ciriaco, were converted into wards and lined with rows of beds.

It was not that a pestilence brooded over the place, but something worse, much worse.

Unfortunate Ancona, the scene of so many pages of strife written by Greeks, Lombards, and Saracens, by the troops of Barbarossa and of others, was undergoing its latest bombardment on this September

day of 1860. Since the opening of the century it had changed its masters four times: now it was about to change them anew.

An army-corps, commanded by the Sardinian general, Cialdini, was encamped outside the advanced works, and had planted batteries which sent projectiles hissing and screaming not only over the ramparts and citadel, but into the heart of the thickly peopled city; and the fleet of the Sardinian admiral, Persano, was steaming to and fro outside the harbor, and occasionally joining in the work of destruction by pitching a heavy missile into the Lazaretto (occupied as barracks), or against the masonry of the Mole. De la Moricière, the general to whom Abd-el-Kader had surrendered, and who had driven the Red Republicans of Paris from the left bank of the Seine in the June of 1848, was "holding the fort" for Pio Nono. He had escaped but a few days previously from the disaster of Castelfidardo with a troop of light dragoons, and was battling stubbornly against odds which forbade the chance of success. He had not much faith in his Swiss — they were purely and simply mercenaries; the Italians at his disposal were neither unquestionably loyal nor of the stuff of which heroes are made; the only men he had beyond his own small ring of French Legitimists — his personal followers so to speak — on whose courage and fidelity he could depend were the Irish and the Austrians. The former, the Battaglione di San Patrizio, were in the citadel and the environing entrenched camp; the latter, being more seasoned and better armed, were assigned to the approaches of the beleaguered stronghold. The inhabitants of Ancona were by no means all well affected; but the one sentiment in which they were unanimous was the hope that it might soon end — for all were in a mortal fright. The roar of artillery, the bursting of shells, the collapse of shattered walls, bugle-blasts, drum-beats, the tramp of armed men, the crepitation of the hoofs of cantering chargers on the hard pavements, were frequent, and now and again rose a shriek of terror, or an alarm of fire. But the inhabitants took care to keep away these sounds as much as possible; they cowered in dark cellars, and prayed and cursed, and played *mora*, and helped to make each other uncomfortable by the contagion of an abject poltroonery.

On the spacious sloping piazza in front of the Cathedral, where the market used to be held, the main-guard was posted, and a pair of *jägers* paced backward and forward with the stolidity of Germans between their sentry-boxes. Suddenly they halted, raised a cry, the meaning of which I could not grasp, and the guard turned out. I could see no visiting officer, and was lost in conjecture when I noticed an ambulance party with a stretcher moving slowly downwards by the road leading from the citadel. A blue great coat outlined a figure on the stretcher; one of the legs cased in red trousers was lumpy with bandages, through which the blood oozed, but the face of the sufferer was screened from observation and from the fierce noon glare of the sun by a strip of linen. The party came to a standstill opposite the post of the sentries; the guard presented arms, the officer lowered his sword, the bugle blew thrice a weird melancholy wail of notes, and the stretcher-bearers resumed their careful, slow march.

This, I heard, was a usage borrrowed from chivalrous times, and

was intended as a compliment; but I could not help thinking it a cruelty to the poor wounded wretch whose recovery the delay of a minute might imperil.

I went up to the party and asked who was the last victim of the war they were carrying.

"A countryman of yours," was the answer.

I gently lifted the strip of linen, and recognized in the sufferer a youngster from Sligo, of some nineteen years, the only son of his mother, who had joined the Papal service through motives of the most sincere faith and devotedness. To his aged parent, in her humble Connaught cabin, he had sent the twenty *scudi* he had received as bounty. Andy was his Christian name — I never heard that of his family; but he usually went by the nickname of "Much-a-Wanted." This originated from a habit he had of using the phrase on all occasions, suitable and unsuitable. If it came on to rain, Andy would say, "much-a-wanted;" if maccaroni, which the Irishmen unaccountably disliked, were served up from the dinner-boiler, he met it with the same exclamation; if he got a newspaper from home, or won a *mezzo-baioccho* at pitch-and-toss, it was alike. All were "much-a-wanted." Verily, I believe if he had been sent to the cells on a false charge, the philosophic Andy would have consoled himself with the cheery reflection that it was "much-a-wanted."

On inquiry I discovered he had come in for his fate characteristically. While they had been preparing the mid-day meal for his company, the cook complained of a scarcity of water. The path to the draw-well was in the direct line of a terrible fire; it was positively furrowed with ripping segments of shell. Instead of ordering the men on fatigue duty (whose actual business it was) to go, volunteers were asked for, and Andy and a comrade stepped forward and undertook to fetch a bucket. Hardly had they started into the open on their hazardous errand, when a shell exploded almost at their feet, knocking them over like ninepins, and sending the fragments of the bucket whizzing in splintered chips far asunder. Andy's comrade was hit on the sole of the foot, and broke into a bellow of pain. It was no want of fortitude; the torment must have been insupportable. The net-work of sinew and muscles in that most delicately formed portion of the human framework was torn through, and the dirty leather of the shoe was forced into the flesh, and there was an ugly circle of jagged spokes around like the star-fractures made by a stone flung through a pane of glass. Andy's right leg was shattered a few inches above the knee, and hung on by a shred of skin; the shock must have deprived him of sensation, and the rapid gush of blood caused a merciful swoon. The hemorrhage was stopped by a surgeon on the spot, and a dose of brandy poured down his throat. As he recovered his speech he murmured in a dazed way his old catch-words "much-a-wanted."

While I was learning these particulars, the pathetic little procession was climbing towards the hospital of St. John of God, where the most accomplished of our staff of surgeons were in waiting to perform serious operations, and the zealous brothers of the institution — a sort of anticipatory Red Cross order — were on the constant watch to supply

all that science, good nursing and the beautiful compassion of religion could suggest for the benefit of the afflicted.

On the ground floor the operating-room was situated, and thither the party bore their pale-faced, perspiring, still burden. I followed, thinking I might be of use as I understood Italian; and, in any case, when the sufferer returned to consciousness it might be some comfort to him to have the face of one he knew by his pallet. It was promptly decided that the leg should be amputated at the thigh, and as the surgeons, with workmanlike coolness, proceeded with their grim preliminaries, the pain awoke Andy to his situation. And yet not quite. By the wild unrest of his eyes and the working of his features, it was plain that he was in the throes of acute agony; he felt it, but he could not tell why or wherefore it was. He knew too keenly where the seat of pain was, but he could not divine the exact injury he had sustained, and strove almost frantically to rise so as to obtain a view of his lower extremities. He caught sight of me, and besought me to lift him. I laid my hand on his forehead and tried to pacify him, but in vain. He sank back with a moan that went to my very marrow. While he lay thus, as if in the coma of prostration, I asked quietly if they did not propose to administer chloroform, but they shook their heads and said they had none to spare except for officers. I insisted that the boy would die under the knife unless he had something to numb his sensibility, and at the moment he opened wide his eyes, and, with a look of pleading which I can never forget, gasped —

"Gracious God! How I burn. Take me out and shoot me."

Then, in a sharp shout of entreaty as if wrung by a stronger spasm than before —

"If you're friends, if you're men, you'll put me out of pain."

The surgeon-major at last relented and nodded to an aide, who administered the chloroform. Quickly and skilfully the operation was performed, and when the patient came back to things of the world he lay in a ward on the same floor, a cradle over the stump to avert the risk of hemorrhage from the dressings being disturbed. He was very feeble and languid, and spoke like one in a trance.

"Do you feel better after your sleep, Andy?"

"Yes, thank you; 'twas much-a-wanted. But my feet are very cold."

His feet! Then he knew nothing of what had occurred; that he was no longer as others, but maimed in his youth, destined to go through life a cripple — if he ever rose from his bed.

"Put more covers over me," he besought.

He got a stimulating cordial from one of the brothers who specially charged himself with his guardianship, and I passed through some of the remaining wards on my way out. Those who were the least querulous appeared to be the very men who were most grievously wounded, perhaps they were too spent to sigh; those who were loudest in their yells of anguish — there is no other word — were a number of unfortunates who had their flesh scorched and shrivelled by the blow-up of a magazine. It is as trying to hear a strong man yell with anguish as to see a strong man shed tears. Here and there a lighted taper was placed

at the foot of a bed, and the white sheet drawn over the mute and motionless occupant told its own story.

The next forenoon I visited Andy. He was weak but sprightly, and still unconscious of his great loss. He asked me how we were getting on, and when we should have the enemy beaten, for he could distinctly hear the whistling of shells and the repercussion of the booming of the big guns.

On the following day there was a change in him for the worse. There were two reasons to explain it; a shell had fallen on the roof of the hospital and crashed into one of the wards of the upper story where it burst. This naturally caused a fearful commotion, and fevered and mutilated patients had started from their beds in panic and crouched in the corridors and on the staircases. But, to my thinking, the alteration in Andy's condition was to be traced rather to another accident. He had learned the extent of his misfortune. A rough, good-natured comrade who had snatched time for a friendly call had blurted it out.

"Keep up your spirits, my hearty; you won't be the first lad to hobble through life on a timber-peg."

The poor fellow turned a ghastly white, gazed around him in a scared, vacant manner — so the brother told me — and asked with dry, tremulous lips for a drink of water. Afterwards he had dozed into a delirious slumber. In his ravings he fancied he was on a lone and dangerous post in advance of our lines, and that his officer had forgotten him.

"I'm perishin' wid the cowld," he peevishly muttered, "and no sign o' the relief. Ten hours on sentry; I give them ten minutes more. If they don't come, I'll go."

Then there must have been a struggle in his harassed brain between duty and the sense that he had been neglected.

"No," he continued. "Desertion before the inamy — disgrace! Can't do that. As I'm here, I'll see it out. I wish the relief would come."

And then the poor crazed youth went through the motions of slapping his hands across his breast to quicken the circulation, and began humming the air of "The Pretty Maid Milking her Cow."

By degrees the motion of his hands slackened, his voice grew fainter, he turned his head on one side, and dropped into a deep, calm sleep.

Duty took me elsewhere, but I returned in a few hours. As I stole up to the bedside the patient was awake and looked brighter and better than before. It was the blazing of the wick before the candle expires.

"He has had a lucid internal," whispered the brother, "and was so meek and patient that it made me weep. But he is delirious again — still yearning for that relief."

At that instant the sunset flame shooting through a window burnished the sufferer's face until it looked like that of some waxen image with a halo; by a powerful effort he propped the upper portion of his body on his left elbow, raised his right arm in salute, and cried —

"Hurrah! I saw the sunlight on yer bay'nets, boys. Andy wouldn't

lave his post. But whisper, sargent, ye were much-a-wanted, much-a-wanted!"

And with a glad laugh the boy-soldier fell back.

There was a thin crimson streak upon the pillow. The relief had, indeed, come at last.

JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA, in *Merry England*.

Mixed Marriages.

MARRIAGE is so intimate a union between man and wife that the hearts of both should ever beat in full and unalloyed sympathy and accord. Above all, the religious convictions of both ought to be in perfect harmony. If there is not in the family a common faith and a common form of divine worship, the consequences are disastrous to home comfort, to religious training, and to faith itself. Show me a family that forms an exception, and you either show a strengthening of the rule, or you show a family that is happy only in appearance. For, even then you will find that the Catholic party has to do a thousand things unknown to the other, and to beg of the children to keep matters secret. There is woe following the telling of the secret. Suffice it to know that the wisdom of the Catholic Church is opposed to these unions; that if the Catholic party die, the children, as a rule, are lost; and that even in the best cases religious indifference is the ordinary consequence.

How often do we meet such an instance as this, nor shall I overdraw it. A young Catholic lady tells her confessor that she intends to marry a Protestant young man. The confessor remonstrates. It is useless. Her mind is made up on the matter. He is a good young man, with no prejudice against her faith, and is satisfied to be married by the priest. Very well; they get married; and six months afterward the bell is rung at the priest's door. A thickly veiled female comes in, and she has a sad story to tell. She has been abused, called names in which her religion was not complimented; and, oh, worst of all, this very day he has thrust her out of doors. Yes; called Papist and thrown down the stoop by the "splendid young man" on whose arm she hung so proudly in the heyday of her foolish fascination!

Some of our young ladies may be educated a little too high for our average young man. And too many of them look down on honest labor — on the young mechanic or tradesman — and cast their eyes on some banker's clerk or broker's accountant, who, with ten or twelve dollars a week, studies the manners of the millionnaire, frequents the opera, and may not be above forging his employers' name. Better to cast her lot with the honest young Catholic tradesman, who attends to his religious duties, is temperate and steady, forgetting altogether that he neither dresses like a fop nor poses like a Chesterfield.

If the man be the Catholic, the case is worse. The mother has most influence with the children. The father worries, drinks, loses his position, and perhaps dies a victim of intemperate habits.

Farewell, My Home.

THOUGH sunshine dances merrily
On wave and stream and trembling leaf,
Though wild birds wake their minstrelsy,
My heart is full of grief.

No sunshine there; 'tis sad and lone;
No echo to the wild bird's lay;
One only thought — the dear hearth-stone
I loved is quenched to-day.

My heart will break; I cannot bear
To part with scenes so loved, so blest.
My heart will break; I cannot tear
Me from this home of rest.

Yet, though I say farewell, my home,
'Tis but the lips that speak their part;
Believe, wherever I may roam,
I leave with thee my heart.

Broken, yet clinging still to thee,
My home, as to a mother's breast;
Broken, yet loving tenderly
My home, my heart's first rest.

Farewell, my home, farewell, farewell;
One last, one lingering look I take
On each dear scene of hill and dell,
Of mountain bold and silver lake.

Farewell, I leave my bleeding heart
Within thy loved retreats to roam;
Farewell, farewell, too soon we part;
My home, my childhood's home.

Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, Ireland. ULIDIA

ARBITRATION. — The question of arbitration received quite an impetus at Braddock, Penn., by the selection of Rev. Father Hickey, the well-known pastor of St. Thomas' church, at that place, as an arbitrator. The Bessemer Steel Works, an institution employing *six thousand men*, was shut down on account of the strike. Father Hickey was selected by both parties, and succeeded in satisfactorily settling the difficulties.

The "Ten-Commandment" Theory.

SIR WILFRED LAWSON, writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (a London paper), says:—"In a recent article on Home Rule, you declared: 'We are all for Home Rule plus the Ten Commandments. But if the Irish seek Home Rule expressly to violate the Ten Commandments with impunity, then they shall not have Home Rule, let them demand it ever so loudly.' I have my doubts whether it is possible to 'violate the Ten Commandments with impunity,' but we will not stop to argue that point. But what I want to know is, how far you intend to carry this 'Ten-Commandment' theory? Is it applicable to all nations or only to the Irish? If the former, how shall we stand in England? The Ten Commandments forbid among other things, murder, stealing and coveting our neighbors' possessions.

"Do we reverence the command, 'Thou shalt do no murder?' Let the thousands of Zulus, Afghans, Egyptians and Arabs whom we have slaughtered during the last few years give dumb evidence on that point. The slaughter of these unfortunate men, whose crime is that they are worse armed than we are, is duly hailed with public acclamation and with ecclesiastical thanksgiving!

"Stealing is equally popular. At this very moment the press gushes with rapturous delight because Lord Dufferin has succeeded in stealing the territory of the Burmese.

"As to lying, I need say nothing, as we are all fresh from the general election.

"The Irish will be very ingenuous if they can contrive to violate the Ten Commandments more successfully than we do in very many of our public proceedings. The crimes for which we are responsible are, however, mainly committed against feeble foes who have no means of stating their case to the world. But the violation of the Eighth Commandment, which is what you really fear will be endorsed in Ireland, will be committed against the body of Irish landlords, who, up to a recent period, have had their own way in that country. The fear is that the tenants will steal the property of the landlords. In former times the landlords have stolen the property of the tenants. In either case stealing is most deplorable, but I do not know whether, in a moral point of view, the latter is worse than the former. Honest men must hope that both may be put a stop to. Sir, I hold by the Ten Commandments, and I heartily wish that all nations and all individuals would pay them practical deference. All that I maintain at present is, that the fear that the Irish may, on one point, adopt a different course is not enough to justify us in refusing them the benefit of self-government. If we are to wait until we have guarantees for the observance of the Ten Commandments before we grant political rights to nations, we shall have, I fear, to wait until doomsday, or, at the very least, until the millennium is upon us. However, the position taken up in your article may be the right one; but even in that case we shall speak to our Irish brethren with much more effect if we can show that we ourselves are observing the precepts which we are so anxious to enforce upon them."

Bay State Faugh-a-Ballaghs.

IV.

In the last number of the MAGAZINE we left the patriotic Irishmen of the Twenty-Eighth Regiment in their Camp Cameron, at Cambridge, dreaming of the heroic deeds of their race on foreign fields; of the proud chronicles of the valor of the European Irish Brigade at Fontenoy and Ramillies that illumine the pages of French history; of the saving of Cremona by the Irish regiments under Count Dillon and Col. Burke; of Lord Clare's dragoons at Blenheim, which, although victorious to the arms of John Churchill (great Marlborough), and his Teutonic allies the defeat of Marchal Tallard, commanding the French and Bavarians, was relieved of some of its ignominy by the capture of two standards from the British by these dashing Irish troopers; of the fields of Staffardo under the exiled Lord Mount Cashel, and many other inspiring military achievements and successes of these Irishmen who vowed by Erin's Sunburst:

"That never! No! never! while God gave them life
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never! No! never! that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field."

The Twenty-Eighth Regiment was formally mustered into the United States service December 13th, 1861, with Col. William Monteith commanding. Col. Murphy, it seems, only assisted in the recruiting of the regiment.

Christmas Day found the command not yet ordered forward, still at duty in the Cambridge camp. The day was duly honored with religious services and social interchanges. The boys were provided by loving friends with the wherewithal to make merry and to toast the sweethearts not yet made exactly of the class of "The girl I left behind me," although in the expression of the convivialty of the hour that and kindred airs were jovially rendered by the rollicking blades who were bound to make the great festival as merry as possible. In the "privates" as well as the officers' quarters during the evening, innocent revels were made up of feasting, the witty jest and repartee, playful jokes, songs and stories until "taps" reminded all through the orders of the officer of the day, that the night of Christmas Day had a new significance for these Irish volunteers. Before another return of it, how many of these fine fellows were food for powder and worms. A touching and very natural little incident in one of the tents will not only illustrate the genuineness of the soldier's heart, but also may be set down as a sample of the kindred feelings of many comrades who shouldered a musket for the preservation of the country. When the lights were put out as ordered by the "taps" patrolling guard, a fine young fellow, who had during the evening been merriest of the merry,

was seated near the opening of the tent, bowed down in thought, while the fitful flickering of the expiring camp-fire shone through the handsome, glossy hair that drooped over his temples. His suppressed sighs brought an older and much attached comrade to him, who, putting his arms kindly around the youth's manly shoulders said, in lowered tones:

"Arrah, Jim, ma bouchal, what's the matter with you, at all, at all? Has all the fun gone out of you?"

"No, no, friend Tim! But this night last year I was with my poor old mother. I'm all that's left to her now, and when she hears I am in the war, her poor heart will break, and if it is ever my luck to return to Ireland it will, I'm afraid, be to visit her grave in Kilmurry church-yard."

"Oh, the *wirrasthru*, and that's the pity av it, Jim. But don't you be thinking of these things and be sad, or faix's, you'll make a fool of a soldier of me with thinking of my sweet Kitty and the two childer. They'll be safe, at any rate for awhile, until we can put in a few good blows for the glorious country that has given us freedom and a home. Jim, me boy, our enemy, England, is at the bottom of this bad business. You know the ould song, 'She comes to divide, to dishonor;' but a tyrant she'll never reign here while we have a hand to lift and"—(Tim just then kindly slapping his chum on the back) "a heart to dare her!—and"—

The fervor of Tim aroused comrades in the tent, who gave signs of approval.

"And, perhaps when we have finished this business, as Secretary Seward says, in three months we'll have a nice training to go across the ocean with our arms, and wollop John Bull out of the dear old land."

"Good boy, Tim! good boy;" were the tokens of approval that came vociferously from all parts of the tent, while at the same time the double quick tread of the patrol guard, preceded by the flash of the corporal's lantern was hastily bearing down on the devoted quarters to stop this untimely ebullition of patriotic fervor, and noticing which Bill and Tim grasped hands fervently, but hastily, in approval of the sentiments of the latter. When the corporal looked into the tent the dozen soldiers it contained were all rolled up snugly in their blankets and sound asleep, apparently. 'Twas to the noise, not to the patriotism to which the corporal objected, fearing censure or worse from his superiors. Had he been off duty, no man likely would have more heartily re-echoed Tim H——'s patriotic expressions.

Days and weeks passed. In the meantime the officers and men, through military routine, were perfecting themselves; but for heavier work than was anticipated.

At last the call came, and amid heart-breaking farewells from wives, sweethearts and children, and the cheers of the throngs assembled to bid the gallant fellows good-by, the Twenty-Eighth Regiment left Boston, January 11, 1862, and went to Fort Columbus, New York harbor, from which place on February 14, it was sent to Hilton Head, South Carolina. The regiment was at a place called Darofusky Island when Col. Monteith was ordered off with the right wing to duty, on

Tybee Island, Georgia. It was here that Col. Monteith did his last service with the Twenty-Eighth. The whole command was subsequently transferred to James Island, at which place in an attack on Fort Johnson, the regiment lost fourteen killed and fifty-two wounded. Gen. Benham, U. S. A., paid a high compliment to the command for the handsome manner in which they joined in the assault on the fort June 16. On July 20, the regiment was assigned to Gen. Burnside's Ninth Corps, and after being a while at Newport News, Virginia, landed at Aquia Creek, on the Potomac River, August 6th, to participate in the campaign of Gen. John Pope, "headquarters in the saddle," on the line of the Rappahannock, and which terminated so disastrously to our arms at the second Bull Run battle. Major Geo. W. Cartwright commanded the regiment in this severe engagement and was wounded. Eighteen men were killed and one hundred and nine wounded, with eight missing. This was August 30th. On September 1st at Chantilly, memorable by the death of that daring soldier, Gen. Phil Kearney, the Faugh-a-Ballaghs lost fifteen killed, with eighty-four wounded, and casualties. We find the regiment under heavy fire at South Mountain, and at Antietam's great battle, it crossed the creek at the stone bridge, charged the enemy's right, located in a most advantageous position, and drove them, sustaining a loss of twelve killed and thirty-six wounded.

About one month after this, Col. Richard Byrnes,* on October 18, assumed command of the Twenty-Eighth at Nolan's Ferry, and on the 23d of November, it was transferred to the Second Corps and assigned to Meagher's Irish Brigade, which was in the division commanded by that much lamented and knightly soldier, Winfield Scott Hancock. At the close of the year 1862, some two weeks after fateful Fredricksburg, the reckoning showed that the Faugh-a-Ballaghs lost five hundred and twenty in killed, wounded and missing. The second Christmas Day for the boys of the Twenty-Eighth brought many sad reminders. Poor Kitty H—— and her babies had to mourn the loss of her brave Tim, the Irish patriot of Camp Cameron, and the poor heart-broken mother of his young chum drooped and pined in Ireland for the son who was the solace of her hope and heart. She had the premonition of his death, at the battle of Chantilly, so weirdly given in Gerald Griffin's "wake." She saw the blood-red cloud in the west far out on the Atlantic's tide and while —

* The scope of this article does not admit of much extension on account of the great demand on the space of the MAGAZINE, but inasmuch as Col. Byrnes was the most conspicuous officer of any who had to do with this gallant regiment, a few words concerning his personal career must seem appropriate. Richard Byrnes had served fifteen years in the regular army, reaching the commission of first lieutenant in the cavalry, when he was appointed to the command of the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers. He was assigned to it by orders in October, 1862. He perfected its discipline with soldierly skill, led it in battle with the valor of a true Irish-American hero, and commanded the respect and admiration of his troops. While in command of the Irish brigade at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, he was mortally wounded and died at Washington, June 12. His wife soothed his dying moments. He was interred with due military honors in a cemetery near his home in Jersey City. The likeness of Col. Byrnes, published in the March number of this MAGAZINE, is pronounced a most excellent one. The copy was procured from Col. Jeremiah W. Coveney, of Cambridge, who served with distinction and honor in the Faugh-a-Ballaghs with the regular army hero.

"Her door flings wide, loud moans the gale;
Wild fear her bosom fills;
It is, it is the Banshee's wail
Over the darkened hills!
Ululah! Ululah!
A youth to Kiffiehera's taken
That never will return again."

The Christmas of 1862 in the camps of the Union Army on the left bank of the Rappahannock, confronting Fredericksburg, was rather wanting in good cheer, although so near the Potomac, and it was only until Gen. Hooker superseded Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac, that rations of potatoes could be had to serve out to the half-famished troops. What a delightful supplement to a soldier's mess is even one good potato and a piece of onion, when for weeks his only change has been from hard tack with fat pork to pork (fat) and hard tack! The regiment performed the usual duties of beleaguers when St. Patrick's Day got round to them in the camps of the Irish brigade at Falmouth, Va. If not very active participants with their New York fellow soldiers in the sports of the steeple chase, race-course, and other parts of the programme, yet the boys of the Twenty-Eighth could not have failed to enjoy with enthusiasm the hilarity and frolics of that occasion. At least ten thousand had assembled from the camps cantoned in winter quarters for miles between the Potomac and along the Rappahannock Rivers. The grand stand contained the commander-in-chief and other distinguished generals and officers, and a number of ladies. Besides Hooker, the commander, there were conspicuously present Generals Slocum, Hancock, Charles Griffin, Sedgwick, Franklin and others. Together with the races of the thoroughbreds, there were also long prize lists, programmes of amusements, such as catching a soaped pig, and competing for money, and mastery at dancing Irish jigs, reels and hornpipes. An idea may be had of the provision made for the entertainment of the invited guests from the following summary of the bill of fare which the quartermaster of the brigade brought with him from Washington for the occasion: The side of an ox roasted, thirty-five hams, a whole pig stuffed with boiled turkeys, and "an unlimited number of chickens, ducks and small game. The drinking materials comprised eight baskets of champagne, ten gallons of rum and twenty-two of whiskey." Thus sayeth the record. All of this was served inside a beautiful bower capable of containing several hundred persons. The festivities were duly preceded with the religious ceremonies of the great holyday of St. Patrick's feast, and closed by a grand entertainment at night, which included theatricals, recitations and olios of song and sentiment.

It is needless to add that the visiting generals, whose duties admitted of their remaining, entered into the humor of the hour, and toasts went freely round, intermingled with flowing bumpers and loving glances at the fair visitors, who graced the occasion by their presence.

We afterwards trace the heroic work of our Massachusetts Faugh-a-Ballaghs in their valiant services at Chancellorsville; at famed Gettysburg, where the regiment lost nearly one-half its force in killed and casualties; at Mine Run, the Wilderness, Po River, Spottsylvania,

Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, and at Reams' Station, the latter part of August, 1864.

The offices and men whose term did not expire with that of their regiment in December, 1864, were consolidated into a battalion under the command of Major James Fleming (of North End, Boston), and at the close of hostilities were mustered out with the remnant of the Irish brigade. The originals were ordered to Boston, December 20, to be mustered out, and numbered only twenty-one enlisted men and one officer, Col. Cartwright. No better close can be made to this article than to quote from "Conyngham's Concise History," printed in 1867, the record of this famous Irish-American regiment: —

"The aggregate number joined for duty since the organization was about 1,703; the list of killed and casualties numbered 1,133, a fearfully heavy proportion. During the Wilderness campaign, but one officer escaped unhurt in the fearful havoc. Who shall say, in view of this record of the devotion of Irishmen to the cause of freedom in this their adopted country, that they are not entitled to the sympathy, aid and support of this nation, in the endeavor to free their own beloved, down-trodden land?"

America should never forget it.

STUDENT.

Drunkenness in Old Times.

THE offence of drunkenness was a source of great perplexity to the ancients, who tried every possible way of dealing with it. If none succeeded, it was probably because they did not begin early enough by intercepting some of the ways and means by which the insidious vice is incited and propagated. Severe treatment was often tried to little effect. The Locrians, under Zaleucus, made it a capital offence to drink wine if it was not mixed with water; even an invalid was not exempted from punishment, unless by the order of a physician. Pittacus, of Mitylene, made a law that he who when drunk, committed any offence, would suffer double the punishment which he would do if sober; and Plato, Aristotle and Plutarch applauded this as the height of wisdom. The Roman censors could expel a Senator for being drunk and take away his horse; Mahomet ordered drunkards to be bastinadoed with eighty blows. Other nations thought of limiting the quantity to be drunk at one time or at one sitting. The Egyptians put some limit, though what is not stated. The Spartans, also had some limit. The Arabians fixed the quantity at twelve glasses a man; but the size of the glass was, unfortunately, not clearly defined by the historians. The Anglo-Saxons went no further than to order silver nails to be fixed on the side of the drinking cups, so that each might know the proper measure. And it is said that this was done by King Edgar after noticing the drunken habits of the Danes. Lycurgus, of Thrace, went to the root of the matter by ordering the vines to be cut down. His

conduct was imitated in 704 by Terbulus of Bulgaria. The Suevi prohibited wine to be imported. And the Spartans tried to turn the vice into contempt by systematically making their slaves drunk once a year to show their children how foolish and contemptible men looked in that state. Drunkenness was deemed much more vicious in some classes of persons than in others. The ancient Indians held it lawful to kill a king when he was drunk. The Athenians made it a capital offence for a magistrate to be drunk, and Charlemagne imitated this by a law that judges on the bench and pleaders should do their business fasting. The Carthagenians prohibited magistrates, governors, soldiers and servants, from any drinking. The Scots, in the second century, made it a capital offence for magistrates to be drunk: and Constantine II. of Scotland, 1761, extended a like punishment to young people. Again, some laws have absolutely prohibited wine from being drunk by women; the Massillians so decreed. The Romans did the same, and extended the prohibition to young men under thirty. And the husband and the wife's relations could scourge the wife for offending, and the husband himself might scourge her to death.

The Paschal Candle.

From the French of Rev. Michael Romanet, Augustinian, by Th. Xr. K.

FROM Septuagesima to Holy Saturday, everything in the liturgy breathes a profound sadness. During those seventy days, like the captives of Babylon, the sacred spouse clad in mourning garments, no longer sings her glad canticles; she, too, has hung her harp on the willows beside the brook. The song of the angels is heard no more at Mass except on the festivals of the saints, instead of that loud cry of gladness, the divine *Alleluia*, there is naught but a severe and *dragging* melody; and, on Sunday, the night office loses its magnificent Ambrosian hymn.

The closer the day of her spouse's death approaches, the deeper the Church is plunged in grief.

On Good Friday, violet does not suffice for her moaning: she covers herself with vestments of black.

But, behold, suddenly, on Saturday morning, while the Christ is still in the tomb, she seems to forget her mourning. The aspect of grief of the eve is gone. See the deacon after the blessing of the new fire. He comes forward, wearing the white dalmatic, the garb of joy, with a triangular candle in his hand, the image of the Trinity, and sings three times, "Lumen Christi"—a triple proclamation of the divinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He then goes towards the *Paschal Candle*.

Why, then, these emblems of joy in presence of this torch? What are the memories it brings to the heart of the Spouse thus to make gladness take the place of grief? Let us ask the author of the blessing

of the Paschal Candle, St. Ambrose, for the explanation of this mysterious symbol. Let us question, too, the faith of the Middle Ages. Let us listen to the symbolic language so familiar to our fathers, and with which we are so little acquainted. Perhaps, even, we have sometimes surprised a smile on our lips at the sight of that candle, and of certain other exterior practices of worship, whose significance we did not understand; for, in our days, how great, generally, is the ignorance of the faithful in the matter of liturgy and symbolism. Now, we see how magnificent is the meaning of that ceremony of the blessing of the Paschal Candle which was extended by St. Zozimus in the middle of the fifth century to the other churches of the city of Rome, although baptism was conferred only at the baptistery of Lutran, and later on by other popes to all the churches, even to those which have no baptismal fonts: so holy and salutary did the sovereign pontiffs consider the impressions which this great rite should produce.

In this candle, superior in weight and in size to the candles which are generally lighted on other solemnities, in this unique candle, the princes of liturgy show us the image of Jesus Christ, a precious symbol which is impressed on it by the virtue of the blessing.

This blessing is reserved for the deacon. To him belongs this prerogative when the priest, and even when the bishop is present. This is because the deacon represents on this occasion the holy women, who, notwithstanding the inferiority of their sex, were commissioned by the Saviour to announce His resurrection to His Apostles, and that, by a disposition of Providence, woman, in the first days of the world, sent by the demon to man, brought him death; woman was to be sent by the risen Christ to man to proclaim life to him. The Apostles were still in tears, when, in transports of gladness, Mary Magdalene and her companions announced to them the mystery of the resurrection. The priest and the bishop, too, still wear the color of mourning, when, clothed in white, the deacon freely and loudly chants the beautiful prayers of the blessing, and is thus the herald of the resurrection's joys.

In consequence of the deacon's blessing, the candle then becomes the symbol of Christ. "Before it is lighted," says Dom Guéranger, summing up on this point the interpretations of the olden liturgists, "its type is in the pillar of cloud which covered the departure of the Hebrews as they went forth from Egypt; under this first form, it is a figure of Christ in the tomb, inanimate, lifeless. When it will have received the flame, we shall see in it the pillar of fire which gave light to the holy people's feet, and also the figure of Christ, all radiant with the splendors of His resurrection."

This majestic symbolism is demonstrated by the prayers of the blessing. And first those cries of gladness, those outbursts of joy, and that lavishness of praise on the part of the deacon, as he stands before that waxen pillar, we now understand, knowing that *He* whom the candle represents, the Divine Light, is the one to whom they are addressed.

The deacon begins with a lyric exordium. Let those who understand Latin read in the text itself that magnificent prayer of the *Exultet*; the translation cannot entirely reproduce its beauties:

"Let now the heavenly troop of angels rejoice; let the divine mysteries be joyfully celebrated, and let the sacred trumpet proclaim the victory of so great a king. Let the earth rejoice, illumined with such resplendent rays, and let the whole world feel that the darkness is driven from it by the splendor of the Eternal King. Let the church, our mother, also rejoice, being adorned by the rays of so great a light, and let this temple resound with the joyful acclamations of the people. Wherefore, most beloved brethren, who are now present at the admirable brightness of this holy light, I beseech you to invoke with me the mercy of the Almighty God. That He, who hath been pleased without merit of mine, to admit me into the number of the Levites will, by an infusion of His light upon me enable me to celebrate worthily the praise of this taper."

No, this candle would not merit as much praise if it did not represent the Christ. The Son alone, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, is deserving of praise.

"It is truly meet and just to proclaim with all the affections of our heart and soul, and with the sound of our voice, the invisible God the Father Almighty, and His only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who paid for us to His eternal Father the debt of Adam, and by His own blood cancelled the guilt contracted by original sin."

As though to give a reason for his songs of glory, the deacon hastens to proclaim aloud the coming of Easter: "For this is the Paschal solemnity in which the true Lamb is slain, by whose blood the doors of the faithful are consecrated." The Hebrews celebrated the ancient Pasch at night. Standing, with loins girded and staves in their hands, they awaited the passing of the Lord. This expectation at night the faithful renew on Holy Saturday. St. Jerome tells us in fact that it was an Apostolic custom maintained by the Christians of his day to remain united in prayer until midnight, awaiting the coming of Christ. But another mystery is included in that night, and, in its mute language, the candle unites with the deacon in reminding us that in the Old Testament there was another night and another pillar. The Lord, it is said in Exodus, went before the sons of Israel, when they went forth from Egypt, by day in a pillar of cloud, to show them the way, and during the night in a pillar of fire, to be their guide both day and night. Now, this pillar of cloud like the pillar of wax still unlighted, is the humanity of Christ, the cloud in which Divine wisdom has placed its throne: *thronus meus* in *columna nubis* (Eccl. xxiv.). But this candle will soon be lighted by contact with the new fire, as the humanity of Jesus Christ will recover life by the approach of the fire of the Divinity. Then, indeed, is this a night of exultation for the Church when she sees coming to her, triumphant over death, the Divine Spouse whom she bewailed but recently, buried in the darkness of the tomb. So with what complacency does not the deacon celebrate this thousand-fold happy night. He hails it as the dawn of the glorious mystery of the Resurrection:

"This is the night in which Thou formerly broughtest forth our forefathers, the children of Israel, out of Egypt, leading them dry-foot through the Red Sea. This, then, is the night which dissipated the

darkness of sin by the light of the pillar. This is the night which now delivers all over the world those that believe in Christ from the vices of the world and the darkness of sin, restores them to grace, and clothes them with sanctity." This is the night in which Christ broke the chains of death, and ascended conqueror from hell. Naught would it have profited us to be born, if we were not redeemed.

"O how admirable is Thy goodness towards us! O how inestimable is Thy excess of love! To redeem the slave, Thou hast given up the Son. O truly necessary sin of Adam, which the death of Christ has blotted out! O happy fault that merited such and so great a Redeemer!

"O truly blessed night! which alone deserved to know the time and hour when Christ rose again from hell. This is the night of which it is written: And the night shall be as light as day; and the night shineth upon me in my pleasures. Therefore the sanctification of this night blots out crimes, washes away sins, and restores innocence to the fallen, and joy to the sorrowful. It banishes enmities, produces concord, and humbles empires."

The deacon then fixes in the candle, in the form of a cross, the five grains of incense which were previously blessed at the same time as the new fire, a visible image of the five wounds made in the flesh of the Crucified. Liturgists also show us in this incense the perfumes and spices which Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James, and Salome bought to embalm Jesus (St. Mark xvi. 1).

"Receive, O holy Father, receive on this night the evening sacrifice which Thy holy Church, by the hands of her ministers, presents to Thee, in this solemn oblation of this wax candle, made out of the labor of bees."

The Passion was truly the evening sacrifice, according to David's prophetic word, *Elevatio manuum mearum sacrificium vespertinum* (Ps. cxl. 3), because it was in the evening of the world, as at the decline of the day, that the Divine Victim expired, uttering a loud cry to heaven, after having declared that all was consummated!

It was in the evening, too, *ad auram post meridiem* (Gen. iii. 8), at the hour when a gentle wind arises, when through the earthly paradise resounded the voice of the Lord: "Adam, where art thou?" At the very hour when He found Adam guilty of disobedience, four thousand years afterwards the Father called His Son to Him and found the new Adam obedient, and obedient even to the death of the cross.

"*Sed jam nunc columnæ hujus præconia novimus*," the deacon continues to sing. "And now we know the excellence of this pillar, which the sparkling fire lights for the honor of God."

The sacred minister then lights the Paschal Candle. He lights it with the fire which was recently struck from the stone, that is, from Christ, the Corner-Stone who, beaten by the rods of the scourging, produced in us the divine spark of love pre-eminent of the Holy Ghost. This is the fire which the Son came to bring upon the earth with the desire to see it enkindle the world. Lighted and fed by the wood of the cross, its divine flame is fanned by the breath of the Holy Ghost.

This new fire is also the new doctrine of the Saviour, the *mandatum novum* of which St. John speaks.

The candle thus lighted is thenceforth the figure of the risen Saviour, as we have said. The humanity of Christ lay, too, extinguished in the shades of death; but, behold, beneath the burning breath of the divinity, it has suddenly recovered life, and Jesus emerges from the night of the tomb all resplendent with light.

The image of the Son is now revealed to us more completely in the symbolism of the candle. According to the interpretations of the liturgists, the three elements of the candle are not without meaning. The wax formed from the juice of the flowers by the bees, which antiquity always regarded as the type of virginity, signifies the virginal flesh of the Incarnate Word. Mary, without ceasing to be a virgin, Mary, the industrious bee, says the Abbot Rupert, has brought us forth a God in the flesh, like honey in wax: *Maria nobis puerum in carne quasi mel in cera protulit.** St. Anselm teaches us to behold in the wick, which is in the inside of the candle, the soul of Jesus Christ, and His Divinity in the light which burns in the upper portion.

If the candle is the image of the Word made flesh, it was with reason that on it was inscribed the current year counting from the Incarnation. This inscription, of which the ancient liturgists tell, indicates that Christ is like the ancient year, the great year, the year full of days, of which the twelve apostles are the months; the elect, the days; and the neophytes, the hours. We see in the Abbot Rupert that this inscription was engraved in the wax itself in the form of a cross, and Durand of Mende speaks of a tablet which was fastened against the candle as Pilate's inscription was placed on the cross: *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum.*

The Paschal Candle will serve to light the neophytes to the holy waters of baptism, as the pillar of fire guided the Hebrews on their going-forth from Egypt through the waters of the Red Sea to the Promised Land; a twofold light, which is for us the emblem of "that light which enlighteneth every man coming into this world," of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life, and who, after having delivered them from the bondage of Satan, after having led them through the waters of baptism, guides His people to the land of the living, the true Promised Land.

An ancient author remarks that it was not at the first or at the second stopping-place of the Hebrews, but at the third, that the pillar went before them, and he applies this triple encampment of Ramatha, Segor, and Ethan to the three days of the Passion, the sepulture, and the resurrection. Ramatha (*commotio tineæ*) well represents the day of the Passion, when the Jews, after having torn the flesh of Jesus, like the moth, attack His garments, His seamless tunic, endeavoring to rend the unity of the Church. But death was the road by which He passed from Ramatha to Segor (*tabernaculum*), that is, into the tent of the tomb. The tent is for the soldier: like an indomitable warrior, Christ in the tomb despoils His vanquished foe. Finally, the day of the resurrection was the day of arrival in Ethan (*firmum vel signa ejus*),

* *Ruperti abbatis, Duitiensis, de divinis officiis.* (L. C. VI., c. 29.)

because, thenceforth, death has no sting for Him, *mors ultra non dominabitur illi*, and also because it was as a sign for the Apostles when He appeared to them radiant after the night of the tomb, illumining them like the pillar of fire.

But let us return to the deacon's prayers. He thus continues the chant which he had broken off to light the candle: —

"This fire, though now divided, suffers no loss from the communication of its light, because it is fed by the melted wax, produced by the bee, to make this precious taper."

Then the lamps hanging in the church are lighted. This lighting takes place only some time after that of the Paschal Candle, because the knowledge of the resurrection was diffused only successively. Finally, the deacon concludes the blessing in these words:

"O truly blessed light! which plundered the Egyptians and enriched the Hebrews. A night in which heaven is united to earth, and the Divine to the human! We beseech Thee, therefore, O Lord, let this candle, consecrated to the honor of Thy name, continue burning to dissipate the darkness of this night, and, being accepted as a sweet odor, be united with the celestial lights. Let the morning-star find it burning. That Morning-star, I mean, which never sets; which, being returned from hell, shone with brightness on mankind."

By the mouth of the deacon, therefore, the Church praises in the Paschal Candle the Christ-light. Borne before the catechumens, this candle denotes that it is by Christ Jesus their darkness is dispelled. So, too, it is from the divine torch of His doctrine that we all must get light. We are invited to it by that other ceremony in use in certain churches, according to the testimony of many ancient liturgists. Durand of Mende and the Abbot Rupert tell us that a second candle was lighted from the Paschal Candle, and from it all the others were lighted. Christ is the light above all others; but He projects His rays upon the Apostles to reflect from them upon the whole Church. St. Augustine tells us of that twofold lighting of the Church by Christ and the Apostles when he explains to Januarius why the faithful should receive communion fasting, although the Apostles received after the Last Supper or evening meal: *Namque Salvator, quo vehementius commendarit mysterii illius altitudinem, ultimum hoc infigeri voluit cordibus et memoriæ discipulorum a quibus ad passionem digressurus erat; et ideo non præcipit quo deinceps ordine sumeretur, ut apostoli per quos ecclesias dispositurus erat servarent hunc locum.* The Saviour, the more to fill the minds and hearts of His disciples with the greatness of this sacrament, would have it the last act which he was to perform with them before separating from them for His Passion. He Himself did not arrange the order thenceforth to be followed in the reception of that sacrament. Why? *In order to leave that question to the Apostles.* Hence he calls them the light of the world, as He calls Himself: *Ego sum lux mundi. Vos estis lux mundi.*

Finally to the right and the left of these two candles were sometimes placed two others lighted from the Paschal Candle. Let us here admire the saints of the Old and the New Testament. They all, in fact, received the divine irradiations of the Sun of Justice, the former

through the doctrine of the Prophets, the latter through that of the Apostles.

Such is the significance of the blessing of the Paschal Candle, in which the Church delights to display all the pomp of her inspired language! What a lesson in this ceremony! a lesson at which some, perhaps, will be greatly astonished, because they do not know that the ceremonies of the liturgy are a continual preaching.

Jam columnæ hujus præconia novimus, yes, we now know what that pillar of wax, itself the image of the pillar of old, denotes: it is Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ everywhere. He is the true pillar, a pillar of cloud when, through the Holy Ghost, He protects us with His shadow against the devouring fire of the passions, and, at the same time, a pillar of fire, because His doctrine is the light which enlightens us through the darkness of the light of this world.

Now, for the true Catholic, Jesus Christ lives in the Roman Pontiff. Our Holy Father the Pope is the depositary of the light of truth. Never must we lose sight of that bright beacon; but above all in the hour of storm, when only fitful gleams are seen, it is for every Catholic a strict duty to turn towards Him, under penalty of sinking in the darkness without being able to find the haven.

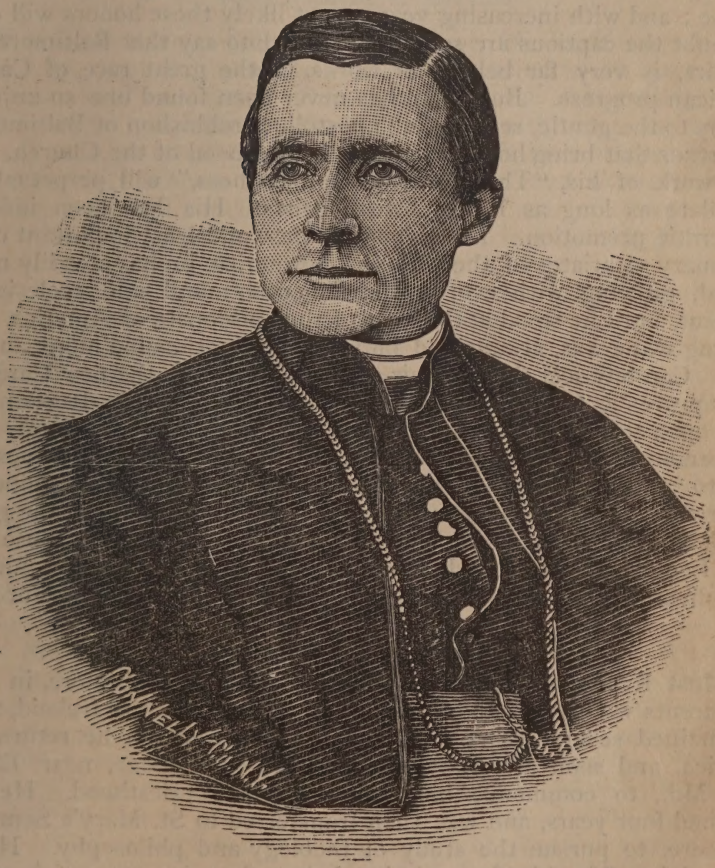
This lesson, especially in this Paschal time, may be applied to all, although in degrees proportioned to the condition of each. And who has not more or less need of approaching God? Woe to him who will not have the beneficent shadows and the salutary lights of the Christ! he will perish in his infirmity. Thinking that he can see far from the light, he will remain in darkness, while by drawing nigh to Him the blind will recover sight. *Cur non ergo et nobis Christus columna?* let us say with St. Augustine, *Quia et rectus et firmus, et fulciens infirmitatem nostram per noctem lucens, et per diem non lucens, et ut qui non vident videant, et qui vident cæci fiant!* (S. Aug., in libro contra Faustum, xii.)

[This will be followed by the translation of an article on the Agnus Dei, made from the wax of the Paschal Candle.]

Mgr. Ridel, the holy missionary bishop of Corea, lately gone to receive the reward of long privation and cruel sufferings endured for the faith, was indebted to his pious mother for his vocation as a missionary. One day, whilst he was yet a mere child playing at her knee, he saw on the table a beautiful blue book, — a volume of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith."— "Mamma," said the child, "are there any stories in that book?"— "Yes, my child: it is full of stories about missionaries."— "What are missionaries, mamma?"— "Missionaries are priests who go to far-off countries, amongst savage races, to teach them how to save their souls."— "Then I am going to be a missionary, too, and tell them how to get to heaven with us."

Our New Cardinal.

THE *Catholic Review:* — The Archbishop of New York, on Wednesday morning, February 10th, received a cablegram from Rome, announcing that most Rev. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, would be created Cardinal at the next Consistory. The *biglietto*, or



CARDINAL GIBBONS.

official letter, from the Cardinal Secretary of State announcing the creation of his Eminence, was mailed to him on February 8th. This cablegram, although not official, is authentic. It is not unexpected. It certainly is no surprise to those who were privileged to hear the graceful address in which the senior of the American hierarchy, the venerable Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, thanked Archbishop Gibbons for the courtesy, patience and industry with which, as Apostolic-Dele-

gate, he conducted and brought to a close the affairs of the Plenary Council at Baltimore. In chosen and significant words, such as one in Archbishop Kenrick's position might use in anticipating an expected act of the Supreme Pontiff, he predicted the future and increased honors of the Apostolic-Delegate, and in such a way as to indicate that they would be most grateful to his brothers and associates. Nor are they less a matter of pride and congratulation to the entire body of the faithful. No doubt we are all anxious to see many of the other great cities of America honored, as are smaller and less vigorous dioceses in Europe; and with increasing years, most likely these honors will come. No doubt the captious are sometimes found to say that Baltimore, first in years, is very far behind in works, in the great race of Catholic American progress. But there has never been found one so unjust as to deny to the gentle, zealous and apostolic Archbishop of Baltimore all the virtues that bring honor to the chief priesthood of the Church. One little work of his, "The Faith of Our Fathers," will perpetuate his apostolate as long as Protestantism exists. His has been indeed a democratic promotion. From the humblest and least important of the missionary vicariates of the Church in America, he has steadily moved onward, growing with every step in mental, moral and ecclesiastical grandeur, until he stood at the head of the episcopate of America. His stepping-stone was, always and only, his unquestionable merit and services. Can any sect show as fair a field for merit as the new Cardinal's career proves is to be found in the Church of Christ? It opens and keeps open to intellect and virtue the path to its highest honors. The transcendent honor of the Roman Cardinalate, which thus comes once more to an American Archbishop, will be prized by his Eminence's countrymen of all religious faiths, as giving them a share in the glories of a Council that has never been more illustrious than in those days, when Leo XIII. has opened its doors to the first and leading minds of the Universal Church, without consideration of distance, race or continent.

His Birth, Education, etc.

Most Reverend James Gibbons was born in Baltimore, in 1836. His parents were Irish, and, when a boy, he was taken to Ireland, where he remained several years. At the age of seventeen he returned to America, and soon after entered St. Charles' College, near Ellicott City, Md., to commence his studies for the priesthood. Here he remained four years, and was then transferred to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, to pursue the study of theology and philosophy. He was ordained in 1860, his first mission being the obscure parish of St. Bridget's, Baltimore. Archbishop Spalding soon discovered his merits, and he transferred him to the Cathedral and made him his secretary. His rise was rapid and brilliant. In 1868 he was made Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, with the rank of bishop, and in a few years he was elected to the See of Richmond. When Archbishop Bayley died, in 1875, Right Rev. Dr. Gibbons was appointed his successor in the See of Baltimore. Thus, at the early age of forty he had attained the highest ecclesiastical position in the United States, for Baltimore is the oldest, and, therefore, the primary American See. To it belongs the highest

dignity in the American Catholic Church. The archbishops of Baltimore have always been men of distinguished ability. The immediate predecessor of Archbishop Gibbons was James Roosevelt Bayley, a member of a prominent New York family. He was the nephew of Mother Seton, the founder of the Order of Sisters of Charity in the United States. His predecessor was the learned Spalding, whose elegant voice was conspicuous in the great Council of the Vatican.

Some Incidents of His Life.

While Archbishop Gibbons presided over the small country parish of Elkridge, near Baltimore, an incident occurred which gave him a large measure of local fame. Small-pox broke out in the village, and a general exodus immediately followed. An old negro man at the point of death was deserted by his family, who left him neither food nor medicines. Fr. Gibbons heard of the case, hastened to the bedside of the dying man and remained with him to the last. Nor was this all. No one could be procured to carry the corpse to the grave. Fr. Gibbons, seeing no other alternative, determined to act as undertaker as well as minister; so, having obtained a coffin, he placed the body therein, dragged it as well as he could to the grave, performed the funeral rites and buried it. His career as vicar of North Carolina was filled with occurrences equally as noteworthy, but of a humorous rather than pathetic nature. He still talks with zest of his all-day rides on horseback through the North Carolina pines; of nights spent in the flea-covered log cabins of the negroes, whose best accommodations consisted of a corn-husk bed, meals spread out on the floor and gourds for drinking cups; of savory dinners of fat bacon and hoe cakes, and of other accompaniments of missionary life among the negroes of that region.

There is one incident in the primate's life which he seldom touches on, but which caused immense amusement at the time it occurred. While Bishop of Richmond, he was the defendant in a suit relating to some church property. When he was called to the witness stand, the plaintiff's lawyer, a distinguished legal luminary, who still shines in Richmond, after vain endeavors to involve the witness in contradictions, struck on a plan which he thought would annoy the bishop. He thereupon questioned Mr. Gibbons' right to the title of bishop of Richmond, and called on him to prove his claim to the office. The defendant's lawyer, of course, objected to this as irrelevant; but the bishop, with a quiet smile, said he would comply with the request if allowed a half-hour to produce the necessary papers. This was allowed. The bishop left the court room and returned in twenty minutes with a document which he proceeded to read with great solemnity, all the more solemn as the paper was all in Latin. The plaintiff's lawyer pretended to take notes industriously, bowing his head once in a while as if in acquiescence, and seeming perfectly convinced at the end. When the reading was finished, he announced that the Papal Bulls just read were entirely satisfactory, at the same time apologizing for his expressed doubts. The next day it leaked out that the bishop, unable to find the Papal

Bulls at his residence, had brought to court and read a Latin essay on Pope Leo the Great, written by one of the ecclesiastical students, and forwarded by the president of the college as a specimen of the young man's skill in Latin composition. That smart lawyer has not heard the last of it yet.

As an Author and Orator.

Archbishop Gibbons is the author of one volume, "The Faith of Our Fathers," which has met with a larger sale than any Catholic book published in America. More than one hundred thousand copies have been sold since its publication in 1877. The work is made up chiefly of simple sermons on the doctrines of Catholicity, delivered while on the mission in North Carolina.

As a pulpit orator, the primate has many superiors in the hierarchy. He has neither an impressive presence nor a good voice. He seldom attempts elaborate discourses. He is at his best in simple appeals to the heart, and to this fact is due his missionary success. Some of his fellow-bishops may have greater power to convince the intellect, but none can touch the feelings more deeply.

The Irish as Conspirators.

In a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, a magazine published in London, is an article by Mr. Arnold Forster, in which the following statement was used:

"Irishmen were at the bottom of the Mollie Maguire conspiracy in Pennsylvania; Irishmen plotted against the officials and the Chinese in San Francisco; the Tammany ring was largely supported by Irish citizens, and even the Boston police were tampered with by Irish politicians of that city." To controvert this view, and particularly the reflection upon the Boston police, the *Republic* newspaper of Boston sent a circular letter to a number of prominent men, requesting such denials as they might see fit to furnish. Governor Robinson writes: "I have already taken occasion to contradict emphatically an assertion said to have been recently made in England that the act to establish a board of police for the city of Boston, passed by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1885, was necessitated by the threatening and disorderly character and conduct of the Irish people in Boston. In all the conferences, arguments and declarations about that act, before its introduction, or while it was under consideration in the legislature, no intimation of that kind ever reached me, and I do not believe it to be true. Nor is there, in my opinion, any more foundation for the statement to which you call my attention. Sharp political controversies arise; but happily no question of race or nationality aggravates the differences among our people upon public matters.

Charles A. Dana, editor of *New York Sun*, says: "I cannot now

recall the name of a single citizen of Irish birth who was known as a supporter of the Tammany ring; and it is notorious that the head of it, the late William M. Tweed, was a full-blooded American. At the same time, one of the most conspicuous of its adversaries, the late Charles O'Conor, though born in this country, was thoroughly Irish in heart and sympathy. Another distinguished enemy of Mr. Tweed's ring was his successor as the leader of Tammany Hall, the present Mr. John Kelly, a man of Irish descent, and a more determined foe of every kind of corruption and of public dishonesty has never lived."

Gen. Butler thus replies: "I can certainly give you the most thorough denial of the slanders upon the Irishmen by the article of the *Nineteenth Century*. I have known the Irish-Americans intimately ever since my boyhood, and they are as good, loyal people as any in the world, and as soldiers among the very best."

Congressman Curtin, of Pennsylvania, speaks relative to the Mollie Maguire conspiracy as follows: "I can speak relative to the Mollie Maguire conspiracy in Pennsylvania. Some of the men engaged in it were Irishmen; some were not. The race to which the criminals belonged had nothing to do with the crime or its punishment; nor should the fact of the existence of the Mollie Maguire conspiracy, which was a crime perpetrated by citizens of Pennsylvania against the good order of that Commonwealth and punished by its officers, have any effect on the aspirations of the Irish people, who were innocent of participation in it, and who had no sympathy with it."

Ex-Mayor Palmer, of Boston, thus defends our police force: "Mr. Forster accuses the Boston police of being corrupted by Irish politicians. It is sufficient to say of this that no Bostonian charges it, or believes it. Boston is proud of her police force, and boasts of it too strongly and too frequently, our neighbors think, for good taste. But whatever may be thought of our egotism in this respect, it is well known and understood by our sister cities that Boston claims to have the best police force in the world. The Irish-American in Boston is a loyal citizen, proud of the city, proud of the State, and proud of the whole country; and his heart's desire and prayer to God is, that his motherland may become as free and prosperous and happy as these United States. The trouble with Mr. Forster, as he shows himself in the *Nineteenth Century*, is that Parnell is on top, and Forster is afraid he will stay there. Gladstone wants to give Ireland land reform and home government. Herein he believes is true statesmanship. In this way he knows that every interest of the empire, even its integrity, would be best subserved. But the Queen and the Tories oppose him and may defeat him. Let us hope that the hypocritical lament of Arnold Forster in the *Nineteenth Century* is the last wail of a lost cause. Or will he tell us next that ten thousand howling Englishmen in Trafalgar Square is another Irish conspiracy?"

Congressman Lovering writes: "The wholesale charges against Irishmen in America will fall flat here as an exaggeration, and a distortion of facts, in a vain attempt to charge against the Irish race the misdoings of individuals, who may have chanced to have been Irishmen, and the effort is entitled to all the contempt it deserves."

Police Commissioner Osborne says: "Knowing very little about the force before I became a member of the board of police, I can only speak of the time during service, and will say most emphatically that no interference, or tampering, with our force by politicians of *any* nationality has come to my knowledge. And from what I have seen and know I firmly believe that our force is equal to, if not superior to, the police force in any city in the United States." To which Chairman Whiting of the board adds: "I am happy to say that I have no knowledge whatever of any tampering with the Boston police, as stated in said clipping or otherwise."

New York Irish-American: In eliciting such valuable expressions of opinion, *The Republic* has done a very good work; though, at this period of their connection with the United States, our people, as a component element of the population, do not need to produce certificates of character before any tribunal to which an honest appeal may be made. They have wrought out an excellent and enduring character for themselves by their purity of life in private, and their labors and sacrifices in every field of public duty, and stamped it so indelibly on the history of the Republic, that no hostile or malign influence can ever erase its strong and well-defined impression. To connect this work, however, with the refutation of such a paltry scribbler as this Arnold Forster, appears to us a waste of labor, — like crushing a *ciaróg* with a battering-ram. The Englishman was only following his low, natural instincts when he ambitiously engaged in the task to which so many of his countrymen before him, like Froude, have devoted themselves, since the time of that arch-falsifier of history, "Giraldus Cambrensis," and, as his original stock of knowledge of our people (especially here in the United States), must have been practically *nil*, he was compelled to draw on the store of old, worn-out libels against us, that have so often been refuted both by historical facts and direct evidence; but which are as persistently revamped and repeated by every scribbler who desires to vent his spleen, and exhibit his ignorance with regard to a race, that all fair-minded students of humanity admit has held its own with any other on earth, through centuries of adverse circumstances. The fellow is even worse than a libeller, for he began his attacks on the Irish people as an anonymous letter-writer in the columns of the English Whig and Tory organs, professing to give statements with regard to events in America that were within his own knowledge. The trained professional acumen of the leaders of the Irish Party quickly fixed the identity of the hidden assailant; and about the same time that "Buckshot" Forster himself was cowering before the assembled Commons of England, under the scorching invective of Parnell, this same Arnold Forster — his putative son and secretary — was being dragged into the light of public criticism, and exposed in his true character as a base defamer of men whose shoes he is not worthy to touch. In revenge for this double punishment he has since collected the slanders he first peddled at retail, and in this *Nineteenth Century* brochure has flung them, *in globo*, at his chastisers. But he is not worthy of notice; his plane of thought and idea is too low for even contempt to reach him; and argument with him would be wasted. *Le*

jeu n' en vaut pas la chandelle — "The game is not worth the candle."

Boston Daily Globe: — It was in some respects a fortunate thing that Mr. Arnold Forster uttered his recent malicious slander upon the Irish race. It has given opportunity for banishing, by the production of undeniable facts refuting some of Mr. Forster's specific statements, the vague innuendoes ever and anon set afloat by those who imagine that all who oppose British oppression must be wrong, because "it's English, you know."

Rev. Father Cronan, editor of the *Buffalo Catholic Union*, among others, vigorously replies to Mr. Forster, and in a vein somewhat different from any we have yet noticed in connection with the discussion. Says Father Cronan in the *Union:*

"Mr. Arnold Forster told more truth than he suspected, and paid a compliment he never intended, when he wrote in the *Century* that Irishmen were "born conspirators." Divesting the expression of the stupid sting and insult intended by its misuse, it simply means that Irishmen are born *inspired* with a love of justice, and that this inspiration, being brutally thwarted by seven centuries of English misrule, becomes a *conspiration* (that is the true word, Mr. Forster) of all Irishmen to effect the ends of freedom and self-preservation. Show us a born bondsman and we will show you 'a born conspirator,' or, a born fool, if he be not a conspirator, in the sense we have explained. Let the nations who rule by might instead of right learn at last that they are the creators and perpetuators of conspiracy. If there is shame in the sound, it is their shame. If ruin and riot in the result, it is their handiwork. The day has gone by, long ago, when suffering peoples are to be awed into silence and submission to injustice by the silly outcries of salaried soothsayers. There is no reason on earth, or in heaven, why people should submit to be slaves. If they cannot boldly burst the bonds that encircle them, they will triturate them to dust by friction against the granite hearts of their masters."

Americans who revere the memory of Jefferson and Adams and Patrick Henry and their fellow "conspirators" will agree with Father Cronan, that "conspiracy" by Irishmen for the freedom of their native land is a noble thing. Mr. Forster belongs to the class which considered Sam Adams the arch-conspirator of his day. Every attempt to bribe him or to frighten him was met with disdain. Because he could not be bought, England applied to him the meanest of epithets. So, to-day, England slanders the Irish leaders and the Irish race because they cannot be coaxed or driven into desertion of their country's cause.

But England found that misrepresenting the character of the Americans was a costly proceeding. She made them the more determined and at the same time deceived herself. A like effect will be caused by this latest attack upon the Irish race.

A Pompous fellow was dining with a country family, when the lady of the house desired the servant to take away the dish containing the fowl, which word she pronounced fool, as is not uncommon in Scotland. "I presume, madam, you mean the fowl," said the prig, in a reproving tone. "Very well," said the lady, a little nettled, "be it so. Take away the fowl, and let the fool remain."

Orders of Knighthood.

We owe to the *Westfalische Merkur* some interesting remarks on the Order of Christ recently conferred by Leo XIII. on Prince Bismarck. Although there is no strictly fixed precedence among European Orders of Knighthood, yet by common consent there is a kind of relative rank among these numerous honorary distinctions. Thus the first place is generally conceded to the Golden Fleece, nowadays conferred by both the Emperor of Austria and the King of Spain, and the above-mentioned Papal Order of Christ. Next may be said to rank the Garter of England; the Black Eagle of Prussia; the Order of Maria Theresa, Austria; and that of St. Hubert, Bavaria. As, however, the Order of Christ is given almost exclusively to sovereigns, and only in most exceptional cases to distinguished subjects, the conferring of the same on the Iron Chancellor is a most unusual honor.

The history of the Order is a curious one. Its origin is to be sought in one of the Mediæval Militant Orders of Knights, founded in 1317 by Denis, King of Portugal, upon the ruins of the Great Order of the Templars — suppressed in 1312 — in order to defend the empires of the Algarves against the Moors. The Order, under the title of "Knights of Jesus Christ," was confirmed by Pope John XXII. by a Bull of March 14th, 1319, which prescribed for them the rule of St. Benedict and the statutes of the Cistercian Order, besides granting very extensive privileges. The Abbot of Alcobaza was commissioned, in the Pope's name, to receive the oath of the Grand Master. The Pope reserved to himself also the right of admitting candidates to the Order, and extending its privileges and insignia to others. The Knights had to take the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, till, in 1500, Pope Alexander VI. released them from this obligation, for the old crusading zeal had died out, and the Knights lived in the world like ordinary seculars. Meanwhile, repeated victories over the Moors had rendered the Order very rich. It possessed 450 commendatories, with a yearly income of over 1,500,000 livres. In 1550 Pope Julius III. attached the dignity of Grand Master forever to the Portuguese Crown. In 1797, after several attempts at reformation, the Portuguese Order was altogether secularized, and became a simple civil Order of Knighthood reserved to nobles; in 1834 the greater part of the income of the Knights was confiscated. The privilege reserved to the Holy See by John XXII., creating Knights of the Order, was fully exercised by that Pope and his successors, for he himself established a sister Order — *Ordine di Cristo* — in Italy, with like privileges and customs; a broad white woollen mantle, and on the breast a red cross with a small silver cross upon it. Pope Paul V. in 1605 gave the Papal Knights the rule of St. Augustine; but in course of time the Order in Italy followed the course of the Portuguese branch, and became the honorary distinction like all modern "Orders." The Knights now wear a golden cross with red enamel, of which the ends run out into two points.

The Holy See nowadays disposes of five honorary Orders of Knighthood: that of Christ, referred to above, and consisting of only one class, "Cavalieri;" that of St. Gregory the Great, founded by Gregory XVI., in 1831, and containing three classes: those of Grand Cross, Commander and Knight; the Golden Spur, created by Pius IV. in 1559, also known as the Order of St. Sylvester, and in two grades: Commanders and Knights, styled *auratæ militiæ equites;* the Order of Pius, established by the late Pontiff, with two classes; and, lastly, the Holy Sepulchre, conferred by the Patriarch of Jerusalem by delegation of the Pope, but also sometimes by the Holy Father himself.

Low-Necked Dresses.

[The venerable editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal* has the following article on "Vicious Customs and Costumes," which we recommend to some ladies who appear partially dressed at some of our balls, "sociables," etc. The remarks are as applicable to fashionable society in Boston, and elsewhere, as they are in New York and other cities.]

The hours for social pleasures were never so late as at present. People do not think of showing themselves at any "evening" entertainment until midnight. The strain of this kind of thing on young people who have necessary duties to perform the next day, tends to lower vitality and shorten life. In London — from which city nearly all the fashions unsuitable to our climate and life come — there is a large "leisure class" who can sleep into the afternoon without shirking any urgent demands. Here, where even the richest men have to work, these late hours are preposterous. But they are English — and, rather than not be English, the young man of to-day prefers listless days and a frequent resort to brandy and soda — English, too! — and other stimulants, to keep him up to his work.

Another fashion, which has become so rampant as to need a general and continued objection to it, is that of wearing low-necked gowns. A little more firmness in defying the demands of fashion would, perhaps, save some woman's life. But it is very hard for a woman to be firm on a question of fashion. Queen Victoria insists on low-necked gowns; therefore all the American world of fashion insists that the Queen's mandate shall be followed. At a dinner or dance, the sight is sometimes appalling; for what can be more shocking than the apparent attempt of decent women, old and young, lean and fat, to show their shoulder blades? Like *Katisha*, in the "Mikado," they seem to think that the possession of a "beautiful left shoulder blade" will atone for all other defects. The boxes at the opera, and all the places where fashionable people sit, offer a startling picture of how immodest modest women can be when fashion demands it. A writer in a recent New York *Evening Telegram* says:

"When one goes to the opera and sweeps the tiers of boxes with an opera-glass for a moment, the question comes: Is it proper to look? Upon careful examination

and scientific computation, it is pretty certain that of the ladies at the opera in any five boxes adjoining one another, not less than one out of every three is three-quarters naked above the waist—that is, of the square inches of surface, from the waist up, three-quarters are exposed to the view and to the air. While this is true of opera-goers, of those who go to balls it is far worse. The percentage of semi-nude figures increases until fully ninety-five per cent. is reached."

This picture is not exaggerated. The other night, at the opera of "Lohengrin," given by the American Opera Company, the dresses on the stage are described as modesty itself, compared with those in the audience. The "lady" who appears half undressed at a fashionable assembly, goes to church the next morning demurely and modestly, to think gently during the sermon of the vices of her neighbors, without once reproaching herself for an immodesty which is worse than Pagan, and which, when attempted by other than respectable women, is regarded as a shameless incentive to evil thoughts and evil deeds.

Probably, if there were any women in New York of sufficient firmness and social influence to stop this ape-like imitation of usages which, aside from their grave evils, are out of keeping with the habits of life made necessary in a climate which is not at all English, the custom might be relinquished. But there is none such; and the only pause that can be given to a whirl of fashion which perilously touches hell will be number of other deaths from late hours, mental and physical lassitude, and consequent heart and lung afflictions.

What is good in English usages may be imitated with advantage. But Americans will never be thoroughly independent of England until they arrange their habits to suit a climate whose caprices are so sudden and unexpected as to deal death to the unwary.

It is regrettable that the craze for low-necked dresses should be allowed to sweep away women who are bound by their "social duties" to appear in a costume which must have been invented by one of those females whose name is unmentionable here—from whom the women who imitate them turn in horror.

Columbus and Ireland.

ONE of the speakers at the dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in this city referred to the Irish missionaries in Iceland and to the member of the crew of the Pinta*—ship in which Columbus sailed from Palos—who was born in Ireland. This is astounding information.

Thirty-three years ago the learned Digby wrote in his "Road of Travelers," Compitum., Book I, page 380, as follows: "When the

* The flagship, if I may use such an expression, of the little fleet, was the Santa Maria. Of course, it was on board of this that the illustrious navigator took his departure in person. The Pinta, on board of which was William Eyre, "the man from Galway," accompanied her, vide *Catholic Telegraph*, August 14, 1879. R. F. F.

NEW YORK, March 22, 1884.

Northmen first landed in Iceland they found there Irish books, Mass-bells and other objects which had been left behind by earlier visitors, called Papas. These Papæ, fathers, were the Clerici of Dicuil, the Irish Monk, who wrote in the year 823, a treatise, 'De Mensura Orbis Teriæ.'"

The late Dr. O'Callaghan of New York, called attention to the native of Ireland, being among the crew of the Pinta, about fifteen years ago. The book referred to by him is entitled, "Collecion de los Viages y des Cumplimientos, Madrid, la imprenta real ano de 1825." (Collection of Voyages and Duties Discharged, Madrid, royal printing office, year of 1825.)

The crew list of the Pinta la tripulacion can be seen at Madrid, bearing the ancient Connaught patronymic of Eyre, as follows:—

"Guillermo Ires, natural de Galway, Irelanda," no "de" or "en" before the word Irelanda.

Eyre Court is not far from famed Ballinasloe, in the County Galway, and Eyre Square, visitors to the capital of the west of Ireland know, is the principal one in in the town of Galway.

The Eyre family is "as old as the hills of Connaught," and were as intimate with Spain as we are with Cuba to-day, before Columbus was born. Up to and after the death of Elizabeth of England all the Catholic gentry of the "ould stock" were educated in Spain and Portugal. Yours, etc.,

NEW YORK, March 19. R. F. FARRELL

Miss Mulholland's Poems: "Vagrant Verses."

ROSA MULHOLLAND is a name well known to the readers of Catholic fiction. She is one of the most graceful, pure and tender writers we have. Hundreds of thousands of Catholic young people owe her some of the most pleasant hours that brighten happy youth. Her sweet fancy has revelled in the sunshine of melodious poesy, as well as in the green fields of fresh and charming prose. Her new book, "Vagrant Verses," is a real bosom companion, a jewel of dear books. Its prevailing tone is soothing tenderness, touched, as is usual with Irish singers, with sadness — but this is not the despairing sadness so prevalent to-day among those beyond the fold of Peter. What has been said of her splendid sister of song, Kate Tynan, may be as truly said of Miss Mulholland,— she cannot be all *sad*. In her darkest hour you have always a streak of dawn in the east. Her poetry is more domestic and tranquil than that of the "Thrush of Glenna Smoil," whose magnificent strains in "Louise," "Joan," "Vivia Perpetua," and so many others, recall to our minds those words of the immortal lay:

"Binn sin, a toin Dhaire an Chairn!
Ni chualas, an árd 's an m-bith,

Ceol budh binne na dho guth,
Acas thu fa bun do nid."
"Sweet thy song, blackbird of th' oak grove of Charn!
Heard I never in all the vast wide world
Song than thine more sweet — voice of song supreme!
Sitting thy nest beneath, singing thy song divine."

It is a great blessing to Erin in these hard, wrangling times, when so much that is good and sweet threatens to disappear, to have two such noble singers raising their melodious voices to appease the angry passions of men. Nor should he be forgotten, who has been the maccenas of these gifted and noble daughters of holy church — Rev. Fr. Matthew Russell, S. J., himself a sweet and true poet. Nor can I close this short notice without the feeble tribute of a word to one so dear to these three, and so dear to us all, Rev. Joseph Farrell, now with God — whose sweet wisdom is fertile in many hearts.

J. KEEGAN.

Seeing the Old Year Out: A True Story.

SCENE, four young fellows were seated together in the dining-room drinking "the old year out" in a punch of Patrick Hallahan's best brew.

"Well, here's to the good old year of '82," said Patrick, raising his glass high above his head, "may the incoming year be as kind to us."

"Amen to that," said Phil, his brother.

"And so say all of us," chimed in Denis Walker and Arthur Floyd.

Up went the clouds of smoke in fanciful, weird wreathes to the white ceiling; up went the glasses with the "nectar of the gods!" to the healthy lips of these four friends, tried and true, again and again, until the huge, lanky-legged clock in the hall chaunted in deep monotone the hour of twelve.

The four rose as one man, and joined hands across the table.

"A happy new year," they said, in one and the same breath, and they ushered the poor, innocent yearling in to the tune of "For he's a jolly good fellow — for he's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us."

"Stop," said Patrick, "what's that?"

The dining-room was but a pace from the hall door, and Patrick had heard quite distinctly a thud, as of something heavy falling down.

In a second he was out into the darkness, and nearly stumbled over an inert mass of humanity. It was a man — or the remains of one.

"He looks bad, Phil," said Patrick, "run for Dr. Naughten while I put him on the sofa." Phil threw his warm Inverness cape about him and seized his hat and was off in a trice; meanwhile the three men, left with the unconscious fourth, laid their burden down upon the sofa, loosened his neckerchief and collar, but no sign of life was there.

"Drink," said Arthur, "that cursed drink." The other men shook their heads in silent acquiescence. It seemed an age before the doctor, who lived only a few doors off, came upon the scene, not in the best

of humors either, for he, too, had been making the night merry after the fashion of these four friends.

The doctor felt his pulse. "I'm no use here," said he. "The fellow's been dead this half-hour."

"Dead?" echoed the friends. "Dead?"

"Yes."

"But," said Patrick, "we heard the fall only a few minutes ago."

"Likely enough," said the doctor, "he had got as far as your door, propped himself up against the corner, and then went completely off into his last long sleep."

"Impossible!" they all exclaimed. "A man to die standing up!"

"Possible," retorted the doctor, "and in this case, as you say you heard the fall, most certain. Good evening, gentlemen, there is nothing more for me to do," and the doctor hurried away.

So this poor wretch of a fellow-man had been "seeing the old year out," but the old year was made of tougher stuff than he, and had seen him out.

They went for the police, who came with the stretcher (ah! what tales that rough canvas bed could tell, if it had the gift of tongue!), the body was taken away, and the four friends sat around the table again, but they raised the glass no more to their lips, though the punch-bowl was steaming still — their eyes turned fearfully to the sofa where death so lately lay in state, and for a few minutes a dreadful silence reigned.

"Oh! that awful drink, what harm it is working. I'll not taste another drop these six months." This from Patrick Hallahan.

"Nor I," said Phil.

"Nor I," said Denis.

"Nor I," said Arthur.

"Agreed," they all said, "and let us see if we cannot keep our word."

"And now let's break up, for I'm feeling sick at heart," were Patrick's words, and they separated.

* * * * * * * * * * *

They met six months after at the same place, and they had kept their word, though they never spoke of it to each other. They had been out to dinner parties, to "at homes," to balls and routs, for they were well-to-do, wealthy men of business, but they succumbed never once. They simply said, "No, thank you," when the wine was passed on, the grog went round. They still entertained, as was their wont, and gave their guests the best of their wine cellar, but they abstained themselves. One of them employed more than one hundred workmen. These men noticed a change in their master; he was more gentle with them in a way, quite as severe in the matter of time-keeping and of hard work, but he took an interest in their welfare, asked after their homes. One of them who brought him his luncheon from an eating-house near at hand, remarked that "the master never used the corkscrew now," and that "the bottom of his master's tumbler was never stained." The ninety-nine other men knew this ninety-nine seconds after. "If

the governor, who works harder than any of us, can do without his liquor, dang it all, I can." Jack Furniss gave this forth to two pals, and these three entered quietly into a compact, upon fine of 1d., to take no beer for a week; they took no beer for four weeks, for six months. Men are after all like sheep who follow their superior, the shepherd's dog; the dog leads this way or that way, and the flock follows. The dog (Jack Furniss was foreman to his master, a kind of shepherd's dog to the rest) led the way to pure spring water, and the whole flock — save the traditional black sheep — followed, not all at once, but little by little.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Now let us back to the shepherd and his three friends, who are met together six months after that awful death. The cloth is laid for four; sherry and claret shine upon the table, the champagne is underneath the sideboard in an iced pail — lemon, sugar, the silver ladle in the family punch-bowl.

They sat down, and after the soup, when the fish was put on the table, Patrick Hallahan passed the sherry to Arthur, Arthur passed it to Phil, and Phil handed it to Denis. Curiously, yet true enough, the decanter came back in the same state as it started.

Then these four plain men of business rose like one man, and joined hands across the table. Not a word was spoken, but that grip of the hand spoke all they had to say to one another.

It is said they were satisfied with themselves and with one another, so satisfied that they had no wish to go from their word, even though the time of keeping it had gone by.

Afterwards they acknowledged one to the other over their cigars — for if they drank nothing strong they smoked very strong, and, be it said, very good tobacco — they acknowledged that their life had been brighter, lighter than before, their mental vision clearer, their home happier; and many a fellow-creature round about them could have added that *their* lives had been made brighter and lighter, and their mental vision clearer, and their homes happier, by the example and kindness of these four friends.

THERE is an anedote told of a certain priest who once happened to be riding a spirited young horse along a road in Ireland. His reverence whilst thus engaged was met by two gentlemen who had lately been raised to the magistracy of the county, and being in a good humor, they thought they would amuse themselves by quizzing him. "How comes it, good Father," said one of them, "that you are mounted on such a fine horse? Your predecessors, the Apostles, I understand, always performed their journeys on asses." — "That's easily explained," answered his reverence; "the fact is, that the Government has of late been making magistrates of the asses, and therefore I should not consider it respectful to travel about on the back of one of the fraternity."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE FLOWERS' ELECTION.

AN election is now being held,
For the flowers are all mad for a queen;
The "speeching" and voting go on,
And cause a most terrible scene.

One tulip, a smart little flirt,
Screams loudly and long for the rose;
But a wee, giddy, columbine bud
Does flippantly interpose.

Nextly a cauliflower speaks,
For his cousin the cabbage he votes;
At which e'en a butterfly grins
As onwardly he lazily floats.

A full-blown and strong-minded flower
Votes loud for republic and peace!
Or else for a strawberry plant,
Who's her grandmother's brother's aunt's neice.

Next marigold speaks to the crowd,
Who is known to be forward and pert;
But a nettle makes stinging remarks,
Till the speaker declares himself hurt!

And then to rampage they begin;
Sweet William is scragging a rose;
Sweet-pea in a neighborly way,
Is pulling young marigold's nose!

Such a noise and confusion ensues
That a snail faints away on the wall;
And never as yet have I heard
What the end of it was after all.

MAUD EGERTON HINE, a child of less than eight years old.

"DOING anything now, Bill? "Oh, yes, I'm busy all the time."—"Ah,! Glad to hear it. What are you doing?"—"Looking for a job."

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL OF ST. SULPICE.

When I was in Paris, a year or two before the terrible war broke out, I often went to the church of St. Sulpice. A grand old place is St. Sulpice, not so majestic outwardly as Notre Dame, but far more interesting to me. Its painted chapels, its noble altar with the royal seat in front, its chairs full of kneeling people, from the splendid dame to the bonnetless peasant, its gorgeously dressed priests, its magnificent organ, — everything about it charmed and interested me.

One day I saw a little girl asleep at the foot of a statue. The calm, white, marble face seemed to look down in pity on the child, whose beauty startled me. Her white cape-bonnet had fallen from her head, and curls, lustrous as gold, and quite as yellow, fell over neck and cheeks. What long, dark lashes she had! Her complexion seemed blended roses and lilies. But her dress was very shabby. The most beautiful feet will get soiled if they go shoeless, and this child seemed one of the very poorest of the poor.

There came a grand burst of organ music, with which a thousand voices joined, and the child awoke. She lifted her head, and the great brown eyes seemed to drink in the melody. Then, seeing that we were watching her, she held out a little palm. The mute appeal was not resisted; I gave her my last franc.

She followed us out of the church. On the stone steps we could see the fountains playing. Omnibuses decorated with gay little flags, horses decked out with ribbons, merry groups passing, the red sunshine, the distant beauty of the green park, with its gravelled walks and flowery borders, made a picture that I shall never forget. The child touched my dress.

"I must sing for you, madame," she said, holding up the franc.

Then she stood back a little, let her pretty arms drop, and sang in a sweet contralto, a little French air. Her voice was charming.

"Why do you beg?" I asked.

"I do not beg, madame, I sing;" and her cheek flushed.

"Where do you live, my dear?"

"Rue St. Père."

"Near Hôtel St. Père?"

"Not far from that, madame. My father makes wooden images; perhaps you pass his window. At least I call him my father."

I had often passed his window, filled with a melancholy collection of well-carved animals, boxes, heads, quite yellow by exposure. Nothing seemed ever to be sold.

One day I went in to ask the price of a stag's head. The poor man, broken down by sickness, sat whittling in the corner. His face was like saffron,, while his thin hair was black as jet. A heavy curtain was hung across the shop. Presently the rings that supported it rattled a little; the curtain opened midway, revealing a bit of French home life. A cradle of an antique pattern, a woman ironing at a table, a tiny stove, two windows full of flowers, everything poverty-stricken but clean.

As I was paying for the stag's head in came my little one of St. Sulpice. She knew me, but with only a nod and a smile passed into the other part of the room.

"That is your little girl, I suppose," I said.

"Oh, no; I care for her; that is all. Her mother is dead; she is no kin to me, but one cannot see a little one suffer. Besides, she does very well with her voice; she will work her way in the world. We do not suffer; we have bread." Nevertheless I knew by his voice and the aspect of things that they did suffer sometimes, so I often made little expeditions that way, and spent for carved wood every franc I could spare.

Now comes the wonderful part of my story. I had been at home six months when the French war broke out. While reading the dreadful tidings, and seeing with my mind's eye those fairy-like palaces, over which I had wandered so often, sacked and destroyed, I thought of the little girl of St. Sulpice, and wondered what had become of her. Where were the wooden hounds with their life-like eyes, the stags' heads so beautifully carved, the long, French faces with the dust lying in their grosteque goatees? Where were the sick old man, the tidy little mother, the large, rosy baby?

One day, only a very few weeks ago, while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, a splendid carriage drove past, and I caught a glimpse of a face that set my heart beating. I turned to look, and, strange to tell, the child was also turning to look at me. Could this be the little French girl of St. Sulpice? Impossible.

On the following day I was called into my sitting-room to see some one who wanted a donation.

"They're always a beggin', Miss Alice," said my maid. "There was three men with papers yesterday, and now come these flipflappers."

The "flipflappers" were two Sisters of Charity. One of them, the youngest, with large, loving, dark eyes, and one of the finest faces I ever saw, won me at sight. She was soliciting money she said for an Old Folks' Home. "You are not an American," I said.

"Oh, no; I am only five months from Paris. This is my sister, who can talk only French."

An hour passed during which I had told all about my St. Sulpice child.

The women looked at each other.

"It seems like Marie," said one.

"It certainly *does* seem like Marie," responded the other.

"And who was Marie?"

"Marie was with a wood carver. Marie's mamma was an Englishwoman. Her husband brought her to Paris. They both died when Marie was a little one. Marie used to sing, and she lived in rue St. Père."

"It must be my St. Sulpice girl!" I said, excitedly.

"During the troubles," continued the woman, "the old wood-carver died. His wife, whose sister was a nun, went to one of the charity homes. She, alas! was shot, and soon after her baby pined and died. The sisters took care of Marie for awhile, she was so beautiful. No,

madame, it is not to be denied that they would have liked it if Marie could have grown up in their midst, and become one of the holy order, but the war forbade that. Some of the sisters escaped to England, and Marie went with them. In London, Marie sang a little now and then, for we were much reduced.

"One day she was listened to by a lady living in some villa. She had the child brought in, and kept saying to herself, 'It is a wonderful likeness!' Then she called her husband and all the family, and they each one said that it was a wonderful likeness.

"Well, madame, they found the child was one of them, the child of a sister who had married imprudently and gone off, and after that we had little to do with Marie. But we came over to America in the same ship, and the little lady was very kind to us. Her friends have given largely to this fund since she has been here. Will madame contribute?"

On condition that they found where the child lived, I gave them what I could spare, and they went away grateful.

Only the next day a grand equipage stopped at my door. There were two men in splendid livery on the box, and a tiger behind, who sat with his arms folded like a statue of ebony.

Ah, but there was my sweet little St. Sulpice girl, with her nurse, or companion. How lovely she was! Her white hat and blue feather, beautiful blue silk, trimmed with costly white lace, her buttoned gloves, and dainty parasol, spoke most eloquently of the change in her circumstances. But to me she seemed just the same.

"Then you have not forgotten St. Sulpice," I said.

She shook her head and her lips trembled a little.

"It was so awful before we came away!" she said, with a shudder. "They took St. Sulpice for the soldiers, and they killed the nuns and shot the good priests, and, it seemed as if everybody was dead or dying. Oh, how we did fly for our lives!"

"But you are very happy now?"

"Yes; I have a governess, and I am studying English; but I shall always love my dear, dear France, and I would go there again, but poor Père and Mère Bouve are gone, and their little child. If they could only have come to England with me!"

"And does your aunt stay in America long?"

"Till the next September. Oh, how I felt when I saw you on the street! I knew it was you. To-morrow we go to Cape May, and I shall never see you again."

"Oh, yes, you will. I shall come over to England next summer."

The child's eyes brightened.

"Will you?" and she threw her arms round my neck in true French style, and declared that she loved me.

I hope I shall see my little one of St. Sulpice again. If anybody meets an English family at Cape May, with one of the loveliest little girls in the world, I have no doubt she will answer to the name of Marie.

THE DONKEY.

MINE is not a common donkey at all, living upon thistles and weeds, or any rubbish he can pick up on the roadside; he is an aristocratic donkey, and eats, and sleeps, too, sometimes, in a lordly dining-hall, where kings and princes have dined. And where does he live? you will ask. In a beautiful old ruined castle in the Isle of Wight — Carisbrook Castle, the place of imprisonment of poor King Charles I., and the scene of his gentle daughter Elizabeth's early death. Within the ruined walls of that grand old castle does my friend, the donkey, live.

Many must have heard of the wonderful well at Carisbrook, which is so deep no one can draw the water up, so that they are obliged to have a donkey to do it. And it is done in this way: there is an enormous wheel, with steps inside, and the donkey goes in, and by walking continually up the steps turns the wheel, and so draws up the water. And this was the work Jacob, for that is the donkey's name, had to do for many years. But he has long since retired from public life, being very old, and his place has been supplied by a younger donkey; Jacob having nothing to do now but eat, sleep, and amuse himself.

We were having a little picnic at Carisbrook, the children and I, not long ago, and Jacob took an immense interest in all our proceedings. The children were greatly delighted with his friendly way of receiving us, and fed him with biscuits and buns, which he seemed to enjoy very much. He even drank some tea out of a saucer, and ate up all the pieces of bread we left. In fact, Jacob's and our own appetites were so good that there was nothing left of our feast, excepting half of a large pat of butter, which we never supposed Jacob would touch, and were much amused on looking round to see him quietly eating up that, too, and licking the plate well afterwards so as not to lose a bit.

"He is a very fat little creature, and his hair has grown quite long and soft, like a young donkey's. Evidently his lazy life agrees with him, though, I have no doubt, he has done his fair share of work, and quite deserves to pass a peaceful, happy old age.

As I am on the subject of donkeys, I must tell about a very clever one I heard of a few days ago. She lives somewhere in Ireland, and she and her little foal were turned into a field where a very deep ditch had been dug. And one day some men who were at work in the next field saw Viva, the mother donkey, come toward them in a great hurry. She came close up to the hedge, braying loudly, and seeming much distressed. At first they took no notice of her, but she would not go away, and continued to bray until one of the men went to her, and then she started off in the direction of the ditch, and there he found the poor little foal, which had tumbled in. Fortunately it was not hurt; but if the mother had not been so sensible, it must have died, for it could not possibly have got out.

It is the fashion to consider donkeys stupid, ill-tempered, and obstinate, which I do not think quite just. They are often obstinate, certainly, but they are generally made so by constant ill-treatment.

How often one sees a poor little donkey staggering along with a load a great deal too heavy for him, and being beaten and abused the whole time because he can scarcely draw it! Donkeys after a time get so accustomed to being incessantly beaten that it has no effect, excepting to make them turn obstinate and sulky. And I do not believe they are either by nature; for a donkey that is really well brought up, and has always been kindly treated, is not at all obstinate. He will trot or canter when he is required to do so, just like a pony, is good-tempered and gentle, and altogether a different animal from his unfortunate poor relation, who has been kicked and beaten and dragged at from his baby-hood upwards.

And to say that donkeys are *stupid* is quite a mistake, for many are extremely clever. I knew an old one — I think he must have been thirty at least — that could never by any means be kept *in* any field or *out* of any garden that he chose to enter. And as he much preferred nice green vegetables to his legitimate food, he was constantly trespassing, and his owners were continually in trouble about him. He would always find some means of either opening a gate or getting over the hedge. The only place he could be kept in was the village pound, to which he often paid a visit. He was, as may be fancied, quite a nuisance in the village, and every one was truly thankful when he was found dead one morning. It was said he died of old age; but as he had made many enemies by his numerous depredations, I should not wonder if some of them had to do with his sudden end.

HOUNDS.

Two hounds belonged to a gentleman in Lancashire, and he, wishing to make them a present to a friend, sent them to Kilkenny, the place where he lived in Ireland. But the hounds apparently did not like their new quarters, and, no doubt, missed their old master; for after a few days they disappeared, and could not be found or heard of, until at last their master got a letter from their former owner in Lancashire to say that the hounds had returned to him. It was afterwards discovered that they had gone to the North Vale in Dublin, jumped on board a steamboat, which fortunately was going to England, and had found their way to their old home.

Some dogs take offence very easily. I know one absurd, diminutive creature, who has the greatest dislike to being talked about, and directly he hears any one mention his name even, he gets up and walks out of the room in the most dignified way possible, looking round all the time, as much as to say, "How dare you talk about me?"

Another dog belonging to a friend took great offence because he could not have his own way. He is a nice old dog, very old and quite blind, and has always lived with the same master, to whom he is quite devoted, accompanying him everywhere, and at night keeping guard on the mat at his bedroom door. A short time ago his master went on a

visit to a house about sixty miles distant from his own home, and as usual his old favorite went with him. When night came, the old dog, having found out his master's room, posted himself, as he had always been accustomed to do, at his door. But the servants of the house, not knowing his ways, drove him downstairs. The next day the dog was gone; but was heard of soon afterwards, having returned to his own home. He had taken offence at not being allowed to sleep where he liked, and had found his way back, in spite of the distance and his blindness.

THE CALIFORNIA ROADRUNNER. (*Geococcyx Californianus.*)

A VERY singular and yet a very little known bird is the roadrunner chaparral cock, or, as it is known in Mexico and the Spanish sections of the United States, the paisano.

It belongs to the cuckoo family, but has none of the bad habits by which the European cuckoo is best known. It is a shy bird, but is not by any means an unfamiliar object in the south-western portions of the United States and in Mexico. Sometimes it wanders up into middle California, but not often, seeming to prefer the more deserted, hotter, and sandier parts of southern California, and from there stretching its habitat as far east as middle Texas.

It is not by any means a brilliantly colored bird, although some of its hues are very beautiful. The prevailing color of the roadrunner is olive green, which is marked with brown and white. The top of the head is blue black, and is furnished with an erectile crest. The eyes are surrounded by a line of bare skin.

It is not a large bird, being seldom twenty-four inches long, with a tail taking more than half of that length. The tail, indeed, is the most striking feature of the bird, being not only so very long, but seemingly endowed with the gift of perpetual motion, since it is never still, but bobs up and down, and sidewise, too, into every possible angle, and almost incessantly.

But while its tail is most striking, its legs are most remarkable, being not only long and stout, but wonderfully muscular, how muscular nobody would be able to imagine who had not put them to the test.

A traveller in Mexico tells of going out with his ranchero host to hunt hares with a brace of very fine hounds. Going over a long

stretch of sandy plain, relieved only by pillars and clusters of cactus, the Mexican called the attention of his guest to an alert, comical-looking bird, some distance from them.

With the remark that the gentleman should see some rare coursing, the Mexican slipped the leashes of the straining hounds, which sprang off as if used to the sport, and darted after the bird. For a moment it seemed to the stranger a very poor use to put the dogs to, but he was not long in changing his mind.

Instead of taking wing, the bird tilted its long tail straight up into the air in a saucily defiant way, and started off on a run in a direct line ahead. It seemed an incredible thing that the slender dogs, with their space devouring bounds, should not at once overtake the little bird; but so it was. The legs of the paisano moved with marvellous rapidity, and enabled it to keep the hounds at their distance for a very long time, being finally overtaken only after one of the gamest races ever witnessed by the visiting sportsman.

The roadrunner, however, serves a better purpose in life than being run down by hounds. Cassin mentions a most singular circumstance among the peculiarities of the bird. It seems to have a mortal hatred of rattlesnakes, and no sooner sees one of those reptiles than it sets about in what, to the snake, might well seem a most diabolical way of compassing its death. Finding the snake asleep, it at once seeks out the spiniest of the small cacti, the prickly pear, and, with infinite pains and quietness, carries the leaves, which it breaks off, and puts them in a circle around the slumbering snake. When it has made a sufficient wall about the object of all this care, it rouses its victim with a sudden peck of its sharp beak, and then quickly retires to let the snake work out its own destruction, a thing it eventually does in a way that ought to gratify the roadrunner, if it has any sense of humor. Any one watching it would say it was expressing the liveliest emotion with its constantly and grotesquely moving tail.

The first impulse and act of the assaulted snake is to coil for a dart; its next to move away. It quickly realizes that it is hemmed in, in a circle, and finally makes a rash attempt to glide over the obstruction. The myriad of tiny needles prick it and drive it back. The angry snake, with small wisdom, attempts to retaliate by fastening its fangs into the offending cactus. The spines fill its mouth.

Angrier still, it again and again assaults the prickly wall, until, quite beside itself with rage, it seems to lose its wits completely, and writhing and twisting horribly, buries its envenomed fangs into its own body, dying finally from its self-inflicted wounds. After the catastrophe, the roadrunner indulges in a few gratified flirts of its long tail and goes off, perchance to find its reward in being run down by hounds set on by men.

JOHN R. CORYELL, in *Scientific American*.

MAN is hard to satisfy. Poverty is the only thing he can get enough of.

POWER OF THE "LORD'S PRAYER" AND THE "HAIL MARY."

In 1836, while connected with the Church of St. Roque, I was for a long time engaged in giving catechetical instruction to the children; not only the ordinary catechism, but what we called, and what is still called, catechism of perseverance, at which young persons of both sexes attended until their marriage.

One day I was called upon to solemnize the marriage of one of these young persons, who was very pious; she had most assiduously followed our instructions until the hour of this great engagement; her betrothed was a practical Catholic, so that it was one of those marriages which we can bless with hope and consolation.

Ordinarily an exhortation is given on these occasions; I said a few words according to the custom, and I still remember that while speaking I had a distraction; it was caused by a tall man, at least six foot high, who stood erect while every one else was seated, looking at me with a fixed, intense gaze, and, as he was one of the first witnesses at the ceremony, he stood scarcely three steps from me. This proximity, his great height, his original manner, and his fixed look, had, as you may readily understand, attracted my attention, for a moment, and then I cast the impression aside. After the ceremony all retired, and I thought all was finished; far from it. At five o'clock the next morning my bell was rung by the bridegroom, who came in great haste to summon me to a dying man, his uncle, the same tall man who had so singularly distracted me the previous evening. He was quite aged, seventy-four years old; he had taken cold at the wedding ceremony, and the physician declared he could not live. I started immediately, and as we went along the street, I asked, "Was your uncle a good Christian?"—"He was a good man; but we fear that he neglected his religious duties."—"Has he any idea of his dangerous condition?"—"Yes, he is fully sensible of it."—"Does he wish to see me?"—"Yes, when we saw that he was struck by death, we asked him if he would not like to see a priest, and he did not refuse. After a moment he said 'bring me the one I heard yesterday; he pleased me, and he will arrange my affairs.'"

The bridegroom informed me that his uncle had come from the country to attend his wedding, and he was then at a hotel in a cross street. (I have never since passed that hotel without emotion.) We entered, and I was left alone with him. Before me lay this poor old man dying. I approached, and he immediately held out his hand. There was something very frank and noble in his manner. "I am going to die," he said, "and I wish to do whatever is done at such a time. I am seventy-four years old, and for sixty years I have not been to confession. At fourteen I enlisted; I have been in all the wars of the Revolution and the empire; I have never thought of God during all the time, and I know not why. I now feel that I ought not to leave the world before being reconciled to Him, just as if I had always known Him." Touched by his frankness and his extraordinary sincere expression, I replied, "I will aid you to know Him, and God will aid us;

such things are easy for those of an upright, candid heart." But it was not so very easy, after all, and you will readily perceive. When, by the assistance of many questions, I had finished his confession for him, "Now," I said, "I'll give you a penance." —"What is that? I have not the least idea of it." And, in truth, he had not the first idea of religion, of the Sacrament of Penance, or any other Sacrament. . . . A poor, dying man, whose hairs were bleached by the snows of fourscore winters, was passing from earth without having a single idea of Christianity; merely an instinct prompted him to wish for a reconciliation with God before his death.

I explained the meaning of penance and said: "You suffer very much; offer your sufferings to our Blessed Lord, and that will enable me to give you an easy penance; you need only say the 'Our Father' and the 'Hail Mary.'" He looked at me for a moment with the most intent and piercing gaze, for, although so exhausted by age and sickness, he had a most extraordinary energy in his eye, and said "'Our Father,' 'Hail Mary!' What do they mean? I have never heard anything about them." Yes, this was the state which the poor miserable man had reached; seventy-four years old and he had forgotten even the prayers that infants in their mothers' arms lisp in childish accents. Religion was utterly obliterated from his soul! There remained nothing, nothing! I cast a look toward heaven, and I felt that a miracle was needed to bring back the pastor to enlighten his darkened soul.

"You ought to know, that those prayers are the most beautiful in religion. I will assist you; I will say them myself; you will say them afterward with me, and then you will find all you have lost."

Kneeling down by his bedside, and holding his hand in both of mine, I commenced. He let me say the two or three first invocations of the "Our Father," but when I said, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us," he suddenly pressed my hand, and as one arousing from a long sleep he exclaimed, "Oh! I remember that. Yes! I think when I was a little boy my mother taught me something like that. Will you please commence it again?" I recommenced it and then instantaneously, from the depths of his soul, across his darkened mind, and from far away in his early childhood — across seventy-four years — across all those wars and all those battle-fields which had passed over his life and effaced from his soul all ideas of religion, came back to this old soldier the remembrance of his mother, and the prayers she had taught him when a little boy, and he commenced unaided to recall the words. One by one I saw them leave his soul, as if they had all been engulfed, and were now rising to the surface. At each sentence he interrupted himself: "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I remember — 'Our Father who art in heaven' — yes, indeed, that is it — 'Hallowed be Thy name' — that is it again! — I remember it all now! — 'Thy Kingdom come.' — Yes, yes, I remember I used to say all that — oh! isn't that prayer beautiful!" And when he came to the words "Forgive us our trespasses," — "Ah," he cried, "above all the rest, I remember that — those are the words that brought all the rest back to me; my mother used to make me say that whenever I did anything wrong." And in this manner he finished the "Our Father;"

then he asked to say it with me, and seemed never weary in repeating it over and over.

"But," he exclaimed, "is there not another? Oh! yes, now I remember, my mother said there was a Blessed Virgin — stop — I must find that prayer also! But it won't come back. Say it to me so that I can remember, all about it." And when I repeated the first words, he interrupted me with a joyful cry, "Oh! yes, that is it, 'Hail Mary!'" And then, without waiting for me to take the lead, he continued, "full of grace, the Lord is with thee," and all the words seemed to flow miraculously from his soul, and with tears flowing down his cheeks, he repeated, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners, now and the hour of our death."

Behold in this old man the power of the prayers which a pious mother had taught him in his childhood! Precious germs deposited in his soul, and a long time deposited there — but, thank God, they were there — and at the supreme moment, under a favorable ray of Divine grace, they burst forth to support him in his last hours, and to open for him the gates of a happy eternity! He never wearied in saying them, but continued constantly repeating them.

Finally, seeing that he was fatigued, I left him promising to return as soon as he had taken some repose. And I did return very soon, for I was most anxious to give him Holy Communion. He received the Viaticum with the most lively faith: all had been revealed with those two prayers. I had nothing more to teach him.

BISHOP DOUPANLOUP

"IN this world there is nothing dearer to God Himself than the soul of a little child made to His own likeness and to His own image, born again and sanctified by the Holy Ghost. Innocent, those little ones are the nearest to Him of His servants upon earth, numbered among His saints. And they are the most exposed to all manner of peril in this loud and lordly world that passes them by, and accounts them to be cyphers in its reckoning, and legislates for them as if they were flocks in a field, or chattels, or property. Precious in God's sight, little barefooted, bareheaded children that pass through the streets have each an Angel Guardian, and yet they are surrounded by all the perils that prowl and make havoc in the cities where we dwell. The offspring of all the animals of the lower creation, almost as soon as they come into this world, are able to care for themselves; but man, who is the highest, and noblest, and like a god himself, is the most helpless. And, therefore, in that helpless infancy and tender childhood, those who cannot care for themselves, are committed to our guardianship."— *Cardinal Manning.*

UNEASY rests the foot that wears a corn.

Lenten Pastorals.

In Dublin, on Sunday, March 7, Archbishop Walsh said: With singular unanimity the leaders of all parties in the State have come at length to recognize the pressing need of a substantial construction of that system of government under which we at present live. So much is certain; but beyond this all is shrouded from our view in the uncertainty of the future. The minds of many among us are agitated. All around us are heard expressions of anxiety, and the fears and hopes of those who speculate as to what the next few weeks may bring forth. Amid all this uncertainty it is our special duty to turn to the throne of the Almighty and all-wise ruler of the universe in earnest supplication, that the light of the heavenly wisdom, by which kings reign and lawgivers decree just things, may not be wanting to those statesmen and public men by whom the momentous issues now raised will have to be decided, and on whose prudence in council, or action, in the public Senate of the empire provision to be made for the future protection of so many and such vital interests in spiritual, no less than in temporal, order must so largely depend.

From Galway it is learned that the pastoral read there contained this expression: "Let us ask that wretched tenants who find it impossible to meet their engagements at the present, and who are threatened with eviction from their humble homes, may be allowed at least a few months' respite until they can profit by the legislation which just and enlightened statesmanship will devise for their relief, and for the lasting peace and prosperity of Ireland."

Speaking at Lismore, Archbishop Croke said, that when he next had the pleasure of passing through the town, he hoped that the Irish cause would have wonderfully progressed, and that the great statesman, Mr. Gladstone, would have not only permanently and satisfactorily settled the land question, put an end to evictions and restored the Irish soil to the Irish people, but would have also carried through Parliament the changes now at hand, which would lead to the restoration of an Irish Parliament.

The Working Men. — *New York Sun:* "Never before in the history of labor in this country was it so united, and, consequently, so powerful. Its cohesion and unity of action are unexampled in the annals of trade organizations. Therefore, at this, of all moments, we say beware! Be moderate and be temperate. The true interests of the employer, if he be wise, are identical with your interests, and see to it now that no misuse of victory lead you to change places with the oppressor."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE LARGEST DONATION YET.— Fifteen thousand people attended two concerts given by Patrick S. Gilmore at Madison Square Gardens in aid of the Parliamentary fund. The two concerts netted $6,000. This beats all the Irish millionnaires of New York City.

Springfield Republican: No Irish patriotic movement before has approached the present one for unity and constancy of purpose, and it has been due to Parnell's cold temper and iron resolution, sustained by his steady success in his own clear-headed plan of advance.

OUR CARDINAL.— *Lake Shore Visitor:* The question of the Cardinalate is settled. If now some of the papers don't openly assert that there is a mistake somewhere the matter will very likely die out. In the meantime everybody seems to be satisfied. Cardinal Gibbons will be an ornament to the Church as its American Cardinal.

PARNELL.— *Dublin Freeman's Journal:* If there ever was a time in the history of this country when a leader of the people was entitled to all the confidence that it is possible for the people to repose in him, that time is the present. Confidence in Mr. Parnell has never been misplaced by the inhabitants of this country. He has not only never led them wrong, but he has, on the contrary, surpassed all former Irish leaders in soundness of judgment and accuracy of prevision. The Irish people recognize the fact, and place full confidence in Mr. Parnell. The Galway incident affords a proof of this, of which the partisan press of England should make a note.

THE IRISH BISHOPS TO GLADSTONE.— The bishops met, on the 18th inst., in Archbishop Walsh's residence in Dublin, and drew up a statement of their views on the Irish question, which they sent to Mr. Gladstone. The bishops say to the Premier that they consider that the result of the elections has answered Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the Irish people to "speak out." They add that the bishops believe that Home Rule would not affect the union or the supremacy of the Crown, and urge the suspension of evictions until the land question has been settled.

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK lectured for the benefit of the Carney Hospital, on Sunday evening, February 21. The theatre was crowded, and the Mayor delivered a very interesting lecture. The hospital will probably realize some fifteen hundred dollars from the lecture. *New York Sun:* His Honor Mayor Grace has been to Boston and has had a magnificent boom there. He made several speeches and impressed the Bostonians. We have never had a civic magistrate who could beat Mayor Grace in speaking. Boston always wakes up when a powerful New Yorker goes over there.

AT THE RECENT MEETING of Englishmen and Scotchmen in London to form a "Home Rule Association," to assist the cause of Irish Home Rule, Lord Ashburnham took the chair. Lord Clifton, the son of the Earl of Darnley, spoke of "that great statesman, whom I am proud to call a near relation, my cousin, Mr. Parnell." The Irish leader is a cousin of Lord Darnley and Lord Clifton. The latter's words are remarkable at a time like the present.

MESSRS. M. A. RING & SONS, dealers in paper stock, Boston, who failed two years ago, compromised with their creditors in full, for twenty cents on the dollar, and continued their business without serious interruption. Meeting with fair success, the firm have voluntarily paid all their merchandise creditors the other eighty cents, with one exception, and that will be paid in full at an early date. It is seldom that so honorable a course of action is adopted after parties are released from all legal obligations, and it reflects credit on the honesty and energy of the young men composing the firm.

FIVE-DOLLAR PARLIAMENTARY FUND.

Address to the Liberty-Loving People of New England.

To the men and women of Boston and New England who love the cause of Liberty: At a meeting held in Union Hall, Boston, on the evening of February 16, the undersigned were appointed an executive committee and empowered to issue an address to the liberty-loving men and women of New England, in aid of the five-dollar parliamentary fund voted to be raised at the above meeting to uphold the constitutional efforts of Charles Stewart Parnell and his patriotic coadjutors in the British House of Commons, and their grand struggle for home rule for Ireland.

To the native and adopted citizen alike we appeal, and earnestly request that in every town and city of New England immediate action be taken to make this fund a success, and that the proceeds be sent through one common channel to Mr. Parnell. We hope the fund thus created will prove worthy of New England, whose people are largely composed of the Celtic race, and that free New England's tribute to struggling old Ireland will be such that its example will be followed in other sections of the country.

Let us make the five-dollar subscription list of New England to the Irish parliamentary fund famous in the history of this struggle of the Irish race.

We request that all who sympathize will add their names to the patriotic list, and that committees similar to that of Boston be formed in every town. Asa P. Potter, president of the Maverick National Bank, Col. Charles H. Taylor, editor of the *Boston Globe*, and J. B. Hand, Esq., have been appointed trustees of the fund, and we request that all moneys collected be sent to Mr. Parnell through them. We further ask that all newspapers in New England in sympathy with this movement kindly copy this address, and that those who wish to subscribe shall send their five dollars to the trustees or to either of the undersigned.

HUGH O'BRIEN,
Mayor of Boston,
EDWARD RILEY,
JOHN E. FITZGERALD,
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY,
DOMINICK TOY,
T. M. BRADLEY,
PATRICK MAGUIRE,
JOHN R. MURPHY,
JOHN MILLER,
W. W. DOHERTY,
Executive Committee.

T. J. MURPHY,
WILLIAM FERGUSON, } *Secretaries.*

GRADUALLY FALLING INTO OUR HANDS.— There is not a diocese in the Union which has not profited by sheriff's sales of Protestant educational property. The great seminary at Troy was once a Methodist college. Last month Archbishop Ryan bought out a Protestant college building and gave it over to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. For thirty-five years it had been the *Alma Mater* of a local Protestant body. The Baptist College at Chicago will soon have a cross upon it. So the story goes — Protestantism receding and the Church making progress on every side. Next? Many of the school houses.

THE Misses Drexel, the three daughters of the late F. A. Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, have purchased two hundred acres near Bristol upon which they will establish an industrial home and school for orphan boys to be placed under the care of the Christian Brothers.

ANOTHER proof has been given, if proof were wanting, of the influence which the Freemasons possess in ministerial circles in Italy, by the appointment of the Cavaliere Sisca to the post of Secretary of the Commission for Ecclesiastical Property. This Sisca is an apostate priest, who has gone through the form of a civil marriage. The appointment, therefore, is one more deliberate insult to the bishops and clergy of Italy, and is, in

fact, one thoroughly worthy in all respects of the usurping government which has made it.

THE restriction as to the days of the week (Monday and Tuesday) on which priests could heretofore celebrate the two weekly Requiem Masses allowed them, has been abrogated, and they are now free to suit their convenience as to the days they may prefer to select.

THE charter of Brown University, Providence, R. I., requires that the president of that institution "must forever be of the denomination called Baptists." Forever! There won't be a live Baptist a hundred years hence. Then what will become of that charter, asks the *Catholic Union* and *Times*.

DURING the darkest hours of the Revolutionary War, when the finances of the Colonies were at the lowest ebb — when the Continental troops were actually suffering from the want of necessary food and clothing — the merchants of Philadelphia displayed one of the noblest acts of patriotism recorded in the annals of American history. In June, 1780, ninety-three of them subscribed three hundred thousand pounds "to support the credit of a bank to be established for furnishing a supply of provisions for the armies of the United States," and of these ninety-three subscribers, twenty-seven were members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and these twenty-seven sons of Ireland contributed one hundred and three thousand pounds — more than one-third of the total amount. Among the records of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick (now in possession of their successor, the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia), is subscribed to its By-Laws the autograph signature of Geo. Washington, an adopted member of the society.

THE ONLY MEN WANTED WEST. — Mr. F. A. Carle, the managing editor of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, said of the prospects of a young man in the West: "There is money for the young man who will go out there and 'hustle.' Those who don't want to do that can get along just as well in the East. If you go West with energy and perseverance and make up your mind to take what comes during the first few years without making a face at it, you will do well — much better than here. Those are the only kind of people that we want out here."

A NOBLE WORK. — The Catholics of Pittsburgh, Penn., have begun a good work which should be taken up and developed all over the country. They have instituted a "Catholic Prisoners' Reform Association," the objects of which are to instruct the convicts during their imprisonment, provide them with good books, and to assist them to a new start in life when discharged. Bishop Phelan gives his countenance to the new society, and promises it a chaplain.

THE Catholic total abstinence societies are not only doing a good work for the Irish in America, but they are not wanting in forwarding the welfare of the Irish in Ireland. The Catholic total abstinence societies of Philadelphia have just raised $8,500 for the Irish Parliamentary fund.

A GREAT UNIVERSITY. — According to the annual statistics just issued, the Catholic University of Louvain had a much higher number of students during the academical year just closed (1884-85) than ever before — the inscriptions reaching a total of 1,638, as against 1,555 in the preceding year. Some idea of the rapid growth of the *Alma Mater* may be obtained from the following figures, showing the number of students registered:

1834-35	(first year)	86
1844-45	"	777
1854-55	"	600
1864-65	"	764
1874-75	"	1,160
1884-85	"	1,638

Again, to show the influence which the University has had upon the ecclesiastical and professional life of Belgium, we may remark that, since its establishment in 1834, no less than 3,942 candidates have passed through the faculty of theology; 10,746 through that of law; 9,563 through that of medicine; 7,406 through that of science; and 5,762 through that of philosophy and letters (our "arts"). Again, during last year, the *Alma Mater* gave to Belgium 49 *avocats*, 15 notaries, 44 medical practitioners, and 39 engineers. Nearly all civilized countries are represented among the students; among the rest three English and one Irish.

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN, formerly American Consul at Amsterdam, says: "During the last thirty years the Roman Catholic Church has been extending its influence in Holland, until to-day the Romanists command nearly one-half of the population, and have, to a great extent, the control of the public schools and of popular elections."

THE PERILS and sufferings of missionaries in Manitoba are probably not greater anywhere else in the world. They undergo almost incredible hardships in following the Indians from place to place (the only way of gaining a lasting influence over them); travelling in dog-sleighs or on foot, their food often consisting of only dried fish unsalted. In past years two were drowned while crossing ice; their dog train also perished. Another missionary was drowned by the upsetting of a skiff in a squall whilst trying to save an Indian boy, who was his guide. Three priests were also frozen to death in a blizzard on the prairies.

CATHOLIC CONGRESS. — An interesting Congress is to mark next year. The recent Catholic Congress of Normandy appointed a section for Christian Apologetics, and this section has just decided to summon for 1887 a great "International Congress of Catholic Savants," to be held in Paris. The organizing committee, nominated at Rouen, met for the first time in Paris on December 28th, under the Presidency of Mgr. de Hulst, Rector of the Catholic Faculty of that city. The committee now consists of twenty-seven members resident in Paris, and twenty-eight in the provinces or abroad. Among these we may mention the eminent Bollandist and historian, Père de Smedt, S. J.; Professors Gilbert and de Harlez, of the University of Louvain; Kurth, of Liège; de Lapporent and Duchesne, of Paris, de Margerie, of Lille; Valson, of Lyons; Duilhé de St. Projet, of Toulouse; de Nadaillac, de Beaucourt, de l'Epinois, Paul Allard, and many other names illustrious in science, history, literature, and other departments of learning. The work of the Congress will fall into three divisions: 1. Philosophical and Social Sciences; 2. Exact and Natural Sciences; 3. Historical Sciences; and each division will comprehend five sections. The President will shortly issue a circular describing in detail the organization and plan of work, and inviting all the Catholic savants of Europe to participate in the preliminary labors, principally by the drawing up of memoirs, and fixing the actual state of science in regard to the various questions affecting Christian Faith.

HIGH AND LOW LICENSE. — City Collector Onahan, of Chicago, in connection with his annual report to the city council, has prepared an analytical table showing the amount of revenue derived from licenses of all descriptions from 1879 to 1885 inclusive. The increase is something extraordinary being over one and one-half million dollars for the six years; the exact figures being, for 1879, $214,218; and for 1885, $1,916,820. A careful examination of the table shows that this immense increase is due entirely to the increase in the saloon license rate of Chicago, which is now $500. In 1883, with low license, there were 3,777 saloons in the city, and the revenue derived from them amounted to only $385,864; while with high license in 1885 there are only 3,075 saloons, yielding $1,721,474 annually. This report of Collector Onahan's is one of the most forcible arguments in favor of high license that it is possible to make, and deserves the earnest attention of all thoughtful citizens.

THE Corsicans are not contented with the glory of having given the world one great man, Napoleon; they are now claiming — and according to the *Figaro*, have established their claim — no less a personage than Christopher Columbus. Abate Casanova had already endeavored to prove that the Father of the New World was born at Calvi, in the northwest corner of the island; and only last year a hot controversy raged on the subject. The Corsicans believe they have carried their point, and Calvi intends to celebrate with unusual solemnity the fourth centenary of her illustrious son's first voyage (1492).

TIGHT LACING. — The great naturalist, Cuvier, was walking one day with a young lady, who was a victim of tight lacing, in a public garden in Paris. A lovely blossom upon an elegant plant drew from her an expression of admiration. Looking at her pale, thin face, Cuvier said: "You were like this flower once: to-morrow it will be as you are now." Next day he led her to the same spot and the beautiful

flower was dying. She asked the cause. "This plant," replied Cuvier, "is an image of yourself. I will show you what is the matter with it." He pointed to a cord bound tightly around the stem and said: "You are fading away exactly in the same manner under the compression of your corsets, and you are losing by degrees all your youthful charms, just because you have not the courage to resist this dangerous fashion.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS have opened a school at Portland, Oregon. The Brothers are to take charge of St. Michael's College in that city. Reverend Brother Aldrich of Mary, of Sacred Heart College, has been appointed Director; Rev. Brother Bertram, of St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, Sub-Director; and Rev. Brother Yvasian Michael, of Martinez, Assistant.

Thank God, the light of Christian education is spreading! The aggregate number of pupils under direction of the Brothers on the Pacific coast, including those at St. Mary's and the Sacred Heart colleges, and St. Peter's Day School, in San Francisco, St. Joseph's Academy and three parochial schools in Oakland, and the Sacramento Institute, at the capital, is 1,965. The number at St. Michael's college will add nearly two hundred more to this phalanx of Catholic youth.

O'GLADSTONE.— *Philadelphia Press:* If the Grand Old Man keeps on his present course a little while longer, we shall insist upon being permitted to call him Mr. O'Gladstone.

FATHER TOM.— The mother of the late Fr. Burke did not spare the rod in the management of her son. Mrs. Burke, before applying her cane, recited a particular prayer, and it is perhaps venial to recur to it, at least once, in writing the life of a man who himself in after life continually harped upon it. This collect — better known as "Prevent, O Lord" — entered into some prayers which Dominicans repeat before Mass. Father Burke said at Tallaght, with his usual humor, that he never heard it recited without feeling a cold thrill between his shoulders. Mrs. Burke would kneel down and command Nicholas to repeat after her the words of this collect. . . . He would even smile through his tears like a sunbeam in showers, and while Mrs. Burke sonorously repeated, "Prevent, O Lord, we beseech Thee all our actions," he would pray in another sense, "Prevent, O Lord;" but as he often told his brother priests, "it never did prevent," and the lash continued to fall.

Parliamentary Fund.

A GRAND scheme was inaugurated at a recent meeting of the friends of Ireland in Boston. It is to raise several hundred thousand dollars by a popular subscription of five dollars each. This amount will not distress any friend of the good cause, and it will enable Mr. Parnell to carry on the work of the redemption of Ireland to final success. So far, the fives are pouring into the committee. Several hundreds have already been received. Mr. Donahoe will cheerfully hand in any subscriptions intrusted to him to the treasurer. The subscription is not confined to any part of the country, but friends of Ireland everywhere are asked to contribute. Now is the time to strengthen the hands of Parnell and his patriotic band of lieutenants.

THE JUBILEE FAST. — On account of the difficulty in preparing food in accordance with the rules of the black fast prescribed by the Jubilee, the Holy Father, by a decree of January 15th, 1886, empowers Ordinaries to dispense the faithful in the aforesaid fast, so that they may use eggs and white meats, though bound to observe in all else the laws of fasting. When this dispensation is granted by the bishop of any diocese, the use of flesh meat is forbidden; but butter, milk, eggs, cheese, may be used on the days on which the fast is made to gain the indulgence of the Jubilee.

Welsh Lying.

AT Bangor County Court recently, the Judge, during the hearing of an action, said: — "I must observe that there is hardly a single case heard in this court in which there is not deliberate perjury committed. Look at the last case — look at this frightful lying. I do not meet with such a state of things out of Wales. Other people have said this thing before, but hitherto I have kept quiet. During my whole life I have heard nothing to approach what it is in this part of the world. There is not a case heard in

which people do not think it necessary to lie. It is most demoralizing. I do not think it is in human nature to stand many years of it. I have had my turn of it. I appeal to every disinterested person to give his opinion as to what the feature of the country is. I can try in Cheshire ten cases while I try one here, because in Cheshire they do not lie." It is worth while to remark that Wales is the most inveterately dissenting place in Great Britain, and the most difficult to convert. Evidently history must be rewritten bit by bit. We always thought it was only Papists and Irishmen who did not know there was any obligation to speak the truth.

THE HIGH LICENSE BILL, now pending in the New York Legislature, provides a fee of $1,000 for distilled spirits in cities of 200,000 people or over, and a fee of $500 for beer.

THE TOTAL POPULATION of Canada is 4,324,810. Of this 1,299,161 are French, 957,403 Irish, making together 2,256,564, and there are of English, Scotch and Welsh, 1,592,604. The whole purely English population amounts to only about 882,894. Indians, Germans and other nationalities make up 475,000. It is thus seen that the Irish and French combined are in a clear majority over all other races. They are apt to maintain this lead. The Catholic population of Canada is 2,168,748, or a little more than a majority.

SOME one once spoke of Col. Burke as Father Tom's cousin. "He is no relation of mine," said the friar. "My people had no military title beyond corporal. My father was a well 'bread' man and had the civil title of 'master of the roll.'"

NO OLD MAIDS. — One never hears of "an old maid" in Mexico, and to remain forever unmarried entails upon the luckless spinster no such stigma of reproach as the epithet so common in our country; but if her lonely condition is alluded to at all, they good-naturedly say of her that she is "hard to please." The aged are universally treated with the greatest respect and every mark of deference. It is considered more courteous to address even elderly married ladies as Senorita (Miss) instead of Senora (Mrs.) and the lady of the house is always affectionately called by her servants *la nina* (the little girl), though she may have attained the mature age of 80. Beggars upon the streets and venders in the market places address all ladies, young and old, as *ninas* — children; or, when particularly importunate, by the more respectful and endearing term, *ninita* — dear little girl.

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.— Capt. William O'Shea, selected by Mr. Parnell as the Home Rule candidate for Galway City, was triumphantly elected. O'Shea contested one of the Liverpool divisions as a Liberal at the general election. He was supported by Gladstone and also by Parnell, but was defeated by a majority of ninety. He was somewhat of a history. He is said to be a strikingly handsome man. When an army captain he married one of the daughters of Lord Hatherly, a former Lord Chancellor of England. He made some indiscreet financial investments and lost his fortune, and lately has figured as promoter of colonial and insurance companies. It was he that negotiated the famous "Kilmainham treaty" between Parnell and Gladstone. He is a very useful man at this time, no doubt. His usefulness will be inhanced by his having a seat in Parliament. He will be the diplomat of the Irish party.

Active Parnellites.

THE Irish party will hold a meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, on St. Patrick's Day. Mr Parnell will preside. The object of the meeting will be to issue to England the ultimatum of the Irish concerning Home Rule. As the date selected for this event precedes by but five days the 22d of March, the date set by Mr. Gladstone for the commencement of the government's work on Irish legislation, it is believed that the Nationalist leader means to force a crisis on the Home Rule question. Mr. Parnell has also arranged to have his party hold fifty meetings throughout Ireland simultaneously with the one he will preside over. The ultimatum will also be announced at these meetings.

GEN. W. T. MCMAHON, of New York City, will lecture in Tremont Temple on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, for the benefit of Father Roche's Working Boys' Home, now drawing to completion in Bennett Street.

WHAT TWO JUDGES SAY.— Worth noting at the present moment are the addresses delivered by two County Court Judges, Judge Waters in Waterford, and Judge Darley in Wexford. In the latter place Judge Darley told the Grand Jury that Wexford was the last of six towns he had presided in, and in every one of them the list of criminal cases was the lightest he ever remembered; while Judge Waters stated that for the entire county of Waterford there had been during the past six months only seven criminal cases. He added:— I also administer the criminal law in Cavan and in Leitrim. In Cavan, which is more populous than Waterford, there was at the recent sessions only one case of rescue, which should not have been sent forward at all. In all Leitrim I had only three cases, two of petty larceny, and the third a trivial assault arising out of a dispute between two boys over a game. That was the amount of crime I had to dispose of in these counties in three different provinces representing a population of about three hundred and thirty thousand souls. On the face of the globe, I may safely say, I do not think that there is any country that could show a record similar to that I have just laid before you, which is, as I have said, in every way a remarkable one.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.— The Knights of Labor do themselves great credit in refusing to draw the color line in their organizations. The negroes in the employ of the Mallory Steamship Company, who were opposed by the Texas knights, might, it would seem, have become knights if they had wished. The only disqualifications for membership in the Knights of Labor are those laid down in article 1, section 3 of their constitution —a clause which is so interesting that we give it entire:— No person who either sells or makes a living, or any part of it, by the sale of intoxicating drink, either as manufacturer, dealer or agent, or through any member of his family, can be admitted to membership in the order; and no lawyer, banker, professional gambler or stock broker can be admitted.

A REBELLION INCIDENT.— During the Rebellion Major Burke of New Orleans was in command of a detachment that captured a part of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment. He treated the prisoners as kindly as the circumstances would permit, and parted from many of them with expressions of courtesy and regret. Years passed and he heard not a word from any of them. But at the time of the great flood, when the whole of Southern Louisiana lay prostrate and helpless under the sweep of turbulent waters, Major Burke, as chairman of the Relief Committee, received one day a dispatch from Boston authorizing him to draw at sight for $10.000. This was one of the earliest responses to the pitiful cry that had gone up from a stricken community for help, and it touched and encouraged the Major and his associates. Two hours later came another dispatch from Boston authorizing the committee to draw for another $10,000, and in a few hours came a third dispatch donating another $10,000. With these dispatches, or in some way to connect the statement with them, came the flash from Boston, "The Sixth Massachusetts remembers the kindness of Major Burke."

OUR COLORED BRETHREN.—Congressman O'Hara, of North Carolina, is a member of the coterie of educated colored men in Washington; but singularly enough he and his wife are Catholics and attend St. Augustine's Church. Mrs. O'Hara is one of the loveliest ladies in Washington, and were it not for the slight trace of negro blood in her veins she would be a leader in white society. Like Mrs. Bruce, who is also beautiful, she is a highly educated and accomplished woman, speaks French, plays Beethoven, paints pictures, and is up in art and literature to a degree that would make some of her white sisters blush for envy. Both Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. O'Hara are very nearly white, and it would be difficult for a stranger to detect their relation to the African race. Mrs. O'Hara has a white governess for her children, and intends that they shall be as accomplished as herself. These people have their own society, give balls, dinner parties, receptions and other entertainments.

PARLIAMENTARY FUND.—At the meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Association at the Hoffman House, New York, Banker Engene Kelly stated that the fund was in need of no more money at present. When the books are all in, it is expected that the fund will amount to about seventy thousand dollars. Mr. Kelly stated that while the association had all the money it needed now, the time

might come when its services would again be required. The association, after winding up its present affairs, will not be dissolved, but will simply adjourn to meet at the call of the chairman.

THE CENTENARY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. — Corsica is preparing to celebrate on a grand scale the fourth centenary of the death of Christopher Columbus. It was at Calvi, in Corsica, that the illustrious navigator was born in 1441, as has been proved by the Abbé Cuzanova, after considerable research. "The Genoese governor at Calvi, he says, struck with the precocious intellect of the child, sent him to Genoa. At fourteen, he evinced a decided taste for a sea-faring life. He was accordingly sent to the University of Pavia, where he learned geography, cosmography, geometry, astronomy, and the nautical sciences. In 1470, we find him at Lisbon; in 1477 in Iceland; five years later he embarked at Palos, on the celebrated voyage which ended in the discovery of America. The great navigator, we are told, spoke of Corsica, which he called his native island, in the narratives of his adventures at sea, and to which he made some touching allusions.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY. — Two-thirds of the money necessary to start the Catholic University has already been raised.

SOCIALISM. — Mr. Hyndman, the guiding spirit of the Social Democratic Federation, has hitherto had a considerable amount of public attention paid to the theories he has advanced. No matter how jejune and impracticable his views might have been when closely examined, he has endeavored to explain them with some show of reason, and accordingly influential politicians have treated him as a man who might be led by the force of logic to abandon Utopian schemes. Mr. Hyndman, so far from being convinced that he has been treading a dangerous path, has taken a further stride in the direction to which it tends. Within the course of some days past two meetings of the unemployed, largely promoted by the Social Democratic Federation, have been held in London, and at each the doctrine of force was freely spoken of as the only remedy for the poverty-stricken. Mr. Hyndman, at the first gathering, gave the keynote to his associates and followers. "All we see," said he, "is the employer and the employed, the wealthy and the destitute, the robber and the robbed." He openly proclaimed himself the advocate of a revolution, for which he urged the unemployed to prepare quickly.

THE bishops of Australia have petitioned the Holy See to declare St. Patrick's Day a holyday of obligation.

The Orangemen in 1798.

THE Orangemen were now on hand to follow up the vanquished, whom they valiantly slaughtered without mercy — this being always their well chosen avocation in war, for the grim fraternity were never soldiers to fight on equal terms. A regiment of them raised from Bandon Orangemen, and known as the North Cork, became notorious for the ingenious tortures they inflicted on those who fell into their hands. This regiment was in Castlebar when the few Frenchmen that landed under Gen. Humbert advanced on that town. There were six thousand British troops in Castlebar at the time, including the North Cork, when, according to the historian Plowden, Humbert attacked it with nine hundred Frenchmen and fifteen hundred of the Mayo peasantry, making twenty-four hundred in all; and these, it is an historic fact, drove the six thousand out of the town like so many sheep. The North Cork, true to their fighting qualities, gallantly ran away, never halting till they reached Tuam, forty miles from the scene of action, and yet, for further safety, started for Athlone. This incident is still remembered as the "Castlebar races." These runaways were part of the army that Gen. Abercrombie declared "dangerous to everybody but an armed foe;" and well they proved the truth of this saying.

PRESIDENT EGAN. — At the National Convention of the Irish National League of America, in Boston, a resolution was unanimously passed directing that a sum of $3,000 shall be annually appropriated out of the funds of the League to indemnify the President of the League for his time and services in the interest of the cause. Mr. Egan, when elected President, informed the committee of his intention not to accept any compensation for his services; but notwithstanding this the National Executive Committee of the League, at their recent meeting in Chicago,

insisted on voting the $3,000 due under the resolution up to August last, and directed the Treasurer to remit the same to the President. The check for the amount reached Mr. Egan on the 12th inst., and he at once indorsed it back to Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, the Treasurer, as his personal contribution to the League funds.

Parnell and Healy.

Milwaukee Catholic Citizen:— The English press for some time has been holding up T. M. Healy as a rival to Parnell. The English are quick to sow seeds of dissension and to hammer in wedges of discord wherever there is opportunity. This was done in Davitt's case, but it availed nothing. The Irish ranks remained unbroken.

The Galway episode, where Messrs. Healy and Biggar, with the support of a dozen Irish members, sought to defeat Capt. O'Shea, Parnell's nominee for a vacant seat, indicates that the English scent for *divida et impera* has been keen. The episode ended happily by the withdrawal of Mr. Lynch, the contra-Parnell candidate, but it leaves an unpleasant impression.

The "old guard" are with Parnell, Biggar alone (and strangely) excepted. Healy seems to have regretted his course when across the Rubicon. So far as leadership goes, he merely furnished an occasion for Parnell to demonstrate his superior qualities of management in a brilliant manner. Healy is too serviceable a man to lose from the Irish ranks, yet his retention at the price of disunion is not to be contemplated.

Great Temperance Gathering.

THERE was a great demonstration of the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies of Suffolk County (Boston) at Tremont Temple, on the evening of January 15, to hear the Rev. Joseph B. Cotter, of Minnesota, who has been appointed Union lecturer by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Mr. P. J. Guerin presented as the presiding officer of the evening the Rev. E. V. Boursaud, S. J., President of Boston College, who congratulated the societies represented upon the large numbers present and the brilliant outlook for the temperance cause as thus indicated. He spoke of the vice of intemperance as one to kill both body and soul. The temperance cause was one of the highest that commanded the attention and interest of men.

Father Cotter received an ovation of applause. He delivered an eloquent address on temperance, and said that the great apostle of temperance in America, Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, was likely soon to speak in Boston. The lecture was able and argumentative as well as pathetic, and strongly patriotic. At the conclusion the pledge was given to a great number of people.

Father Cotter is in excellent health and may well be styled the Apostle of Temperance in America. Since September last Rev. J. B. Cotter has administered the pledge to nine thousand persons. Bishop Ireland was recently asked, "What was the Pope's action on the temperance decrees of the Plenary Council?"—"They were indorsed entirely," replied the bishop. "The Church from this time places itself on the highest ground on the temperance question. The council took an extremely strong stand on the closing of saloons on Sunday, indirectly putting the ban on the whole liquor traffic by stating, in these words, that 'Catholics engaged in it should seek a more honorable mode of gaining a livelihood.' It condemned selling liquor to minors and habitual drunkards, and proclaims against blasphemy and improper language in saloons. It forbids the sale of liquor, beer, and wine in any connection with the interests of the Church. It solemnly approves of total abstinence societies, and requests pastors to encourage them."

PAULISTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.— Rev. Edmund Hill, now associated with the Rev. Father Fidelis (Dr. Kent Stone) in the Passionist monastery at Buenos Ayres, had the happiness of seeing his brother, Percival G. Hill, received into the Church in that city. Father Hill was formerly a member of the Paulist community in New York city. Recently the Passionists Fathers opened their new monastery in Calle Cariaod, Buenos Ayres. They have now in South America a retreat which will stand comparison with the houses of their North American province, and is worthy to be numbered with those they possess in Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, England and Ireland.

REV. JAMES KEEGAN, of St. Louis, Mo., in a late article in the *Western Watchman*, says of the peasant dwellers among the hills of Connaught: "They

have a higher civilization than perhaps any Teutonic people can ever attain. Yet they live in mud-wall, clay floor cabins, and many of them even out of doors — being evicted. How is their civilization higher? They live continually in the presence of God, realizing this fact as no other people do; so they enjoy the best of company; they act up to the spirit of Catholicity better than any other people, and so have the best code of manners in the world; they are a most polite and chivalrous people, never offending strangers by word or deed, if the strangers behave properly. They have a most beautiful and refined national music and poetry, which all know and thoroughly appreciate; they are all poets, inasmuch as they perceive and enjoy the poetry of nature as no other people but the old Athenians ever did."

Mothers and Daughters.

THE *London Tablet* has a lengthy review of Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien's book, "After Weary Hours," from which we make the following extract: After describing St. Agnes, and her short but brilliant career, he sets her before us as a model worthy of our imitation, though he expresses some doubt as to whether her example will be likely to excite much emulation among young ladies of these days. Among modern young ladies whose sense of womanly delicacy is not startled by being frequently, and for long hours, alone with "that most useless and uninteresting of the human species, a moon-struck lover. . . . Young ladies who have had day dreams of matrimony while yet in short clothes." While on this topic we may as well give the reader the benefit of the following remarks, which the Archbishop makes a little further on, and which, we regret to say, are almost as applicable in England as in America. "How many young Catholic girls and boys hang entranced over a filthy tale — love tale. They experience no sense of shame in reading vile books, or in flaunting in a ball room where youthful charms are as really prostituted as in any den of iniquity, and where even aged women expose their scraggy necks and freckled shoulders to the unspeakable disgust of all right-thinking men. . . . It is true that custom may excuse certain modes of dress not openly immodest; but no custom can excuse certain ball-room toilets; and no girl ever appeared for the first time in one of these diabolically suggested dresses without experiencing a thrill of shame, and showing a conscious flush of outraged modesty." Let Catholic mothers take these words to heart, and when bringing out their daughters or chaperoning them to balls and parties, let them show an example more worthy of that Virgin Immaculate whom they profess to imitate then at present contains.

MGR. HEALEY, Bishop of Portland, Me., was received in private audience by his Holiness the Pope, recently.

PADRE PROTASI, S. J., is dead. His name is well known in Piedmont. When the Jesuits were attacked in 1848, and in 1860, he was cast into prison. Cavour sought him, and asked him to reveal the secrets of Jesuitism. He replied that the "Spiritual Exercises" contained all their secrets. In 1866 he was again arrested, and exiled to Elba. His end was tranquil, and amidst his brethren he passed away.

New Carpet Warehouse.

MESSRS. THOMAS O'CALLAGHAN and Lucius Howard, both of whom were recently connected with one of the largest carpet houses in the city, composing the firm of Thomas O'Callaghan & Co., are showing a very fine line of carpetings, rugs, mats, etc., at their store, 601 Washington Street. Since their opening day, the store has been visited by a large crowd of buyers, attracted by the bargains offered and the novelty of their carpet designs. In moquettes and draperies they are carrying a large line of entirely new patterns, designed expressly for them. Among the things sought by the purchasers are a fine lot of Smyrna rugs, reduced from $5 and $6 to $2.90. Several hundred of these were sold on the opening day. Linoleum floor matting, manufactured from cork shavings and other materials, and destined to be widely used when its merits become more generally known, is kept in stock. It is very soft, and comfortable for the feet, but very durable. The firm also shows a large and desirable line of oil cloths. It is proposed by Mr. O'Callaghan to extend his quarters to the store adjoining, now occupied by a crockery firm, as soon as their lease expires, thus making very large and convenient warerooms. Give the new firm an early call.

POPE LEO XIII. celebrated the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birthday and the eighth of his coronation on the 2d of March, by an address to the members of the Sacred Congregation.

THE late Dr. Hyndman left behind him the best mixture for coughs, colds, and consumption, to be had in the country. Dr. P. Morris is the only sure manufacturer of the article in this city. All others are spurious. The doctor can be found opposite the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

Gen. Hancock and the Irish Brigade.

IN our next issue we will give an article on the late Gen. Hancock and his relations with the Irish Brigade.

RIEL. — In his annual report on Indian affairs, Sir John Macdonald asserts that the recent uprising in the Northwest was due to specious inducements held out to the Indians by Riel, and argues that the half-breed leader was responsible for the whole trouble. The expenditures in the field and for transport services were nearly $4,000,000.

Montgomery Light Guard Veteran Association.

THIS spirited organization celebrated its twenty-first anniversary on the 25th of February, at the Quincy House. It was one of the most enjoyable banquets that we have attended for a long time. Capt. Thomas F. Doherty presided, and performed the duties of the chair to the satisfaction of all. The association numbers one hundred and fifty of as fine fellows as ever handled a knife and fork. Speeches, songs, etc., occupied the attention of the evening to a late hour. A uniform is being prepared for the members, and we may expect a parade of this Veteran Association the coming season.

RETURNS TO HIS FIRST LOVE. — The good tidings have been received of the return to the faith of Professor Benedict Pollio, of Naples, who, for the past thirteen years, has been one of the pillars of the Italian Evangelical Methodist sect, and has become notorious as the author of a blasphemous pamphlet against our Blessed Lady. He now publicly abjures and retracts his errors and writings, and humbly craves re-admission into the Church.

MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Peasant's Wooing," Song, by Koschat. "Love's Dream is Past," Duet, words by F. N. Scott, melody by Ascher. "Only a Face in the Moonlight," by Chas. H. Gabriel. "Moonlight on the Rhine," Duettino, words by Eleanor Darby, music by W. Newland. "No Home Like a Mother's," by Jno. F. Leonard. "Evening Bells," trio for female voices by Gabriel. "How Long Wilt Thou Forget Me, O Lord," Quartette and Chorus by Carl Pflueger. "Consider the Lilies," Solo and Chorus, by W. A. Springer.

Instrumental: "Sleep, my Angel," Nocturne by Wachtmann. "Sang Froid," by Beaumont. "Romance," for pianoforte by Helen Hopekirk. "Angelo Waltzes," by A. Czibulka. "La Bella Amazone," by Lolschorn. "Movement a la Pavane," by Calixa Lavallee. "Gavotte in G. Minor," by Bach. No. 1, "Valse de Salon," by Calixa Lavallee. "Whitsuntide in Florence," Potpourri by C. D. Blake. "Valse Brilliante," by Lysberg. "Mandolin et Castagnettes," "Valse Mexicaine," by L. Meyer. "Hearts First Love," by Eilenberge. "Nightfall in the Forest," Fantasia de Concert, by A. W. Holt. "Chole," Danse Africaine, by Geo. C. Dobson. "Mystere," for piano, by Byron C. Tapley "Alpine Horn," Transcription by H. Schirmer. "Whitsuntide in Florence," by A. Czibulka. Piano score of opera.

R. A. Saalfield, 12 Bible House, N. Y

"Little Ah Sid, Chinese song and dance, by J. P. Skelly. "Mikado Waltz," by Bucalossi. "Mary, Darling, Must you Leave Me," words by J. B. Ferguson, music by H. P. Danks.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS of Baltimore was in Washington lately, and went over the grounds that have been selected as the site of the National Catholic University, which the recent Plenary Council decided to establish. It is still uncertain when the work on the building will be begun; but there is a general understanding as to some of the persons who will compose the faculty. It is practically settled that Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., will be the rector, and it was long ago decided that Dr. Chapelle, pastor of St. Matthew's Church in that city, should be professor of history."

PERSONAL.

THE Marquis of Ripon and Mr. Russell, Q.C., are the first Catholics who have held the posts of First Lord of the Admiralty and of Attorney-General.

CHARLES RUSSELL, Esq., Attorney-General for Ireland, is the brother of the Rev. Mathew Russell, S. J., editor of that excellent and popular magazine, the *Irish Monthly*, and is married to a sister of Rosa Mulholland, the gifted Irish poet and novelist.

RIGHT REV. THOMAS A. BECKER, Bishop of the diocese of Wilmington, Del., has been transferred to the vacant See of Savannah, Ga. Bishop Becker was consecrated on August 16, 1868, having previously taught in the College of Mount St. Mary's, at Emmittsburg, Md. He is distinguished for his skill as a linguist, being a master of more than half the modern languages of Europe. He is about 50 years of age.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has expressed himself emphatically in favor of the enforcement of the eight-hour law in the government departments. He is reported to have said, with reference to the subject, that it ill became a government to evade the spirit and the letter of its own enactments.

THE RIGHT REV. STEPHEN V. RYAN, Bishop of Buffalo, has gone on a health visit to Florida. There is not, probably, in the whole United States, a more beloved bishop, than this modest, hard working and most heavenly-minded spiritual father. Despite the heavy cares of an extensive diocese, Bishop Ryan has found time to make some valuable contributions to doctrinal and ascetic literature. His great work, "The Apostolic Succession," which has gone through several editions, is a standard authority on that important question. Bishop Ryan is a Pennsylvanian (Canadian by birth), of direct Irish descent; of a family whose very name is a synonym of piety and patriotism. Before he was made bishop, he was a prominent member of the Congregation of the Vincentians, better known in America as the Lazarist Fathers.

THE VENERABLE RECTOR of the Irish College at Rome, celebrated, on New Year's Day, his 86th birthday. High Mass was pontificated in the Church of St Agatha, attached to the college, by the Archbishop of Cincinnati, U. S. A., after which Bishop Kirby entertained at dinner Cardinal Howard, the Archbishop of Cincinnati, the Bishops of Galloway, Argyll and the Isles, and Davenport, U. S. A., Mgr. Stonor, Abbot Smith, O. S. B., the Rectors of the Foreign Colleges, the Priors of the National Institutes, the Very Rev. Father Lockhart, Mgr. O'Bryen, and several other dignitaries. The Holy Father sent his congratulations and apostolic benediction, in honor of this anniversary of his old and highly valued friend.

THE veteran leader of the Centre Party in Germany, Dr. Windthorst, has completed his seventy-fourth year. Like so many aged Ministers and leaders of political parties, the "little excellency" is as full of energy and strength as the youngest of his followers. We heartily join our fellow Catholics in Germany in wishing their distinguished chief many years of health and strength in which to continue to labor for the good cause.

THE Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Lord Bishop of Birmingham, England, will enter his eightieth year on the 7th of May next, and we find it suggested in a Sydney contemporary that his work as a pioneer Australian priest should be commemorated on that occasion by a presentation from the Catholics of Australia. In an address his Eminence Cardinal Moran describes his Lordship as "the living link of the present with the past."

THE Rev. James Keegan, of St. Louis, Mo., is a contributor of graceful poems and interesting prose sketches to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, *The Current* and other publications. He is also an enthusiast in the movement for the study of the Irish language, and is well versed in the ancient literature of Ireland. At a late meeting of the council of the Gaelic Union, in Dublin, Mr. John Fleming, editor of the *Gaelic Journal*, presiding, a letter from Father Keegan was read, in which he remitted $5, and promised to contribute the same sum monthly, and challenged all Irish clergymen, lawyers and other professional men, who take any interest in their native country, to contribute towards the journal fund initiated by him.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

CATHOLIC DIRECTORY FOR THE ARCHDIOCESE OF BOSTON, AND THE ORDER OF THE FORTY HOURS DEVOTION, A. D. 1886.

This little book gives the churches, churches building, chapels and stations, secular and regular priests, students in philosophy and theology, seminaries, colleges, etc. The number of scholars in Catholic schools is stated to be 20,000. The population is put down at 350,000.

P. O'Shea, New York.

TALES OF TRUTH AND TRUST. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Price, 75 cents.

ROSEMARY: A TALE OF THE FIRE IN LONDON. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Price 75 cents.

Everything from the pen of Lady Fullerton is sure to find readers. Those who have not read these books should furnish their libraries with copies of them.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ia.,

THE LEPERS OF MOLOKAI. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Price, 10 cents.

Those who wish to read the history of the poor creatures afflicted with the dread disease of leprosy should get this book. The author graphically describes the terrible scenes as enacted in this lazor-house. It is sad and yet not sad to state that the Rev. Father Damien, the self-sacrificing priest, who, for more than twelve years past, has ministered to the unfortunate lepers in the solitary island of Molokai — their pastor, companion, and friend — has at last fallen a victim to the most dreadful of all scourges. A death awaits him as fearful to contemplate as that which every day confronts those stricken outcasts of the Kingdom of Hawii. He fears it not, but there is a touch of pathos in the request with which he closes a letter announcing his fate: "Pray for your afflicted friend, and recommend him and his unhappy flock to all servants of our Lord."

ALL of the above books may be obtained of Messrs. Noonan & Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POPE LEO XIII. TO THE REV. DR. MORIARTY.— The following letter from Rome, written by order of the Holy Father, Pope Leo XII., has been received by the Rev. Dr. J. J. Moriarty, pastor of St. John the Evangelist's church of Syracuse, N. Y.:

ROME, Feb. 7, 1886.

Dear and Reverend Father:

I had a long audience with the Holy Father last evening. He was delighted to hear of your zeal and your works. He accepted with the greatest benevolence your latest work, "The Keys of the Kingdom," several pages of which I translated for him, while he held in his hands your beautiful presentation copy. You may imagine the good impression it made upon him. Whilst admiring your beautiful book, he charged me to tell you how highly he appreciates your gift and that he blesses, with the most ample benediction, you, your flock, your societies and your works, encouraging you to continue your labors so useful to the church. You may publish this benediction with the words as related.

Yours most affectionately,

GRASSELI, *Archbishop of Golossi.*

To the Rev. J. J. Moriarty, doctor of laws and pastor of St. John the Evangelist's church, Syracuse, N. Y.

VIENT DE PARAITRE. — Approuve par Mgr. l'evêque de Rochester et Mgr. l'archevêque de Baltimore, et publie avec l'Imprimatur de Mgr. l'archevêque de New York. Un Catechisme de doctrine Chretienne. Prepare et ordonne par le Troisieme Concile Generale de Baltimore. Traduit et' publie par l'autorite ecclesiastique. Par 100, $3.00. Un Abrege du Catechisme de Doctrine Chretienne. Prepare et ordonne par le Troisième Concile Generale de Baltimore. Par 100, $2.00. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

ROBERT EMMET.— The 108th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet was appropriately observed in various parts of the country. In Boston and vicinity meetings were held in commemoration of the event. In Faneuil Hall, Mayor O'Brien presided at a very enthusiastic gathering.

earliest years she was always deeply devoted to her religious duties, and was among the first five novices received into the Order by Very Rev. J. Prendergast, its founder.

LAY PEOPLE.

We regret to have to announce the death, at Sydney, New South Wales, of Mr. William Dargan Gray, M. D., brother of Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M. P.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Hubert Sarsfield Burke, which occurred on Wednesday. Mr. Burke was a frequent contributor to the *Dublin Review* and *Catholic World*, and is well known as the author of "The Women of the Reformation" and "Historical portraits of the Tudor Dynasty," works which brought him more honor than profit, as readers of Father Bannin's recent letters in our columns are aware. At the time of his death he was engaged in sketching the lives of the Irish viceroys, with the view of showing the inutility of that high post.

John B. Johnston, the animal painter of this city, died at his home, in Dorchester, on Sunday, February 14, of pneumonia, after a short illness. He was a little over forty years of age, and belonged to a family of artists, his father, D. C. Johnston, having been a famous caricaturist in his day, his brother Thomas a very talented figure painter, and his sister, Miss S. J. F. Johnston, who survives him, is also an artist. His death causes a shock to the artistic fraternity of Boston such as has not been experienced since George Fuller passed away, for he was a great favorite among all who knew him. As an animal painter, Johnston was very strong in color and characterization, and it would be difficult to find his equal in this specialty among American artists. He produced but few pictures, working slowly and with great care, most of his time during the past few years having been devoted to teaching. He was a pupil of the late William M. Hunt, and afterwards studied in Paris. He was of an amiable and cheerful disposition, full of vigor and liveliness, and was always exceedingly loyal to his friends and to his convictions. His frank and hearty manner and blunt honesty were prominent traits in a character which contained no guile. The funeral took place from the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The members of the Paint and Clay Club, in which he always took a great interest, attended the funeral in a body. No man could be more sincerely mourned by his associates in art than "Johnny" Johnston, as his friends affectionately called him.

An Irishman, brilliant and useful in his day, Dr. R. R. Madden, has passed away from among us at the age of eighty-seven. Though best known in Ireland as the author of the "Lives of the United Irishmen" and the "History of Irish Periodical Literature," Dr. Madden was author of many valuable works of travel, etc., and that which some consider his best, the "Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola." Apart from his authorship, Dr. Madden led a busy and useful life, having spent some years as special magistrate in Jamaica, and worked in concert with Wilberforce, Buxton and Clarkson, for the abolition of slavery. He also, later, held successively the posts of Superintendent of Liberated Africans at Havana, under the British Colonial office, and of Acting Judge Advocate in the Mixed Commission Court, under the Foreign Office. In 1841 he was chosen by Lord John Russell a Commissioner of Inquiry on the Western Coast of Africa, and in 1847 was appointed to the Colonial Secretaryship of Western Australia. In a memoir of Dr. Madden's life and labors, published in the *Dublin University Magazine* for March, 1876, the author remarks: If Dr. Madden had never written a line, his services in connection with the abolition of the slave trade would entitle him to public gratitude. If in the fearless discharge of his duty Dr. Madden excited the enmity of the slave interest, he also won golden opinions from those who were really the negro's friends. Not only abroad, but in his own country, men of the very highest eminence were foremost in recognizing his signal abilities and services. It is seldom that a man succeeds in winning the unreserved approbation of such men as Lords Glenelg, Palmerston, Russell, Derby and Normanby, as well as eliciting admiration of such members of his own profession as Gregory, Cooper, Brodie, Johnson, Crampton, Kirby and O'Reilly. But perhaps the most valuable tribute came from the lips of Buxton and Clarkson, two of the finest champions ever furnished by humanity to the oppressed colored race. With these men, as also with William Wilberforce, must be linked the name of our countrymen.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

STOOPING SHOULDERS. — This is a serious evil. It comprises both appearance and vitality. A stooping figure is not only a familiar expression of weakness or old age, but it is, when caused by careless habits, a direct cause of contracted chest and defective breathing. Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school, you will probably go bent to your grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder-braces will not help. One needs, not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect. I know of but one bull's eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheepskin or other strong bag filled with twenty to eighty pounds of sand is a good weight. When engaged in your morning studies, either before or after breakfast, put this bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck, and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball. The bones of the spine and the intervertebral substance will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude. One year of daily practice with the bag, half an hour morning and evening, will give you a noble carriage without interfering a moment with your studies.

It would be very difficult to put into a paragraph more instruction than this. Your respiration, voice and strength of spine, to say nothing of your appearance, will find a new departure in this cure of dropping shoulders.—*Dio Lewis.*

A RIGHT-HANDED man is a man who takes hold of hoe, a rake, a spade or a fork with the right hand down and the left hand up, or nearest the body. A man who habitually puts his left hand down, or, for instance, the man who places his right-hand on the top of a spade, and,grasps the handle or shake with his left hand, is a left-handed man. And so with an axe. A right-handed man and a left-handed man can work together in chopping down a tree. If they were both right-handed or both left-handed, they could not do this unless one chopped on one side of the tree and the other on the other side. And so it in loading earth into a wagon. If the men stand face to face, one should be left-handed and the other right-handed. In hoeing a row of corn, the right-handed man will walk on the lelf side of the row, while the left-handed man will walk on the right side of it.

HOW TO TEST BUTTER.—There is a qualitative test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice. A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant; but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fats.

SLEEP REQUIRED.—Do you know how much sleep you need? Note when you usually go to sleep and about when you usually wake up, and count the time. Few people get along well, as a rule, on less than seven hours' sleep; few require ten hours. As an average, most persons need eight or nine hours of sleep. If you sleep eight or nine hours and get up tired and depressed, very likely you are sleeping too much unless very hard work accounts for your feelings. Find out on what number of hours you feel best and work and stick to your standard. Loss of sleep kills as surely, though more slowly, than loss of food. A recent medical writer has said: "The value of sleep to brain-workers cannot be exaggerated. In a recent lecture Dr. Malins, a famous English physician, said that the brain requires twelve hours of sleep at four years old, gradually diminishing by hours and half hours to ten hours at fourteen, and thence to eight hours when the body is full grown and formed. Goethe, in his most active productive period, needed nine hours and took them; Kant, the most laborious of students, was strict in never taking less than seven. Nor does it appear that those who have systematically tried to cheat nature of this chief right have been, in any sense, gainers of time for their work. It may be a paradox, but is not the less of truth, that what is given to sleep is gained to labor."

THE HUMORIST.

A TRAMP was found by a gentleman on his front steps eating his lunch "Here! What are you doing there?' he shouted. "Partaking of a slight lunch; will you join me?" the tramp politely responded. "No, I don't want any of your villainous food."—"That's so; it is a pretty tough kind of fodder. I just got it out of your kitchen. Your wife must be doing her own cooking."

AN English traveller in America asked a captain of a lake steamer the name of the lake they were traversing. He replied, "Lake Huron."—"Yes, I know," responded the Englishman, "it is the lake I am on; but what is its name?"

A NEW POLITICAL STORY.—In a smoking-car I heard a fellow tell a new political story. It may be a chestnut, but I will take the risk. It was about an Irishman in Baltimore, who had political "influence." He also had some chickens which he kept in his cellar. One day a main burst, flooded the cellar, and drowned the chickens, and he went to the city clerk to see if he could not get damages. He was referred to the Mayor, but immediately afterward he returned with his complaint. "Me name is Walsh," he explained. "I live in the Fourth ward, and I've a great deal of politikle influence. The dom pipe that bursted drooned me chickens. I want satisfication."—"Did you go to the Mayor?"—"Yis, sorr!" was the indignant response; "but I got no satisfaction from him."—"Did you tell him about your chickens?"—Yis, sorr!"—"What did he say?"—"He looked me a minute, and then says he: 'Drooned your chickens, did it? Well, why in thunder don't ye raise ducks?'"

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.—"My dear," observed Mr. Grap, as he came in a little late for supper, "I am sorry that I couldn't get here sooner, but I stopped on the way up to get some tickets for the theatre."—"You ought to know better than to waste your money in that way, Mr. Grap."—"Yes, my dear; but I got them for Mary Anderson."—"You did, hey! you got some tickets for Mary Anderson? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Grap. Here I am left at home to work my hands off while you go out and buy tickets for Mary Anderson."—"But, my dear, I was going to take you to see Mary."—"I don't want to see her, and you ought to be ashamed to tell me that: it's bad enough for you to go and buy theatre tickets for her."—"But, my darling"—"Look here, Mr. Grap, I want to tell you one thing. If you mention that woman's name to me again, you'll be sorry for it. You needn't try to explain, for I won't have it. Mary Anderson, hey! I suppose you gave her the tickets?" "No, my dear, I"—"Then the best thing you can do is to put them in the fire."—"But, my"—"See here, John Grap, if you don't put those tickets in the fire, you'll regret it." And John goes and puts the five dollars' worth in the stove, mentally resolving that the philosopher was right when he divided mankind into two varieties of fools.

IT is said that blue stockings are poisonous. However, we imagine there is little danger of anybody eating them—that is, if boarding-house keepers are not criminally careless about what ingredients and their way into the breakfast hash.

A WEST of Scotland clergyman was going to the Highlands for his holidays, and being very fond of the "Nabob Pickles," he took a bottle with him. The "Nabob Pickles" are extremely hot, and should be sparingly used. Arrived at a hotel, he placed the bottle on the table and took one or two of them. A Yankee was sitting opposite, and got his eye on the pickles. "Stranger, pass the pickles, please." The clergyman said; "These are private property, but you are welcome to them." He passed the bottle across the table. The Yankee emptied half the bottle into his plate, and stirred them well up with his spoon. He took a big spoonful, but they were not long down when he drew a long breath, and said: "Oh, dodgast it! Look here, stranger, I guess you are a parson?"—"Well, I am a clergyman, and I preach the gospel."—"Look you here," said the Yankee, "I have heard them preach about fire and brimstone, but you are the first one I knew who carried a sample bottle."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV. BOSTON, MAY, 1886. No. 5.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Major-General John Newton.

THE true history of our Civil War remains to be written. We are still under the shadow of that valley of death. Our vision is not clear enough to discern the whole truth and allot to each man, who figured prominently in that great struggle his proper place. Those who come after us and calmly examine the whole sad story in its full details, will possibly take many a man down from the pedestal that he now occupies in popular esteem, and set up another in his place. Some few massive figures will always stand monumental, for better or worse; but out of the shade will rise many, who, for the moment, are half-forgotten in the blaze and the babble of many tongues.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON.

It would be unjust to his countrymen to say that Brevet-Major-General John Newton is one of these half-forgotten figures, who played a very prominent and important part in our great national struggle. His countrymen know him and honor him; but for his fame as one of the first engineers of the age, rather than for his services in the field. Yet that those services were great and worthy of general recognition, may be seen from the sketch here given of the life of this most modest and retiring of men.

John Newton is a Virginian by birth; he was born in Norfolk, Va., on August 24, 1823. He came of a family truly distinguished. His very name indicates his ancestry. His father, Thomas Newton, represented the Norfolk district in Congress for nearly thirty years. This was in the good old days. When full of years and honors and

public service, Thomas Newton concluded on retiring from public office; he was the oldest member in service of the House of Representatives. His boy, John, he sent to acquire his primary studies to the private schools in Norfolk. Norfolk, like its State, was a much more important place in those days than it is to-day. After having completed those studies, such as they were, the lad, then about twelve years old, was sent to West Point. He manifested a taste for mathematics. The country was opening up. So his father decided that he should follow the early career of George Washington and take to civil engineering.

He took to the studies preparatory for that career. He took to them mightily, happily for his country, as the sequel showed, for armies are always more prolific in fighting men, whether they be generals, or in the ranks, than in engineers. He was placed under private tuition, and took in all the mathematics and other studies contingent. In 1838 he entered the military academy, and in 1842 graduated. He received the commission of second-lieutenant in the corps of engineers. Newton's worth as a careful and comprehensive student was known and recognized by his superiors, and his natural bent and acquirements were at once given opportunity for play. He was appointed assistant to the Board of Engineers, and acted as assistant-professor of engineering at the West Point Military Academy, and also as assistant-engineer in the construction of Forts Warren and Trumbull, and superintended the construction of Forts Wayne, Porter, Niagara and Ontario. His skill and knowledge and his love of labor were so manifest that on October 16, 1852, he was promoted to be first lieutenant in his corps. He was sent to Maine to conduct the surveys of the Kennebec River, Cobscook Bay, Matinicus Island, Rockland and Owlshead Harbors, with a view of improving navigation at those places as recommended by the river and harbor act of 1852. It will be seen how early in his career this steady and brilliant young officer was employed in commissions of great trust and importance. Having satisfactorily finished his work in Maine, he was next ordered to Florida. This was in 1853, while Florida was still an unknown wonder-land to most of the world. His orders were to superintend the construction of various works in that State, as also to reconstruct Forts Pulaski and Jackson in Georgia; to improve the Savannah River; and attend to the forts in Pensacola Harbor. His work was marked by such zeal and success that on July 1, 1856, he was promoted to a captaincy in his corps. At the same time he was made a member of various important commissions for exploration and improvement, among others one to project coast defences in Alabama, Mississippi and Texas. In all he was found at the front, and in 1858 he was appointed chief engineer of the expedition to Utah.

Captain Newton's calls were endless, so valuable did his services prove in a department where only men of exceptional knowledge, skill, intuition, and pronounced character could serve. He was next sent to take charge of the construction of Fort Delaware, and to repair Fort Mifflin, on the Delaware. There he remained, save for brief intervals, until the outbreak of the Civil War.

So far Captain Newton had proved himself an engineer of rare

rank. At his country's call and in days of deepest doubt and gloom, he was called upon to prove his prowess in the field. He answered the call at once. He was sent to serve as chief-engineer on General Patterson's column in the Valley of Virginia. He took his baptism of fire in the action at Falling Waters, June 30, 1861. On August 6, of the same year, he was promoted to be major of engineers, and twenty days later, he was ordered to Washington for duty on the defences of the capital. What trust was reposed in this young soldier! He constructed strong works for the defence of Alexandria. On September 23, 1861, he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, being assigned to command a brigade in the defence of Washington.

In March, 1862, the Peninsula campaign began. The confederates had evacuated Yorktown, and Newton was sent to the front again. The division to which he was attached embarked at once, and moved up York River to protect West Point and cut off the Southern retreat. They landed after dark only to discover that the enemy, under General Gustavus W. Smith, had concentrated in force at Barhamsville. Instead of cutting off they were themselves cut off. Behind them was a river and no hope of support; two miles and a half away was the main body of the enemy. Destruction was impending. At early dawn Newton went out to reconnoitre, and see what could be done in the way of defence. He found that marshes covered all their position, save a space sufficient to deploy one brigade. By permission he planted his own brigade right in that space. The enemy found and fought him. It was the pass of Thermopylæ over again, though with a happier result, for the defenders of the pass. Newton and his Spartans could not be dislodged. The division was saved. The action took place on May 7, 1862.

At Gaine's Mills, Newton's Brigade again figured in such form as to win the formal commendation of the general in command; and again, at the battle of Glendale, subsequent to the change of base to Harrison's landing. In the Maryland campaign, a brigade in Franklin's Corps was assigned to Newton, and in the advance on South Mountain they did more than yeoman's service, turning disaster into victory, under the intuition of their leader.

Newton fought at Antietam, and for his services in that great battle was brevetted lieutenant-colonel in the regular army. In the Rappahannock campaign, he commanded a division as major-general of volunteers, and fought at Fredericksburg. In the Chancellorsville campaign his division formed part of General Sedgwick's Corps. The attack on the Marye Heights (May, 1863), was conducted by Sedgwick under Newton's advice. In this action, Newton was Sedgwick's right-hand man.

In the Pennsylvania campaign, Newton was assigned to the temporary command of the First Corps, made vacant by the death of General Reynolds. He was engaged at Gettysburg, and it is only the other day that he attended the funeral of the hero of that terrible battle on which the whole war turned. For his services at Gettysburg, Newton was rewarded with the title of brevet-colonel in the regulars. In May, 1864, Colonel Newton was assigned to the command of the

Second Division of the Fourth Corps of the Army of the Cumberland in the advance from Chattanooga to Atlanta, taking part in the various battles incident to that memorable march. He did signal service at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, where he succeeded in saving Thomas's command, which, through a seeming error or miscalculation of Sherman was left exposed, an easy prey to the enemy. For his "gallant and meritorious services" on that trying day, he was brevetted brigadier-general in the regular service. In the siege of Atlanta, the assault at Jonesboro' and the battle at Lovejoy's Station, General Newton took an active part.

With the fall of Atlanta the Georgia campaign ended, and in October, 1864, Newton was assigned to the command of the district of Key West and Tortugas, Florida. He was then brevetted major-general in the regular service, the rank which he holds to-day. On December 28, 1865, he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel in the corps of engineers. He was mustered out of the volunteer service, January 15, 1866, returning to his rank and duties in the regular army. Since that time he has gone back to his old vocation on works of fortification, improving the rivers and harbors.

How signal have been his services in his favorite vocation is known to all the world. The story of the blowing up of the rocky bed, that for ages obstructed the river at Hell Gate and rendered passage by that outlet at all times dangerous to navigators, is on every tongue in every land. By clearing that noble outlet to the sea of the obstructions that had been fatal to so many hundreds of vessels, General Newton not only opened up a new and much-needed highway to commerce, but rendered his country lasting service in the event of a foreign war. Attempt after attempt had been made to do the work of clearance; but all to no purpose, until, the war over, Newton came. The magnitude of his work may be judged by the difficulties he had to overcome. Off Hallet's Point into the East River ran a rocky reef, which, with other reefs and rocks at contiguous points, made the waters round about a veritable whirlpool. The reef covered a surface of six acres, with a volume of about sixty thousand cubic yards in space of solid rock. Instead of trying, as had vainly been tried, to blast the reef from above, General Newton devised the plan of tunnelling and undermining it from below. How safely and successfully the gigantic scheme was accomplished is now a matter of scientific history and pride. But what a wonder of science and patience it was: the tunnelling and boring of this great mass under the waters of the swift-flowing river, with no accident and with little or no leakage; the placing of the dynamite cartridges in the spaces prepared for each; the safe and skilful distribution of that awful force of fifty thousand pounds of the most destructive substance known; the knitting together of the thousand links and connections, so that each should work in harmony with each, and none interfere with the other; the gradual storing up and housing of the whole until all was ready, and the arrangement so perfect that at the end at the touch of the finger of the engineer's baby daughter, Mary, the great rock was rent to pieces with scarcely a perceptible shock to the city. What fairy story can equal the simple and beautiful truth of

an actual wonder like to this? His countrymen are naturally proud of General Newton, and his name will be as indissolubly connected with Hell Gate as that of Hudson, with the mighty river called after him.

The reef off Hallett's Point was blown up, September 24, 1876. The blowing up of Flood Rock, October 10, 1885, was simply a repetition of the same marvellous feat. The main work accomplished, General Newton on January 1, of this year, turned over the entire charge of all future Hell Gate improvements to his assistant, Colonel MacFarland.

Catholics naturally take a special pride in the great engineer from the fact that he is one of themselves. General Newton long ago became a convert to the Catholic faith, and, if we mistake not, his old professor at West Point, General Scammel, was instrumental in his conversion. Sunday after Sunday this eminent engineer and soldier made it his delight and privilege, notwithstanding the labors and cares that were pressing upon him, to teach a class of little children their catechism, and the knowledge of their God and holy religion in his parish at Willimsburgh. Who shall say that science and religion are in conflict?

J. MacC.

Historical Notes of Tallaght.

The primitive, undecorated little convent church, dedicated to St. Mary of the Rosary, at Tallaght, where the coffin containing all that was mortal of the great Dominican preacher, Father Tom Burke, is a small rural church, with its rough, massive rafters unconcealed by anything in the shape of a ceiling, its unornamental walls, and its floor scantily provided with seats. Since 1842, the Dominican Fathers have strenuously labored here in the cause of religion, and in these labors, it is needless to say, Father Burke effectively participated. But, in 1855, when the ground upon which the priory stands passed into the possession of its present owners, the building that is now the church was a stable; and in no way has it been altered, except that the roof has been raised. Father Tom's resting-place is neither in the neighborhood of handsome tombstones, raised over eminent men, nor in a costly mausoleum, nor under the altar of some stately cathedral. The "God's Acre" wherein his body awaits the Archangel's trumpet-call, is a small spot of ground, loved dearly by him during his lifetime. It was his own desire to be buried here. The exact spot lies midway between the priory and the new church; and he frequently stood upon it to view the progress made with the latter building, which it was his great desire to see finished before his death. Father Burke is the second priest who has been buried in this ground. Tallaght is a place teeming with historical associations. Its record dates back for centuries that reach into the dim vista of the pre-historic days. From the time of Partholan, with his mythical heroes—who are supposed to have flourished some two thousand eight hundred years before the Christian era,—down to the raid of Tallaght in 1867, exciting events, of which Tallaght was the scene, follow each other in quick succession.

Chanson.

I.

I HAD a friend whom I once loved dear,
That I love him still — this will remind him —
Tho' I've heard of him not for a whole long year.
I now send a song to find him.

Oh, friend of mine! from this land of beer,
To the fair land he left behind him,
The poet doth send to his friend and fier,
A song, the faster to find him.

And now 'tis like thou'rt inclined to spier
Who the friend is, and what has inclined him
To seek — and who he seeks? — for 'tis queer,
This seeking for one left behind him.

II.

Oh, friend of mine! old friend J. K.,
Tho' thou'rt lost thy love is remaining;
We two oft trod o'er the rugged way
To the rock-built Castle of Kaining.

They were dear old days, and I think 'twas May,
Tho' the shining was less than the raining,
In summer and winter we both, J. K.,
In friendship did wend to Kaining.

But Fate has decreed, that I should away,
And thou still at home remaining,
True hearted and tender and gentle, J. K.,
Should'st be lord of the Castle of Kaining.

J. K.

THE substitution of glass flooring for boards continues to increase in Paris, this being especially the case in those business structures in which the cellars are used as offices. At the bank of the Credit Lyonnais, the whole of the ground in front is paved with large squares of roughened glass, embedded in a strong iron frame, and in the cellars beneath there is sufficient light even on dull days, to enable clerks to work without gas. The large central hall at the offices of the Comptoir d'Escompte has also been provided with this kind of flooring; and although its prime cost is considerably greater than that of boards, glass is in the long run far cheaper, owing to its almost unlimited durability.

The National Catholic University.

THE following representatives of the Board of Directors of the proposed American University met in Chicago, Ill., on January 27; The Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria; Fathers D. J. Riordan, J. Molitor, W. A. Horan, P. O'Reilly, F. Venturi and Moretti, Walter H. Hill, J. B. Bronsgeest, of Chicago; Judge Prendergast, W. J. Onahan, Michael Cudahy, John Cudahy, W. F. McLaughlin, James Walsh, Andrew Mullen, Bernard Curtis, Thomas Scanlon, G. W. Hill, C. C. Copeland, W. A. Amberg, A. C. Hesing, Bernard Callaghan, George McLaughlin, J. B. Sullivan, J. J. Egan.

The Rev. Father Hill was chairman. Addresses were made by Bishops Spalding and Ireland. Said the latter: "Whatever had been said in the past about the alliance between the Catholics and ignorance — a standing accusation — the people of America would in the future applaud them for their effort to establish a great institution of learning in which all the sciences as well as theology would be taught. Such an institution would forever silence adverse criticism, prepare their young men to cross intellectual weapons with the brightest and most thoroughly educated of their opponents, and be an everlasting honor to the Catholics of America."

Bishop Ireland further stated that Miss Caldwell's donation of $300,000 had been augmented by a gift of $50,000 from her sister, and $50,000 from Eugene Kelly, of New York. The cities of Washington and Baltimore will each endow a chair — the endowment is $50,000. Immediately on this announcement, Chicago resolved to endow two chairs. Work on the foundations of the theological department will be begun in spring. For this department about $250,000 will be needed; but, to complete the buildings, lay out the grounds, endow the different professorships, etc., will take about $1,000,000.

It is practically settled that Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., will be the Rector of the New Catholic University, and it was long ago determined that the Rev. Dr. Chappelle, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington, should be Professor of History. Bishop Spalding has been particularly active in educational matters ever since his elevation to the See of Peoria. Besides editing numerous text-books for Catholic schools, and contributing to the current magazines articles on education and other subjects, he has published several volumes of biography and art criticism. At the Plenary Council he was regarded as the standard authority in all matters pertaining to Catholic schools. He is now travelling about the country raising funds for the proposed university. His success is said to be remarkable. He is the nephew of the late Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore. Bishop Spalding is quite a young man, being only forty years old. Dr. Chappelle was ordained at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, about twenty-five years ago, and was the first and only student who took the degree of D.D. at that institution. Since his ordination he has been pastor of various churches, including

St. Joseph's, Baltimore. He came to Washington about three years ago. Dr. Chappelle is regarded as the best informed man, historically, in the American Catholic Church. It is said by those who know him intimately, that his knowledge of history is as profound and extensive as that of Edmund Burke, whom Macaulay called "a walking encyclopædia of ancient and modern history." Dr. Chappelle has been the chief adviser of the Archbishop of Baltimore for many years. At the first mention of the university idea it was a settled fact that the Professorship of History was to go to the learned pastor of St. Matthews.

Bishop Spalding was in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently when he, with Bishop Keane, of Wheeling, Va., were entertained by the Columbian Club. Bishop Spalding spoke in a most impassioned manner. His address was general in its scope. He spoke of the extent of this country, of its resources and their development, and then of its great population — particularly of the Catholic population, of the dangers which churches had to contend against up to the present time, and notably of the amalgamation of the people of so many different countries. This had gone on, and the church had overcome all difficulties consequent upon it. Churches had been erected almost sufficient to meet the needs of the people and schools and colleges. The bishops of the late Council of Baltimore had determined that the time had now come to perfect the system by adding to it a university. Bishop Spalding spoke of the advantages that would accrue to the Catholic people of the country through this university — established as they intended to establish it — that is, by filling the chairs with the very best scholars that could be obtained the whole world over. It was the intention of the trustees to send a committee of bishops to find the best in the world, and secure them. Established in this way the university would give impetus to all our educational institutions — an impetus which would be felt down through all the colleges, academies and parochial schools. It would be of advantage not only to students of theology, to physicians, lawyers and scientists, but to every man in every profession. He referred to the fact that the Catholic Church is perfectly at home in this country, and said that fact would be made evident by the establishment of this institution, and that the university would be an answer to the old charge made against the Church, that she desired to keep the people in ignorance, and beclouded their intellects in order that she might retain her hold upon them. It would show that the Church is able to stand scrutiny in the brightest light that could be thrown upon her.

Bishop Spalding then referred to the fact that the present intention is to establish this university in Washington, and gave the reasons why that place had been selected. Washington being the capital of the country, it would seem that that was the proper place for it, and, moreover, the university if placed in any commercial city would be lost sight of. Washington not being a commercial centre, but the centre of the legislation of the country, the college would stand forth conspicuously. Large libraries are now being brought together in Washington, in addition to the great Congressional library, and this would be of the greatest service to the university. Again, the men over all parts of the country

met in Washington as members of Congress, and they would have an opportunity to see the surroundings of this great institution, and on their return to their several homes could carry to their constituents the story of the good work which was there being done.

Right Rev. Bishop Keane followed the Bishop of Peoria. He began by remarking that at college when a thesis was presented the first thing was to establish the proposition by all the cogent arguments that could be advanced in its favor, and that having been done, the next thing for the defender of the thesis was to answer objections. Arguments in its behalf have been made by Bishop Spalding, and perhaps you will permit me to answer objections to it. Bishop Keane went on to answer objections made to the project by what he termed the practical man. "We are not ready for it yet; there is no need of it. We have got along pretty well so far without it; we can live a little bit longer." That was the first objection. In this connection the right reverend speaker told the story of the darky who could not mend the roof of his cabin while it was raining, and there was no need of it when it was dry. He was in Albany a few weeks ago, and while there he called, in behalf of the university, on a wealthy Catholic lady, and presented to her the plan and the claims of the institution. She said to him: "A short time ago I was not in accord with what you have said, but now I am perfectly convinced of the necessity for the university. Only yesterday I received a letter from my son who is away from home. In search of a higher education I had to send him to Stonyhurst, in England. In this letter he asks me to let him go to one of the existing universities. But I know that there is a strong tendency to agnosticism and materialism at that institution, and I felt bound to answer 'No.' Now," continued Bishop Keane, "is there only one such boy in all America?" All over the country, the bishop intimated, there are such boys, and they turn to old Mother Church and say: "Mother, we want to be more highly educated; what can you do for us?" Was the old Church of the ages to answer them, "My children, I can do nothing for you?" She had never answered in that way in other times and other lands, nor would she give that answer now and here.

Another objection of the "practical man" was: "It is not opportune; we can't afford it." "Well," said Bishop Keane with a peculiar drawl and a significant shake of his head, "that depends; that depends. I called the other day upon a Catholic gentleman who is greatly endowed with this world's goods. He has neither wife nor child — no one to whom he will leave his money. I presented the case of the university with all the eloquence I could bring to bear, and when I had finished he offered me five dollars! You see it depends. A few weeks ago I was in Philadelphia and saw there an old friend, a simple-minded Irishman, who, although well to-do, is not reputed rich. I made a merely friendly visit, but before I left he called me aside and said, 'I know you are here on business connected with the university, although you have not said anything about it since you came in. I want to say that you can call upon me at any time to the extent of $20,000.' You see, it depends; it depends. If the wealthy Catholics of this country

were to act as did the first gentleman upon whom I called, then 'the project is inopportune; we can't afford it.' But if they are to act like the second gentleman, 'then we can afford it.'"

Bishop Keane explained that himself and his associates had set out to solicit considerable contributions only, and from wealthy individual Catholics only, so as not to interfere in any way with diocesan collections. Then he went on to discuss another objection of the "practical man," who remarked, "that you bishops and priests are not successful as financiers; the financial management of the concern is apt to be disastrous if left to you." In reply to this, the right reverend speaker said that precautions had been taken to prevent any mishap in this direction. The Board of Trustees, he explained, includes four of the most prominent, learned and experienced archbishops, four bishops and four priests, who have had business experience in the management of their parishes, and are noted for their financial abilities.

In order to take every precaution, four of the longest-headed business men that could be found in the entire country are also included in the Board of Trustees. "Now, we are not going to fail," said the bishop, "because we are going to place the institution on a safe financial basis; we are not going to take any chances. When we started out a few months ago on this mission, it was determined that we could not with safety make a beginning with less on hand than $800,000. With that we thought we could establish eight or nine professorships in the Divinity House. Already, thank God, we are assured of $600,000, and we have from now until the 1st of July, 1887, to secure the remaining $200,000. There is to be a big meeting in Philadelphia, another in New York, another in Chicago, another in Boston, and we have yet to hear from Brooklyn. It seems to us that during the remaining time, and from these large cities we can easily obtain the balance of the needed sum."

The bishop's "practical man" would make another objection. "Why," he would ask, "do you begin with the establishment of the Divinity House?" In reply to this the right reverend speaker addressed himself to the necessity of having a well-educated clergy. Besides, who ever heard of a man, who was making a wheel, beginning anywhere except at the hub? The hub is the centre, the heart of the wheel. The artisan begins by fashioning that, and then he puts in the spokes one by one, and, finally, binds the whole together with the tire. Divinity was the hub of the university, and with that created, it would be comparatively easy to go on and provide the rest. It had been acknowledged in all countries that the Catholic clergy had been the best educated body of men. There had been specialists who had gone further than any individual clergyman; but Bishop Keane argued that the knowledge of the specialist was not learning; it was particular information; when he spoke of educated men he meant men evenly educated in the liberal and exact sciences. Such a highly educated body of clergymen was needed in this country at the present time — in this country, because of the freedom the church enjoys in advocating her doctrines, and at the present time, because of the special efforts now being made to destroy the very foundations of Christianity.

Hancock and the Irish Brigade.

A Battlefield Absolution.—How "John" Smyth got a Well-Deserved Brigadier's Star.

GENERAL HANCOCK was very much beloved and admired by the boys of the Irish brigade. He was every inch a chieftain, and therefore occasionally feared, especially when any pranks caused his wrath to swell. He was not a martinet, but he believed in strict discipline as a true soldier, and expected that obedience to orders which he rendered himself. The following incidents will be perused with interest by our readers, as they bring him into relations with members of the Irish brigade which was in his division and corps.

Moving for Fredericksburg.

On the march from Warrenton towards Falmouth, going to Fredericksburg, Va., General Hancock had issued orders to respect all private property.

This was all very good; but hungry men did not relish it. A certain regiment of the Irish brigade, passing by a fine field of turnips, helped themselves liberally, both the colonel and chaplain setting the example. Hancock chanced to pass at the time, and there were the men with the green stalks of turnips in their hands and the roots in their mouths, most comfortably craunching away at them, while their pockets and haversacks were loaded with them, giving the regiment the appearance of one huge, moving evergreen. Hancock stormed and swore, and rode up to the colonel. It happened that the colonel and chaplain were flanked on each side with turnips, while they hung like garlands from the saddles, and they were actually in the act of eating them at the time.

"Are you the colonel of this regiment, sir?"

"Yes," muttered the other, with a huge piece of turnip in his mouth.

"Did you know my orders to respect private property?"

"Yes, general; but the men were hungry, and we thought it no harm to take a few turnips."

"A few, indeed! and your worthy chaplain has joined in helping himself also. Colonel, I place you under arrest. Send your sword to my quarters."

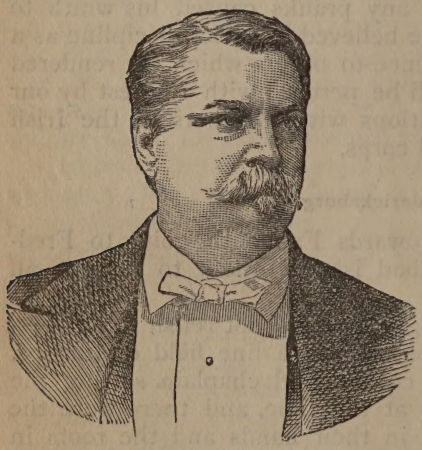
The colonel did send the sword, but retained the scabbard, as there was nothing said about it, and marched about with it dangling at his side. The general who slyly laughed over the turnip incident, returned the sword after a few days.

Having a Good Time Under Difficulties.

"But the history of this storming party, of this forlorn hope at Fredericksburg, is not the only Irish event of the day. The new green

colors had arrived from New York. While the battle was raging, Captain Martin arrived from Washington with supplies to celebrate their reception."

The little Fredericksburg theatre of the city was appropriated, tables and seats arranged, guests invited, among whom were Generals Couch, Sturgis, Wilcox and Hancock, Meagher and a few officers of the Ninth Massachusetts, and the feast opened. The shot and shell of the enemy played about the building, the walls shook and trembled with the roar of the artillery. Some houses were toppling down in the vicinity, and others were in flames, set on fire by the combustibles showered upon them. Inside the theatre the tables were set, the wines placed, the guests enjoying themselves, the wit and the oratory of the general-host flashed and sparkled around the board. Meagher, as usual, was eloquent, General Hancock, a thorough, gay, dashing, splendid soldier, had seen the brigade in battle, on the charge, in the hot strife; he knew their dauntless courage, their pluck, the calmness, the serenity, the enthusiasm with which they went into battle. Looking at the banquet, he exclaimed:



General Hancock.

"Only Irishmen could enjoy themselves thus."

An Awe-Inspiring Scene at Gettysburg.

About four o'clock, there was that sharp and persistent fighting on the left, into which Sickles' Corps marched so bravely, and in which it suffered so terribly. Hancock was called on for aid, and he at once sent out one of his divisions,— General Caldwell's.

The Irish brigade, Colonel Patrick Kelly, which had been commanded formerly by Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, and whose green flag had been unfurled in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, from the first Bull Run to Appomattox, formed a part of this division. As the large majority of its members were Catholics, the chaplain of the brigade, Rev. William Corly, proposed to give a general absolution to all the men before going into the fight. While this is customary in the armies of Catholic countries of Europe, it was perhaps, the first time it was ever witnessed on this continent; unless, indeed, the grim old warrior, Ponce de Leon, as he tramped through the everglades of Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth, or De Soto on his march to the Mississippi, indulged in this act of devotion.

Father Corly stood upon a large rock in front of the brigade. Addressing the men, he explained what he was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a

sincere act of contrition, and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing his sins; urging them to do their duty well, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers, and the noble object for which they fought; ending by saying that the Catholic Church refuses Christian burial to the soldier who turns his back upon the foe or deserts his flag.

The brigade was standing at "Order Arms." As he closed his address every man fell on his knees with head bowed down. Then stretching his right hand toward the brigade, Father Corly pronounced the words of absolution.

General Mulholland, speaking of this occurrence, says: "The scene was more than impressive; it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood General Hancock, surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers, who had gathered to witness this very unusual occurrence; and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the Second Corps, yet over to the left, out by the peach orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed and Vincent and Haslett were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever resounded through cathedral aisle. The act seemed to be in harmony with all the surroundings. I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave clothes — in less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead of July 2. Who can doubt that their prayers were good? What was wanting in the eloquence of the priest to move them to repentance was supplied in the incidents of the fight. That heart would be incorrigible, indeed, that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corly's touching appeal, would not move to contrition."

The Heroes in the "Wilderness."

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the attack was made in the midst of the dense growth which gave that country its name of the "Wilderness." The fight at once grew very fierce, the opposing forces being very close together, and the musketry continuous and deadly along the whole line. In his report of this battle, Lee makes mention of "Hancock's repeated and desperate assaults." In his own report, Hancock speaks of the close and deadly character of the combat, and has a special word to say of the Irish brigade, under Colonels Smyth and Burns which "attacked the enemy vigorously on his right, and drove his line some distance."

"The Irish brigade," says Hancock, further, "was heavily engaged, and although four-fifths of its number were recruits, it behaved with great steadiness and gallantry, losing largely in killed and wounded."

A Brigade Anniversary.—"Tom" Smyth's Commission.

Early in September, '64, several visitors sojourned with the brigade in front of Petersburg. Among them was General Meagher, who had been on a visit to General Hancock, and was then preparing to start for the South-West, to report to General Sherman.

The occasion was deemed a favorable one to extemporize a celebration in memory of the formation of the brigade. Among those present were Generals Hancock, Birney, Meagher, Gibbons, Mott, Miles, De Trobirand, etc.

A gratifying incident of this celebration is recorded by Dr. L. Reynolds, who states that General Hancock informed him that as soon as he had received the doctor's song, "There's not a Star for you, Tom Smyth," he immediately wrote to Washington, recommending Colonel Smyth, a gallant Irish nationalist, for promotion, which recommendation he took care to have indorsed by General Meade, and also by General Grant. "So," added the general, "you may inform him that his commission may arrive at any moment."

The commission of brigadier-general, it is needless to add, soon came for this heroic Irishman, who, not long afterwards, gloriously fell that the Union might live.

STUDENT.

Our Saviour's Personal Appearance.

THE following is adescription of the person of our Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome :—

There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable, reverend. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably crouching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head-dress of the sect of the Nazarites.

His forehead is smooth and large, his cheeks without spot save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language; His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world beholds him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears that none can refrain from joining in sympathy with him. He is very moderate, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man, for excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men.

Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, Bart.

ONE of the most conspicuous and picturesque figures on the political stage in Ireland during the recent elections was, undoubtedly, Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, baronet, now member of Parliament for South Dublin County. Up to October last the general public of Ireland knew nothing whatever of this gentleman. Indeed, when early in that month, or at the end of September, it was announced one day in the *Freeman's Journal*, that the day before he had been proposed and elected a member of the central branch of the National League, people in general had almost forgotten that there was a baronet of that name at all. Nor were they over excited at Sir Thomas Esmonde's open adhesion to the popular cause. It would have been different ten years ago. If a man of his social position had joined the home rule movement in the days of Isaac Butt, that amiable old gentleman would have received him with open arms, the popular newspapers would have teemed with mutual congratulations on the event, and the event itself would have been hailed as the barbinger of the near accomplishment of the national desires. But Mr. Parnell has been abroad since then, and his movement has altered considerably popular ways of thinking and acting in Ireland. We have now less veneration than we used to have for our so-called aristocracy; and, by a natural consequence, we are less accustomed to look to them for aid in political matters, if we have not actually grown to distrust them as political guides. Indeed, the prevalent disposition is to look on every Irish aristocrat, or landlord, as a rogue until he proves himself innocent. Whether this attitude of mind is entirely just is a question which I shall not now stay to discuss. The fact is, the important thing, and one of the most striking illustrations yet offered of the new Irish way of regarding "men of position," as the phrase is, was the treatment extended to Sir Thomas Esmonde when, soon after he had joined the National League, he was mentioned as

A Candidate for Dublin County.

Not only did the popular leaders in that district not jump at him as "a great catch," but most of them displayed an unconcealed aversion to him, avowedly because of his rank and of the class to which he belonged, while some of them positively declined to have any part in putting him into a position of honor and responsibility, even though he came recommended to them by trusted laymen and ecclesiastics. Nay, even when it was known that Mr. Parnell and the Irish parliamentary party would approve of him as a candidate, if he were selected locally, his acceptance by the local leaders in Dublin County was by no means a foregone conclusion. A deputation waited on him at his hotel, and "put him through his facings" on the great topics of the day, before the question of entertaining his candidature would be even considered. At the county Dublin convention the feeling of mingled

distrust of, and dislike to, a landlord and a baronet still prevailed, even though it had now become pretty clear that Sir Thomas Esmonde would be selected; and this feeling found expression at the convention in the opposition offered to him there by Michael Davitt, who had been elected a delegate, it is said, specially to declare against any landlord candidate for a popular seat in Parliament. Sir Thomas Esmonde's first triumph

SIR THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE, BART.

was achieved on that occasion, and under the circumstances I have detailed, it was a notable one, if it was not absolutely unique. His speech in which he returned thanks to the convention for having chosen him to bear the national standard in South Dublin, and which was the first he had ever delivered, was frank, manly, outspoken, and yet modest in tone; it was delivered with ease and fluency; it was "advanced" beyond all expectation in the views it expressed on the political and social subjects upon which it dwelt. The effect of it was electrical. It was received with frequently expressed applause during its delivery, and at the close

The Young Orator

was greeted with a long-continued burst of cheering, in which most of those who had supported Davitt joined, as well as the rest of the assembly. Mr. Davitt himself was converted, though he expressed his change of opinion on the merits of the candidate in a speech that was somewhat ungraceful and ungenerous; and when Mr. Sexton, M. P., declared that the speech of the baronet was a warning to the old members of the Irish party that their oratorical reputation was in peril, the emphatic applause he evoked proved that he but expressed the universal conviction of the assembly. From that moment forward Sir Thomas Esmonde began to grow in reputation and in favor, till, it may safely be said, that now, with the exception of Mr. Parnell and two or three of his chief lieutenants, he is the most popular and influential layman in Ireland. A few words, therefore, about himself personally, his family and his belongings may just now be welcome. To take those points in order, Sir Thomas Esmonde is one of the youngest of the Irish members. He is but twenty-three years of age, and he looks even younger. He is somewhat over the middle height, of slight build, and has a handsome and striking face, which, for Irishmen at least, recalls the features both of the great Henry Grattan and of Robert Emmet. His manner is singularly modest, winning, and — perhaps it is superfluous to add — gentlemanly. I am sorry to have to say that, for some time past, he has walked lame, and has needed the use of two sticks; and hereby hangs a tale. Sir Thomas, like most young men of his class, grew up with a passionate love of sport, and about a year and a half ago, he went for a few days' shooting to a friend's place in Tipperary. One evening, in the very midst of the fun, a sudden stop was put to his enjoyment by the lodging of a

Charge of Shot in His Right Knee.

He was shot, moreover, by a priest. Of course, the occurrence was purely accidental, although in the local Tory organ it was described significantly as the "shooting of a landlord by a Land League president;" but it had a most important influence on the future of the victim. There can be no doubt that but for this incident in his early life Sir Thomas Esmonde would have followed the usual course of youths of his class — that is, he would have been content to receive his rents, to hunt, to shoot, and generally to live like a landlord, doing nothing for his country, and, if he won no special enmity, winning no particular regard from the public at large. But his enforced retirement for several months made him read and reflect; and, being of a studious disposition, and having patriotic and even "rebel" blood in his veins, he read and reflected on, especially, Irish history and works on social science or political economy; and the result was to change the whole current of his thoughts and way of life. From being a mere sportsman he became a politician — and a patriot to boot. To be strictly accurate, I should say that by reading — and very steady and systematic reading it seems to have been — only supplemented the advice often given to him by his parish priest, Father O'Neill of Killaneerin, county Wexford; but I am afraid that Father O'Neill's

counsels by themselves would hardly have proved effective; and, therefore, I repeat that it was the shotgun of another priest, that in reality led to the conversion of the young baronet — if, indeed, conversion it can be called, since Sir Thomas' views always more or less tended in the right direction, and were only turned the other way by his companionship with the anti-Irish faction into the midst of which he was thrown by the exigencies of his social position. One thing, at all events, is certain, the Sir Thomas Esmonde of the present day is a very different man, politically, from the Sir Thomas Esmonde of the days before the shooting in Tipperary, and if it be that he has been changed in the way I have described, I should say that there is in that very circumstance a guarantee of his sincerity and of the

Depth of His Convictions,

which could hardly have been obtained otherwise. Convinced that it was his business to give his aid to the national cause, the young baronet lost no time in translating his belief and desires into facts. In doing so he had to face, as well as I can learn, a considerable amount of family terrorism, and amongst the more furious of his relatives were and are his lady relatives. In truth, he has been boycotted by several ladies and gentlemen, who, when boycotting is practised by the Irish democracy, never tire of denouncing the practice as unholy and abominable. Outside his own family, also, he has, of course, encountered manifestations of aristocratic rage. One "nobleman" who lives near him in Wexford, and with whom he had been on friendly terms up to the time he joined the league, became ineffably disgusted. Writing to Sir Thomas a day or two after he had "crossed the Rubicon," he said he had noticed a certain piece of news in the newspapers with astonishment; that his "noble" mind refused to admit the truth of it; and that he would be ever so glad if Sir Thomas would enable him to contradict it at the earliest possible moment. All this might have affected another man somewhat seriously; on the member for South Dublin it has had very little, or, rather, no effect one way or another. He had discounted in advance all possible rebuffs, and was, therefore, not surprised or disconcerted by anything of a disagreeable nature to which his political action had given rise; and now he has the satisfaction of feeling that his success at the election, and his growing popularity and influence, are bringing his angered and indignant relatives once more to his side. Of his ancestry there is much to be said that is very interesting. It has certainly a long history. On the mother's side, he is connected with the Grattans. Lady Esmonde, wife of his father, Sir John Esmonde, was a daughter of Henry Grattan of Tennahinch, Wicklow, who in his time represented in Parliament his native county, and was son of the great Irish orator and patriot of the same name. In this way the present baronet inherits his estate in Wicklow. The Grattans were, of course, Protestants; but

Their Estates Were Confiscated

in successive portions by Elizabeth, James I. and Cromwell. Their houses and castles were burned to the ground or handed over to new adventurers, with all their valuable and historic contents. They suffered

also in person, for some of them, like Fr. John Esmonde, were put to death by Cromwell, in Wexford, while others had to fly for their lives to the continent, where they served in the armies of various States with some distinction, and became personal friends of various historic personages, like the second Duke of Berwick. I cannot find that the Esmondes were particularly patriotic in those old times; they were undoubtedly Irish in feeling; but they were more remarkable for adherence to the Catholic faith than for any effort to effect the political redemption of their country. In 1798, however, more than one member of the family came to the front as "rebels." Esmonde Kyan was one of the bravest of the "rebel" chiefs, and Dr. John Esmonde was hanged for alleged participation in the destruction of a captain of militia and his men — namely Capt. Swayne and the North Corks, who, among other services to the government of the time, distinguished themselves by inventing that horrible instrument of torture, the pitch cap. Early in the present century the fortunes of the Esmondes had fallen so low that when the second last baronet — the grand-uncle of the present head of the family — succeeded to his inheritance, the latter commodity consisted only of the title and the ancestral mansion of Ballynastragh, with a few surrounding acres, the rental of which scarcely amounted to £50 a year. An heiress was then brought in, and with her money her husband not only purchased back a considerable share — some 3,000 acres — of the ancestral estate in Wexford, but was able to bequeath a good, round sum of ready cash to his successor, Sir John Esmonde, the father of the present baronet. This Sir John was, for his time, a good sort of man, was fond of parliamentary life, and appears to have been somewhat extravagant in his tastes, after the fashion of a grand seigneur. One piece of extravagance in which he indulged, and which his son still pays for to the tune of about £200 a year, was the rebuilding and enlargement of

The Family Mansion,

and this brings me to the next point of interest — the house, with its surroundings, of the young member for South Dublin. The house was originally built in 1590; but it has existed in its present shape only from 1873. It is a great square, four-story high pile, with an incipient turret rising up at one corner, and stands at the head of a sloping lawn at the foot of which is a considerable lake, prettily bordered with trees and shrubs, while beyond the lake the prospect is an amphitheatre of gentle eminences, which, if they were more thickly wooded than they are, would be highly picturesque. From the upper windows at the rear one can see Arklow Rock, where Mr. Parnell's quarries are situated, and Tara Hill, where many of the "rebels" in '98 found their graves, with the waters of the Irish sea between the two points. Except for the historical reminiscences of the district, it is not a place of exceptional interest, though near at hand is the county of Wicklow, a drive through which in almost any direction discovers at each turn scenes of almost unsurpassed scenic beauty. Ballynastragh house itself, however, is quite a storehouse of interesting historic relics. In the great entrance hall, to begin with, which is about 30x20 feet, there

is a large collection of pictures of male and female members of the Esmonde family. About one or two of those personages there are some blood-curdling stories, which, however, are scarcely worth repeating. In the inside corridor, which runs from right to left as you enter it, there are many pictures of great interest, representing as they do scriptural subjects and being the handiwork of more or less celebrated masters; while at the right-hand end is a beautiful piece of wood sculpture, a monster cabinet, shaped like a cottage piano, and two hundred years old. It is an exquisite specimen of ancient carving. In this end of the corridor also are two doors which open — the one into a disused drawing-room, the furniture and pictures of which are piled in heaps and covered with white cloths, evidently awaiting the directing hand of the future Lady Esmonde; the other into Sir Thomas Esmonde's study, library and workshop. This latter apartment is that in which the young baronet may be said to live. Here he reads, writes, smokes and receives his visitors before and after dinner. It is

A Very Comfortable Apartment,

is well furnished, and contains a number of family relics. The centre table is loaded with Sir Thomas' favorite books — works dealing with Irish history, ancient and modern; books on political economy, including the treatises of Mill, Fawcett and Henry George; and books of religious meditation, including Lacordaire's "Conferences." In the midst of all those volumes is a pretty large assortment of tobacco pipes and knick-knacks of various kinds. In the wall opposite the mantlepiece are fixed his library shelves, which are filled with many rare volumes. Between the two front windows is a lofty mirror which reaches nearly to the ceiling, and an old-fashioned, but most commodious, secretary, at which the owner works at his writing, and the drawers of which contain many of the most remarkable of the old family parchments and other documents. Some of these latter are curious and highly interesting from a historic point of view. Among them are passports, some two hundred years old, in the handwriting of various foreign commanders and diplomatists, and old deeds, with monster seals suspended, in the ancient style, from the bottom of the papers, by means of tapes or ribbons. Those papers were evidently destined to last through the centuries, for they are still in excellent preservation, and their weight is somewhat surprising. Among the other objects of interest in this room are a few old guns. A couple of years ago, while the Arms Act was in force, a local sergeant of police was venomous enough to attempt to requisition those now useless weapons of war. He would not, of course, have been so officious if Sir Thomas Esmonde had been known as a thoroughgoing "loyalist;" but, if he imagined that the baronet would tamely surrender at his summons, he sadly mistook his man. The answer was that he might take the guns if he could, but that they would not be yielded up without compulsion. The police sergeant did not take up his challenge, and so the old muskets remain. In a corner of this room, too, are two interesting remains of Henry Grattan, the orator and

Patriot of 1782.

One is his walking stick, a very plain and insignificant-looking thing, and so short as to indicate that Grattan must have been under the middle height; the other is his "speech book." This relic is a strongly bound collection of white, unruled foolscap leaves, on which are written, in his own hand, some of the most famous and elaborate of the great Irishman's speeches. Grattan seems to have been a very careful workman. He wrote his sentences again and again, till he succeeded in fashioning them thoroughly to his liking, and oftentimes whole pages of his manuscript are cancelled and rewritten. In this respect, as well as in some other points, his great grandson seems to follow in his footsteps, for he composes his speeches very carefully, though he can also speak fairly well without any preparation. Turning to the left from the large square room which serves as a hall, one finds two splendid apartments; one a drawing-room looking into the front of the house, the other a dining-room, which looks out into the rear and the side. This latter room was being repapered in green and gold when I was there last, and was consequently in a state of disorder; but before the paper-hangers from the neighboring town of Garey set to work, and while the pictures still hung on the walls, and the sideboard still groaned under the family plate — which by the way, included some punch ladles, with silver crowns, of the reign of Charles II., and even of an earlier date, for bottoms, and a silver goblet bequeathed to the Esmondes by the Irish chief justice of James II. — it was easy for the visitor to realize how in "the good old days" that room held many a gorgeous dinner party, and echoed to the sound of the popping of innumerable champagne corks. The drawing-room, like almost every part of the interior of the house, is full of paintings, one or two of which are by foreign masters, and are really fine; but the chief attraction here is a casket which contains the family trinkets, and the other small gold and silver articles which have been handed down for generations from baronet to baronet. Among these heirlooms may be mentioned the large gold watch and seal of Henry Grattan; the seal of William Estmont, who lived about the year 1300; two or three "rosary rings" two hundred years old,

Relics of the Penal Days,

when it was dangerous for a Catholic to possess, or, at least, to display, ordinary beads; miniatures of Grattan in ivory, and Oliver Cromwell's snuffbox, which was dug up out of the ruins of Johnstown Castle — a fortress of the Esmondes, which the Protector, on his way through Wexford, burnt to the ground by way of grinding Protestantism into those inveterate Catholics. But I need not take the reader through the whole of Sir Thomas Esmonde's family mansion. I will just merely add, in reference to this interesting building, that like the houses of most of the aristocratic Catholics of Ireland, it boasts an oratory in which Mass used to be regularly said in former times, and is now said whenever — and that is not seldom — a priest is on a visit with the young baronet. I should add, also, that Sir Thomas Esmonde, who was some years ago a bit of a naturalist and mineralogist, has quite an

interesting collection of rare stones of his own picking up. He has placed this collection in a small little room at the top of the house, in which he also keeps a considerable number of antique vases, brought by himself from Italy, and two or three cases of duelling pistols belonging to the Grattans and the Esmondes. He drew my attention to the difference between the Esmonde or "the Catholic pistols," as he called them, and the Grattan or "the Protestant" ones. The former are very heavy and of coarse make, the latter are light and beautifully finished. "Then again, you see," he jokingly remarked, "the disadvantage under which the poor Papist labored in Ireland, as compared with his Protestant master."

The member for South Dublin has hitherto spent most of his time in Ballynastragh, and, save for his visitors and his servants, has been quite alone, his brothers and sisters being at school. He does not, however, feel lonely. He takes great delight in his books, and busies himself a good deal, too, with his farm and farm buildings, which are of vast extent, but were let go almost to ruin during his minority. Before the accident, which has rendered him temporarily lame, he was a great sportsman, and even still he enjoys intensely the sight of a hunt; and often when his friends or his servants have his hounds out on the track of a hare, he drives in his phaeton along the roads to watch the pursuit from a distance. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that he is absolutely beloved by the peasantry all around. He is exceedingly affable, and easy of access by the poorest of his neighbors, every one of whom he knows well; and, on the whole, I think that, with the single exception of Mr. Parnell, he is now about the most popular landlord in all Ireland. If he continues to progress in popular favor as he has done for the past couple of months, and if the talent he has shown so far as a public man be not a mere premature growth, but an indication of the statesmanship that comes with years, he will yet be more than a popular landlord, and will wield power in his country, either as a popular leader under English rule, or as a minister of state under the restored parliament of the Irish nation.

J. J. CLANCY, in *Boston Herald*.

The popularity of Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde was strikingly evidenced by an incident which occurred recently in Garey. The patriotic citizens of that ancient Wexford town, wishing to change the names of Anne Street and Carnew Road to Esmonde Street and Grattan Street, respectively, and finding the town commissioners unwilling to thus rename the said streets, boldly determined to inaugurate the changes themselves. The inhabitants, to carry out their project, got boards painted with the new names on them, and on the night of February 8, accompanied by the brass band and a torchlight procession, thousands of people paraded the streets, and the boards with the new names were fastened up and the old ones taken down amid cheers for Sir Thomas. Sir Thomas is the owner of the greater part of Garey and the entire of the two streets mentioned.

Tho'ts of Ireland.

Flows there a drop of Celtic blood,
Within a heart so cold and tame,
That does not burn with fever's fire,
Whene'er it hears poor Ireland's name?
That does not wish it had the power
To wrest her from the Tyranny,
'Neath which she's bled for centuries,
And once again to see her free?

To see her free! Alas, e'er now
How many brave and patriot men
Have died, because they dared to dream,
That freedom's sun might shine again;
But will that bright day ever dawn,
Upon our poor, down-trodden Isle,
When all may worship as they will,
And own the profits of their toil?

"Thy will be done!" but can it be
That our just Father wills it so,
That we should yield the rights he gave,
That England may oppress us so?
No! Hearts that can so keenly feel,
Hearts that have dared to be so brave,
Were never meant by him to share,
The bitter heritage of slaves.

MARY COONEY

ANIMAL FOOD. — Baron Liebeg says: "The commonest observations teach us that flesh possesses a greater nutritive power than all other kinds of food. The chief constituent of flesh is muscular fibre, which constitutes nearly seventy per cent of the dried flesh purified from fat. Chemical analysis has detected the cause of the nutritive property of flesh, by showing that the fibrine of muscle and the albumen of blood contains the same element in the same proportion; and that these two bodies stand to each other in the same relation as fresh albumen and coagulated albumen. In composition fibrine is nothing more than albumen of blood solidified and in an organized form. The difference, if any, is so minute, that an analysis of the muscular fibre does not differ more from one of albumen of blood than two analyses of the latter body do from each other. The blood, considered as a whole, has the same.

The Middogue.*

From the little Irish village of Ballydoon, which was one of the many lorded over by the Earl of Rodin, an extraordinary, universal shout of joy and relief might have been heard to proceed on the first day of April last year.

The place, which was the scene of this commotion, though it had not much to boast in the way of the work of man, was, from the standpoint of nature, very beautiful. Nestled in a little valley, through which poured a clear, broad stream of water, it presented a scene of rural enchantment, heightened by the magic touch of spring. Everything was green — intensely green — with the vivid greenness of the Emerald Isle. From the fringe of forest trees at the foot of the surrounding hills, to the green, cool grass, of the pasture lands, all was sweet and fair. Even the miserable shanties of the tenants, covered, by their owners' care, with trailing vines, through them took on a look of beauty which April showers can only give.

And what was the cause of rejoicing in this apparently Arcadian scene? The Earl of Rodin was dead!

The Earl of Rodin had been a terrible man. He had never resided on his Irish estate. But his agents were there, always there, inevitably there. And they were forcing up rents continually. Their grim master was at their back. Well was his maxim of squeezing every farthing out of the land known, not only in Ballydoon, but over all his broad estate. Woful stories of heartless evictions were scarcely necessary, because they daily took place under the eyes of all.

"A good policy, egad," he would say, to Mr. Clutchem, his agent, in discussing on the topic. "Let them die on the road, and be hanged to them. They are only a set of rebels any way. Sheep will pay better than all. We'll turn their potato fields into sheep walks."

And now he was dead!

"May the Lord be thanked, and may God forgive him," piously commented old Daniel O'Balligan, raising his voice in the general hubbub; "and may He send to the rest o' them a like happy fate."

"Amen! acheernah," they all responded.

"But they do be saying," continued a farmer of the neighborhood, "that the young lord be a betther man than the old un. Leastwise, they say, he's not so hard on the poor, God pity 'em."

This was the current comment. Somehow, everybody seemed to feel that a better era was coming in with the new Earl of Rodin. At least, he could not be worse than his father, and there was a chance of his being better. Therefore they rejoiced. Is it right — is it just to place the happiness of so many at the mercy of a single man's caprice?

About a week after the event recorded above, a horseman might be seen riding, in the cool of the evening, on the road that halved

*Irish dagger.

Ballydoon, and, further on, wound past the ancestral mansion of the Rodins.

The rider was young. Scarce twenty years had passed over his head. His features and his figure were as elegant as his dress. A slim, gentlemanly figure, sitting on his horse with royal grace, surmounted by a face decidedly classical, except for the too full, sensual lips.

As he swept along at a gallop, freely, sustained by the noble animal he rode, his eyes sparkled as they took in the scene around him.

"Lady Maud was cynical, was she? I imagine she rather despised me for my amours. Pshaw! to think that a woman of the world should take such crochets. I am greatly mistaken if she does not change when expectation has been changed into ownership of all these goodly lands. Nor do I mean to be a monk before the exact time of that same change."

He hummed a strain from Swinburne, and dug his spurs into his horse with two-fold force; and as he bounded along, he continued his meditation.

"I've heard a good deal about Irish beauty, but seen little of it. What is beauty worth if it be not possessed? But these Irish girls are such prudes!"

As if in answer to his taunt, a young peasant girl appeared of the most wonderful beauty. Though clad in simple garments, her exquisite shape and finely-moulded lineaments could not be concealed thereby. She stood now, on the path by the roadside, gracefully balancing on her head the pitcher of water which she was bringing from the common well or spring of the neighborhood. Rachel to Jacob could not appear more enchanting than did Sarah Connor, the beauty and pet of all Ballydoon, to the delighted eyes of Earl Rodin.

"Say, my pretty maid," he cried, reining in his fiery mare, "how far is it to the Rodin mansion?"

She answered by a pout and a toss of the head.

"Indeed, I do not know you, sir," she replied.

"Then you will come to do so, pretty maid. I am the Earl of Rodin now."

"Excuse me, your honor," she then said, courtesying, her manner changing at once. "Sure I did not know, your honor."

"The fact is, 'tis my mood not to be too formal. My father used to think me a radical. At all events, my fair friend, clear your brow of that frown, and answer me my simple question."

He was holding in his mare now, and walking her quite slowly by Sarah's side. Sarah did not answer the question at all, nor did the young earl press it. Both knew very well that it was only meant as a feint for entering into conversation.

The earl was an accomplished man of the world, in the worst sense of the term. He at once detected the boundless vanity of Sarah's character, and determined to play upon it. Already, backed by such powerful allies as youth, knowledge, and, what was more powerful than all, the landlord's despotism on Irish soil, he beheld himself in the, to him, grateful light of Sarah's destroyer.

When the earl finally galloped on, he left Sarah in a very flutter of delight, for he had begun his diabolical work. He had expressed unbounded admiration for her charming face, and vaguely hinted at the silks and satins, lace and jewels, which the consort of a rich Earl might count on. Then, skilfully varying his theme, he had spoken of Jerry O'Connor, her father, being in arrears a year's rent, and how sorry he was that evictions were so common, but of course, of course — well, he would see about it. Then he had proposed another meeting, in the dusk of the following evening, at the village well, or near there, and the half-terrified, half-fascinated girl promised.

Her musings were strangely mixed. That cruel word, "eviction," worked a thousand horrible spectres and bitter memories. She knew too well what it meant. But here she was able, perhaps, to avert these sufferings from their house. Yes, she would do it at any risk.

Then the young earl was so pleasing. What grace, what youth, what wealth! And all was to be poured out upon her, all was promised to her. How she would walk so grand, arrayed in silk attire, and adorned in sparkling jewels, the wife of a mighty nobleman! Clearly the poor girl's head was turned.

But as she tripped along, humming a merry air, some awful truth seemed suddenly to dawn upon her mind. She paused, and, balancing the pitcher on her head in the rigid attitude of a statue, exclaimed, in accents of terror, —

"Ulick!"

As if in answer to the call, a tall form rose from the bushes near the road, and approached her.

"Sarah, you called me."

"Ulick, is it you?"

"It is; and sorra be the night upon which I've seen what I've seen."

"Seen? you are dreaming, Ulick."

"Well, Sarah, may be, though the tokens upon you now make me think else. One step will decide me."

"What is that?"

"Come with me now. There be a chapel not fur distant, and there it can be made lawful."

"No, Ulick, I cannot."

"Why?"

"I cannot leave my parents."

"Sarah, you evade me. You know their hearts do be set upon it."

"Not since then."

"Since when?"

"Since you became an outlaw, Ulick."

"And who made me an outlaw? Who drove me to this wild life? Sure, there was not a betther boy in Ballydoon afore the accursed earl — may the good forgive him, now! — drove us forth, me old mother and me, to perish in the ditch. Ah, Sarah! mavourneen, you know it as well as I."

"But still —"

"Ay, you never loved me! Sarah, this is bad. But listen." His

eyes sparkled with fury as he spoke. He came close up to her, and grasped her arm. "Listen. If harm comes to you, by manes of him, this middogue shall be planted in his heart. I swear it," cried the young outlaw madly, as he drew the instrument from his bosom and held the crossed hilt before him. "I swear it, by the cross, which shall touch his body with the point before it."

Sarah shuddered.

"Loose me, Ulick," she faintly cried. "You forget yourself. You are crazy with jealousy."

"Am I jealous without reason? Look you, I saw it all, and I do be spaking what I know. These Rodins are a devilish race. The father of this young scoundrel began, as I plainly see he begins, like a rake, though he ended like a miser. Now be warned, be warned, Sarah Connor, and don't bring your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

With that, whirling round, Ulick the outlaw, disappeared in the darkness.

After that night the little town of Ballydoon enjoyed unusual quiet. Somehow Ulick and his outlaws had vanished. Their turbulent forays into the domains of the rich, their fierce struggles, with the military police, their chivalric generosity to the oppressed poor, were all rapidly becoming the storied legends of the past. Where he and they had gone, no one knew.

The young Earl of Rodin, now acquainted with Ulick's character and with his relations to Sarah, sincerely rejoiced that he was out of the way. Not that he was a coward; but the bravest man might well fear, when the dagger of despair is drawn against him, by the foe he is conscious of having wronged.

For the meetings on the path between the public well and Connor's house were many and frequent. What need to record the sad, sad, oft-told tale? The ruin of Sarah was accomplished.

Thus spring passed into summer, and summer into autumn, and autumn into winter. The chill blasts of November swept over Ballydoon and Rodin house. But very different were the spectacles presented by the two.

For a darker fiend than wintry storm came with it. Famine! Oh, the heart sickens at the word! What need of words here, when every one knows the terrible significance of those six letters combined?

But in Connor's house a gloomier pall than that of cold and famine reigned now. Their child, their darling, the one apple of their eye to father and mother alike, was ruined, was lost, was gone. She had fled, but not before revealing her miserable condition to her mother.

At the moment we take the liberty of invading this sacred place of sorrow, tumble-down shanty though it was, it presented a scene of unutterable distress. The father lay upon a straw bed with nothing but a ragged quilt to cover him, racked by the famine fever which happily rendered him insensible to the cold for a time. The mother sat on a stool in another corner, rocking herself as Irish women are wont to do when they feel unusual grief; but her eyes were dry as ashes, her lips were mute as death. No keen wail parted the frosty air, — that

wild cry of agony when the grim spectre lays his hand upon a loved one. For Sarah's fate was worse than death, her mother's torment of conflicting emotions deep down beyond any speakable despair. No food had been in that hut for two days; but the pangs of hunger were buried now in the more exquisite torture of the soul.

"Oh, Jerry, macushla!" she moaned forth, in the intervals of her rocking; "sorra is the day that sees us thus. Oh! Sarah avilish, my lost one, me jewel, how could ye, how could ye?"

"Let me spake," cried the sick man, rising in his bed, and stretching forth his hands, nervously clutched together. "Barring she wur dearer to me heart than its very life-blood itself, I would call down the curse of heaven upon her. But he that did it, he shall feel the power o' vengeance from the father of her he wronged."

"Jerry, you know not who he was."

"I do."

"Betther not be too sartain."

"I know him, the murdhering villain — I know him. Who else is it but Ulick the outlaw? And he shall know, he shall know whether his or me middogue is the longer."

"No, no, you are wrong, Jerry. Ulick never did. Oh, Holy Mother of God, help me now to bear this burden of sorrow."

"Who was it? Tell me quick, who was it?"

"Alas! she never said; I do not know."

"I know!"

A deep, firm voice spoke these words from the door, and a vigorous young man entered the precincts of grief.

"Ulick!" they both cried in different tones. What memories did not that cry recall to him now, of how last he heard it, in the far away spring-time that seemed to him a thousand years ago?

"Name him, Ulick."

It was all the sick man said. He sat silent after that, looking rapidly and fixedly at Ulick, but with the fire of deadly vengeance burning eloquently in his eyes.

"That I will not do. Lave him to me. See here. I swear upon the cross of the middogue that its point shall drink blood in his very heart. Ulick of the dagger never did strike short."

"Boy, you spake well."

"But, wurra, wurra, what about the lassie — where is Sarah, the woful child?" anxiously inquired the mother.

"That I do not know, but I shall find her, never fear. This first, then that."

"No, Ulick, no, seek her first — save her. May be, she be perishing, and none to help her nigh. Ulick, on me knees, I implore ye, do as I say."

"Hush, woman!" commanded the father. "Ulick does well. Let the thraiter die first. Every moment he breathes it is shame to her living."

"He will not breathe much longer. Before the sun rises again, that shame will cease."

Ulick rushed from the cabin with these words, and father and mother were left alone in their woe.

The servants of the Earl of Rodin had observed a strange peculiarity about him. He was accustomed to go forth about nine o'clock at night, unattended, and not return until twelve or even two. He dropped remarks among them as to the necessity, for the sake of his health, of these night-walks. The domestics soon came to believe that he held intercourse with the infernal powers, especially as his moods were always dark, fitful and angry.

On the night which followed the conversation in Jerry Connor's cottage, he set forth as usual, on what mission the reader may guess. At twelve he had not returned. Nor at two. Nor by daybreak. In fact he never would return. But when morning came, the servants, held till then by the combined power of fear and superstition, though all the while vaguely alarmed, rushed in a body to the military police headquarters. After a confused colloquy, the authorities arrived at these bare facts ; that the Earl of Rodin, walking forth in the night, had not returned by morning.

At this juncture, a countryman, one of the evicted tenants of the Rodin estate as it happened, came in and reported that he had found the dead body of the Earl on the road. He was at once arrested.

Then followed the coroner's jury, and the stereotyped investigation. The investigation consisted simply in these details. First they swept the country round, and imprisoned every evicted tenant of the Rodin estate. Then they got two or three abandoned wretches to turn informers, and by means of their testimony, thinned the doomed wretches down to the first prisoner's closest acquaintances. After that they managed to build a flimsy body of evidence, that would not hang a cat in America, but that was sufficient, in the code of English "justice" for Ireland, to hang half-a-dozen honest peasants.

For it was necessary to make an "example." This was the fourth or fifth murder of a landlord in the course of a few years, and the English press was ringing with this fresh "agrarian" outrage. The logic was, he had given the accused cause to murder him, therefore they were guilty. Bad logic to put before Irishmen. However that was, "British public opinion" clamored for victims to lay on the shrine of landlordism, and the Castle powers were willing to find them.

In the meantime, Ulick had disappeared. While all this was going on, he, the outlaw, necessarily coming seldom into contact with the people of the town, heard nothing of the farce. Besides, if he had, he would not have heeded it. One aim alone absorbed him — to find Sarah, and his convulsive grasp was closed upon his middogue as he thought.

He traced her from place to place, in the many hiding dens of the mountains near by, where the Earl of Rodin had conveyed her. At last, he arrived at a new hut, where he had never been before.

He stooped at the door and listened. A voice reached his ear, a sad, weary voice, the shadow of its former self, but how it tore up his heart with an indefinable, mysterious anguish!

"Oh! they've left me to die here. They've taken my baby from me — I fear — I fear to kill it. Oh! if my baby only lived! but no, it is dead, I shall never see it more. And I'm dying — dying! Oh,

father, mother, forgive me, and may the merciful Lord do likewise. Holy Mother of God, pray for me! Ulick!"

It was the third time that cry had seemed to summon him in the crisis of fate. He shuddered, and went in.

As his eyes became used to the light, he could see the miserable bed of straw, and Sarah lying on it.

He approached with his middogue in his hand. But she was beyond the reach of hurt now. Those famine-hollowed cheeks, burning with fever a moment since, were now icy cold in death.

A great revulsion of feeling came upon him. He stooped over his blood-stained middogue, and kissed the cold lips of the dead.

"Now that your great crime is expiated, without hand of mine in it," he said, "I can kiss those lips in remembrance of old days."

Then he slowly left the cabin.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The testimony against the prisoners was proceeding slowly. Crowds filled the hall of trial, or congregated outside. To each one of them, it was evident that the doom of four innocent men was sealed. A gloomy silence prevaded all.

A strange scene now occured. Ulick, the outlaw, appeared, and walked down the aisle to the railing before the judge. He held his bloody middogue in his hand. He was deadly pale.

"If it is yees that be inquiring as to who killed the Earl of Rodin, you can stop right here. It was I that did it, and his blood upon this dagger is evidence enough."

"Why did you do it?" asked the judge.

"I will carry that saicret with me to the grave," firmly replied Ulick.

There was nothing left for it; the four innocent men were released at once. And what wonder the people raised their hats and prayed for him, when the brave Ulick was hanged by the neck until dead, a month afterwards?

HUGH P. MCELRONE

The Passion.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning described the betrayal of our Lord and what thereafter befell on that night; how, sold by Judas, He became the prey of an angry multitude; how, midst outrage and reproaches showered on Him by the soldiery, He was hurried before Annas, whose palace they found lighted up, for there had been a compact between the traitor who sold Jesus of Nazareth and Annas and the High Priest, and the Scribes and the Pharisees, and those who wished to compass His death. How, questioned by Annas, He declared that He had taught daily in the Temple before men, and in secret He said nothing. Whereupon one of the attendants, saying, "Answerest thou the High Priest so?" struck Him in the face, that face which, as

they had read in the day's Gospel, shone as the sun in its splendor and in its strength. How he was led away to the house of Caiphas, who adjured Him by the living God to tell him whether He was the Christ; to which adjuration He answered, "Thou hast said it, and hereafter thou shalt see the son of man come;" how Caiphas condemned Him for blasphemy, and how He was smitten and buffeted by those around, who struck Him with their clenched hands, or, as the word would also mean, with their fists, and even with rods, contrary to the law; how, from the house of Caiphas, He was led to the house of Pilate, because the Jews had determined on His death, and the power of decreeing capital punishment was vested in the Roman governor; and how Pilate, wishing to escape the supreme iniquity of condemning an innocent man to death, desirous to excite the pity of the Jews in order that he might release Him, ordered Him to be scourged. Unjust judge that he was, he condemned Him to the Roman scourging — that is, scourging with rods, or cords, or thongs, for the word signifies all three. Which of these it was we know not; but this we may be sure of, that all the atrocity of subtle and refined cruelty was exercised in the punishment then inflicted on our Divine Redeemer. Think who it was that was then scourged; think of that most holy, innocent, and sensitive flesh which He had taken of His immaculate Mother, keen, like ours, to the pang of anguish — aye, and keener far, because it had been deified and perfected by union with the Son of God. More keen than we can conceive must have been that punishment, but we do not read that He uttered one sigh of reproach, one word of complaint. In the Divine fortitude He then displayed He taught us all a lesson which we must learn and understand if we would prove ourselves soldiers of the cross; if we would effectually master that temptation to softness which constitutes our greatest danger and which is so rife in these days. Fortitude is a gift of the Holy Ghost; it is the natural courage which is in every man, in the manhood which he has by nature; and that fortitude is of two kinds. There is physical courage and there is moral courage. Many a man has great physical courage, but has very little moral courage; but wherever there is moral courage there is also necessarily physical courage. Moral courage dominates the heart and will, the reason and conscience; it elevates the whole man, and even the most apprehensive of men, having the keenest forsight of danger, as in the field of battle, can meet it, if they possess this quality. It carries them through every danger with an inflexibility of purpose that cannot be turned aside. This was the courage possessed by our Divine Lord, whose natural courage was perfected by the gift of the Holy Ghost, who dwelt in Him as He dwells in every one who is faithful. Fortitude banishes that fear of pain which constitutes one of our greatest dangers; it banishes that yielding to softness which is now so common. There are three kinds of people who need this kind of fortitude. First of all there are the martyrs. In these days of softness and sunshine it may seem strange to talk of martyrdom; nevertheless, we must talk of it, and, more than that, we must understand it; for though the reality of martyrdom be passed, the spirit must be in every one who would be faithful to his Divine Master. Who was the first of martyrs? — first,

that is, not in order of time but in the magnitude and in the greatness of His martyrdom? Our Divine Lord Himself, who is the King of martyrs, and who declared before, "For this I came into the world, and for this I was born, that I may bear testimony unto the truth." What is the meaning of the word martyr? It means a witness — a witness for the truth. Our Lord came to bear testimony of the truth; He came to bear testimony of the malice of sin, and of the hope of salvation for those who serve Him with fidelity. If, for the first three hundred years of Christianity, the apostles and those who came after them did not bear continuous and world-wide testimony of the truth; if they had not filled the whole universe with their testimony of the Passion and resurrection of our Lord, where would faith be at this hour? For three hundred years the successors of St. Peter, the Vicars of our Lord Jesus Christ, almost without exception, sealed their testimony with their blood and died as martyrs. This continuous testimony was an illumination which filled the world, and which lights it even to this day. Martyrdom in very deed may have ceased; but the martyr's spirit still lives and must dwell in us.

The soldiers of Jesus Christ, among whom we wish to be numbered, also need this fortitude. When we were confirmed the bishop struck us on the cheek, and that stroke was given not only in memory of the buffeting of our Divine Lord, but as a reminder that the soldiers of Jesus Christ are expected to suffer in His service. Nor was it a mere symbol. The warfare between God and Satan has not ceased, and never will cease till the Judgmen. Day. The spirit of Satan and the Divine Spirit are ever at war. The former is endeavoring to seduce man, to subdue him, to make him unconscious of this warfare, and in this his greatest danger consists. The Divine Spirit is seeking to strengthen and guide him on his way. "You shall be hated for my name's sake," are the words of our Divine Lord. They were not spoken only to the apostles: they did not apply only to the first Christians. Every faithful soldier of Jesus Christ knows they are true at this day, for many of them have encountered unkindness and loss because of their fidelity to the cross, because of their Divine commission. Hard words, they say, break no bones; but they do more — they break hearts; they break peace; they break friendships; they break the happiness of homes; they subdue the courage of those who have not the fortitude of their Divine Master. There is many a man who would go into the field of battle, and could not bear to be laughed at. Yet how many have been persecuted and suffered because they were Catholics! In this soft and refined nineteenth century there were many men — aye, and many delicate women, too — persecuted for their religion's sake. Of them the words were true, "Unless you give up father and mother for me you are not worthy of me." The last class who needed this fortitude were penitents. St. Leonard of Port Morris, used to say, that if he had one foot in heaven, and ceased to mortify himself, he might fall, perhaps, eternally. These were words to be remembered by every penitent, that is, by every grown Christian; and the memory of them would make them think little of the mortifications the Church imposed on them at this season.

Knights of Labor.

Upon seeing lately the Montreal dispatch, announcing that the Archbishop of Quebec had issued a mandament condemning the Knights of Labor and all orders where the oath of secrecy is taken, Vicar-General Conway, of Chicago, Ill., said: "I doubt the authenticity of the report, and advise that it be not given much credence. If the good Archbishop found fault with the Knights of Labor he would not refuse Mr. Powderley's offer to eliminate the objectionable feature. We see nothing reprehensible in the Knights of Labor or other trades unions, as we have them here. They are no worse, no more oath-bound, than our Hibernians or Foresters, and I am chaplain myself in several such orders. There are few priests in the diocese who are not. Their secrecy is a business secrecy, and intended for no evil purpose. The labor organizations believe in settling their troubles by arbitration. They do not teach the destruction of property. I think the workingmen are made better by such organizations. There may be local abuses in the orders, as known to the Archbishop of Quebec, of which I know nothing. In any event, his jurisdiction does not extend to the United States. Were we to pronounce against such societies, it would affect ten thousand of our members in Chicago alone. But, as I said before, we see nothing reprehensible in labor organizations, but feel rather like encouraging them. So far as I know, there is not the least clash between their principles and our Church teachings."

The New Cardinal on the Labor Question: The following letter was read at the labor mass meeting held in Concordia Opera House, Baltimore: —

Archbishop's House, Baltimore, March 8, 1886.

Mr. Wm. H. Fowler: —

Dear Sir — The Most Reverend Archbishop desires me to say that his absence from home will prevent him from accepting your polite invitation. However, he would assure you that any and every movement consistent with justice and fairness of dealing towards employés, and having for its end the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes, deserves every encouragement, and meets with his cordial approval, as it does with that of the bishops of our Church in this country. He feels confident that a spirit of love of law and order, and a determination to be just to the interests of others, will preside over your deliberations. His own views on labor and capital, as well as those of the hierarchy, have been expressed in the late Plenary Council, whose regulations and counsel, if adopted, would, he is sure, very soon bring about a much better state of things than the present.

Yours very truly,

M. A. Fenne, *For the Most Reverend Archbishop.*

Boston Herald: The Knights of Labor have done well in stopping the organization of new assemblies of their order in several States until they can assimilate, instruct and get well under control the material that has been so rapidly added to them of late. Quality is of as much importance as quantity in such an organization. Made up of intelligent, law-

respecting and orderly men, the order can accomplish a great deal for the working classes. But if it should fall under the control of professional agitators or self-seeking politicians, its usefulness would be short-lived. Against the latter class, especially, the assemblies should be warned. There will be more "friends of labor," of the demagogic variety, in the field for office next fall than were ever seen before.

St. Rose: A Grand Celebration.

On the 30th of April, a few days after Easter, will be the tercentennial of the birth of Rosa de Santa Maria, the glory of Lima and Peru. It has been proposed to celebrate that day in the Church of St. Rose de Lima, in New Orleans. Every possible effort will be made to make the celebration a grand and imposing one.

The ceremonies at Lima, in Peru, will be on the grandest scale. All the prelates of South and Central America, and of Mexico, are to gather at that date, at Lima, to enhance by their presence and spiritual co-operation, the honors and devotion that it is proposed to celebrate in that lately afflicted capital for its great saint. The Archbishop of Lima has gone farther. He has written to Archbisbop Corrigan, of New York, and has sent his invitation to all the archbishops and bishops of the United States, well saying that the signal merits of this saint are "not circumscribed by the boundaries of Peru — privileged birthplace of so illustrious a heroine — but their glories belong to the whole of America." His grace, of Lima, adds that he has counted it a duty of his episcopal office to secure for this tercentenary the greatest possible splendor of solemnity not only for the worship and veneration due by the faithful, and for the spiritual advantage of souls, "but also for the promotion of the sentiments of an enlightened Americanism."

In some things the raising of this first American saint to the altars was a departure from the usual method of proceeding. This was much to the glory of Blessed Rose, of whom the Church says in the Divine Office, that "Almighty God, the Giver of all good things, willed that she should bloom in the Indies in the beauty of virginity and patience."

Contrary to the usual practice, she was chosen as the principal patron of her city and country home immediately after her beatification and before her canonization. The decree is of Pope Clement IX., 2d January, 1669. "We decree by our authority and by the tenor of these presents, that the feast of the same Blessed Rose shall be kept of *precept* in all that dominion as principal patron, by all the faithful of each sex who there reside, and shall be celebrated like other feasts of precept, and its office recited by the whole clergy, as well secular as regular, according to the rubrics of the Roman Breviary for the principal patron."

Clement X., the succeeding Pope, on the 27th day of August, 1670, granted to the "clergy, secular and regular, throughout the whole

world, the privilege of saying the Mass of the Blessed Rose during the course of the year, either in accomplishment of a vow, or out of their free devotion."

This extraordinary privilege was soon surpassed by another, which is of the greatest interest to all Americans, and which we do not remember to have seen noticed before. It was first pointed out to us by a learned professor of canon law of Louvain, Belgium, and is found in the great work of Benedict XIV. on the canonization of saints, (I., xxxix. 8). It is a decree of the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement X., 8th January, 1674, by which the blessed Rose, again not yet canonized, is declared "principal patron of each and every province, island, and region of the whole American continent, of the Philippines, and of the Indies."

There has always been a certain devotion to this blessed saint in our country. The novitiate of the Rev. Dominican Fathers, to whose Third Order she belonged, like her great model, St. Catherine of Sienna, has been placed under her protection from its foundation eighty years ago. There are churches of her name in various dioceses. This celebration should, among other results, rouse devotion to her among us, who inhabit a part of the whole American continent, of which she is a principal patron.

Emmet's Love.

THE last number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE contains a very able article on "Emmet's Rebellion," by Justin Huntley McCarthy, in which the writer, after referring to the patriotism of the immortal Emmet, adds another paragraph in which he states substantially that Curran never forgave his daughter for having given her affections to Emmet, and that it was a melancholy thing to have to record the fact that the betrothed of Robert Emmet was not entirely faithful to his memory and married another. While portions of this story are true, according to the best writers, other portions on the other hand are not true. That Robert Emmet loved Sarah Curran there is no space for a doubt, and it is also safe to say that his affections were reciprocated.

After Emmet saw the defeat of his attempt, he gave peremptory orders for his followers instantaneous disbandment. His friends now urged him to escape, and several means of escape were offered to him. He, however, insisted on postponing his departure for a few days refusing also to give his reasons for so doing. But it was eventually discovered, however, there being found to exist between himself and a young daughter of Curran, a most tender and devoted attachment, and he was resolved not to leave Ireland without bidding her farewell. This resolve, as is well known, cost him his life. He was arrested on the 25th of August, 1803, and on the 19th of the following month was tried for treason, upon which occasion he delivered that famous speech,

which has probably, more than anything else, tended to immortalize his name. The next morning he was led out to die. There is a story that Sarah Curran was admitted to a farewell interview with him on the night preceding his execution. This story is doubted, but it is true, however, that as he was being led to execution, a last farewell was exchanged between them. A carriage containing Miss Curran and a friend was drawn up on the roadside, near Kilmainham, and as the vehicle containing Emmet passed by on the way to the place of execution, the unhappy pair exchanged their last greeting on earth. This in itself should be sufficient to prove that Sarah Curran did love Emmet; and to give more clearly her reason for marrying another, it would not be perhaps amiss to give the illustrious Washington Irving's version of it, from his beautiful story on "The Broken Heart," in which he clearly shows that she was obliged to marry from the fact that she was penniless and living on the charity of others. Irving says, "Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young — so intelligent — so generous — so brave — so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country — the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation — all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth — who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! there was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation; none of those tender though melancholy circumstances which endear the parting scene; nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she

would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity which scathe and scorch the soul; which penetrate to the vital seat of happiness and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude, walking about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay — to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and, looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, — for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:" —

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking —
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the ministrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love — for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him —
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow!"

It is needless to dwell further on this subject; suffice it to say after such a beautiful account of it by Irving in prose and Moore in verse, two of the grandest writers and men that ever existed, both living at the time, and one his devoted friend, that it should tend to settle all disputes that may at any time arise in the matter, and also be taken for the only accurate and authentic account of the sad ending of a true Irish patriot and a faithful and heart-broken woman.

BOSTON, Mar. 17, 1886. WM. F. DONAVAN.

Blaine on Britain.

WHAT the Hon. James G. Blaine says in his bright work, "Twenty Years in Congress," respecting the hostile attitude of England toward this country during the Civil War, is perfectly true and is strikingly put. But the facts have been stated on nearly every American platform by orators of Irish birth or extraction for the last three and twenty years without having attracted any special attention. Now, however, that so distinguished a native of the United States as Mr. Blaine has placed the matter before the public, all the newspapers of the country are commenting on English perfidy, just as if the editors of those journals were not aware of that circumstance ever since 1861. We are glad that Mr. Blaine has turned his powerful mind toward the writing of history. His indictment of England is complete and convincing; but we will extract from his brilliant statement only the following passages, which include the relationship of Great Britain to Ireland, and which are highly instructive:—

Especial hostility was exhibited by the British press towards the party which had conducted the government through the war and led it to its complete triumph. This party controlled Congress when it levied heavy protective duties and stimulated manufacturing in America as the basis of that financial strength which

proved during the Civil War a marvel to the world. Offended by the protective policy of the United States, the British press now denounced the measures proposed for the reconstruction of the South. No censure was too harsh, no epithet too severe to apply to the policy and to the Republican party that stood sponsor for it. It might have surprised those English critics to learn that the opponents of the reconstruction policy at home could find nothing to say of it so denunciatory or so concentrated in bitterness as that the National government was trying to reduce the South to the condition of Ireland. And thus while we were receiving from British oracles multiplied instructions as to the manner of dealing with the States that had attempted to break from their allegiance, those States knew that almost within sight of England's shores there could be found the worst governed, the most cruelly treated people within the circle of Christendom. The American mote could be plainly descried beyond the broad ocean, but the Irish beam was not visible across the narrow channel. The comparison of the Southern States under the measures of reconstruction, with Ireland under the measures of the British government, naturally suggested by hostile criticism in the English press, is not without its useful lessons. The complaint of discontented people in the Southern States was that there had been too great an expansion of popular rights, too large an extension of the elective franchise. But in Ireland, according to eminent British statesmen and historians, the sufferingw as from directly opposite causes. Self-government of all the people was the rule established in the Southern States; subjection of all the people and government with the sword was the rule established in Ireland. Even if the American government had made a mistake in its treatment of the Southern States, the history and traditions of the Republic gave ample guarantee that wrong steps would be speedily retraced, and that all grievances would be thoroughly redressed; whereas the complaints of Ireland have remained unredressed for centuries. There is no parallel among civilized nations to the prolonged discontent among the Irish people. A race gifted with many of the noblest qualities of humanity, strong in intellect and quick in apprehension, could not for centuries complain of grievances if they did not exist, and the grievances could not exist for centuries without serious reproach to the British government. To the lasting honor of American statesmanship Southern grievances were not allowed by neglect or arrogance to grow and become chronic after the Civil War had closed. The one safeguard against an evil so great was the restoration of self-government to the people who had rebelled, the broadening of the elective franchise, the abolition of cast and privilege. If Englishmen had studied the reconstruction policy instead of deriding it, they might have learned that the American government accomplished for the South in four years what their own government has failed to accomplish for Ireland through ten generations.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Mr. Blaine has made a careful study of the eccentricities of British rule in Ireland. He has done the Irish people valuable service by renewing in the American mind the memory of England's base treachery toward, and sneaking hostility to, the republic in the very darkest hours of its glorious destiny. We hope that, hereafter, when blathering sycophants, like the Republican Lowell and the Democratic Phelps, are sent to England, they will, before kissing the feet of their British idols, turn over the pages of Mr. Blaine's work and take therefrom a lesson in manhood and self-respect.

The Citizen, Chicago, Ill.

One of the residents in the Papal Palace states that at least twelve thousand persons were admitted to the Vatican on the anniversary of the Pope's coronation.

Shamrocks.

I WEAR a shamrock in my heart,
Three in one, one in three —
Truth and love and faith,
Tears and pain and death:
O, sweet my shamrock is to me!

Lay me in my hollow bed,
Grow the shamrocks over me.
Three in one, one in three,
Faith and hope and charity.
Peace and rest and silence be
With me where you lay my head:
O, dear the shamrocks are to me!

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Southern Sketches.

XX.

MATANZAS (Continued,) — THE CAVES OF BELLEMAR.

THE readiest and most convenient way to visit the caves of Bellemar is to drive there in a *quitrin* or *volante* which can be easily procured in any of the streets of the town. This vehicle is not used in the United States. Its odd and picturesque appearance renders it very interesting. It consists of a phaeton-shaped body, with a circular top almost reaching to the dash board, resting between curved shafts, on strong straps that, like the shafts, depend from a big axel between enormous wheels. The entire vehicle is often painted in bright colors, and is drawn by a sprightly horse caparisoned in splendid style. A negro postilion sits on the saddle of another horse, that is harnessed on the left, and presents a most imposing picture with his high, gaudy hat, blue, gold-laced jacket, white vest, trousers, patent-leather jack-boots, silver-plated spurs, tidy leather whip, and other gay trappings. On entering the *volante* you soon feel a sense of rest, and when the postilion cracks his whip, and the horse advances at a steady trot, you become charmed and delighted with the easy, swaying motion of the vehicle. Everything before you is new and beautiful. The drive lies along the Plaza or strand to the south, past several lovely villas with their Doric pillars; by gardens edged with high-spiked iron fences crowned with gorgeous flowers; by lemon, orange trees and cacti hedges; the blue waves kiss the shelly shore. Long lines of mules laden with bags of charcoal approach us; the rope of each one's bridle is tied to the tail of his predecessor in the procession to market, they move

along in a languid, old-fashioned way; now and then they kick, when bitten by a sand fly, but their tails are too tightly bound to serve for fans. The *paisano*, or countryman, dressed in red cap, with white linen coat, with a belt holding a dagger or knife directs the leader, whom all the other animals regularly follow. One old negro, mounted on a mule, seemed to me remarkably odd. He wore a large blue blouse, green pants and a wide, black belt containing an immense knife, while his monkey face was almost lost under a wide-brimmed, dirty white hat. On the left were the warm shining waters of the bay, with its silvery waves making delicious music, as they rolled upon the coral rocks. In front were lofty mountains, villas and towering palms. Our *volante* passed by a railroad signal station, then wound up a narrow red road full of calcareous boulders edged on each side by thickets of shrubs, wild fruit and flowers of every kind. After a journey of a mile up this interesting road, we arrived at the summit of the hill, from which we beheld a magnificent prospect. An arched gateway appeared to the left, and on it were inscribed the words, "Cuevas de Bellamar." This gateway passed, we drove along a lovely avenue till we came to the entrance to the caves. Instead of seeing some monster opening in a rock we were confronted by a low frame building. After alighting from the *volante*, I followed the owner of the place through the door o the pavilion, and entered a room which contained refreshments, various fine specimens of the subterranean crystals, and pictures of the interior of the caves.

These caverns were discovered about twenty years ago by the owner of the grounds. While one of his employés was quarrying stone for a neighboring lime-kiln, his crowbar suddenly passed through a split in the rock and disappeared into the earth. The proprietor hearing of the occurrence, had the opening widened enough to pass through, and then courageously descended with a lighted torch, to be rewarded with the sight of a strange and splendid temple, having arches, pillars and domes of glittering crystal. Owing to the number of deep, dark, dangerous abysses which appeared in various directions, he was obliged to multiply his visits to the caves, and employ considerable labor before access to the various chambers was made as easy as it is to-day. The visitor, having dispensed with superfluous overclothing, now follows his guide, who bears a lighted torch or lantern, down a flight of steps, provided with a hand-rail, and soon stands on a natural terrace, from which a splendid view of a mighty hall, called the "Gothic Temple," can be obtained. Lamps, fixed here and there in the walls, give a weird effect to this enchanting chamber, which measures at least five hundred feet in length, two hundred in width, and one hundred in height. Immense stalactites, in various shapes, all glistening like monster precious stones, hang from the roof; and stalagmites of most fantastic and attractive form rise from the ground. The most conspicuous and beautiful object in the temple is the figure of a warrior seated on a throne of dazzling whiteness, with a lance in his right hand, his left resting on his knee; his stern, unmovable countenance, like the rest of his figure, suggesting a determination to defend the treasures of this mysterious region at any cost. At every step

the light of the torch flashed on new beauties. The guide showed me the mantle of Columbus, which stood over beyond the "Guardian of the Temple." Broad at the top, it narrowed gently downwards, and looked exceedingly natural and attractive with its graceful folds. As we moved, objects in the distance seemed, amid the dim light, like pyramids, pagodas, and fairy towers; all apparently ready, owing to their delicacy, to dissolve into mist. Here stood an altar, richer and handsomer than the rarest marble, with its decorations of vases, peculiar figures and flowers. Down beyond are deep, awful pits, the sight of which is enough to fill one with terror in this lonely place. But every part has its own gorgeous crystallizations. I noticed the most delicate, pearl-like formations clinging to the walls and hanging from the ceilings, light-green, purple and pink in color; figures of fish, elephant's ears, dogs, cats, mice, birds, daggers, feathers, tails, rings, shells, chains, combs and white roses. There were millions of little needles, spikes, and teeth as fine as the most exquisite frost-work. Glass-blowers can often make beautiful things, miniature castles, towers, vessels and flowers, but no genius, however, could equal, much less surpass, by his art, these pure, delicate and fantastic gems of nature.

The guide went by the "avenue of the fountain," with his torch gleaming on handsome pillars, cornices, curtains, hoops and stalactites like icicles hanging from frozen rocks. At the end of this avenue, which is about half a mile long, we saw a beautiful fountain emptying its waters into a basin of alabaster. A cool draught from this pure stream was very refreshing. We resumed our journey to gaze on transparent forms of angel's wings, grand mantles with smooth folds, bows and arrows, pipes, horns, fingers, feathery fans, fringes, pure white embroidery work, crimson roofs from which hung millions of light green and blue ornaments and various fungi-like formations. Here was a bracelet sparkling with brilliants, fit to decorate the wrist of a fairy queen. There was a perfect specimen of a deer's horn. Flower baskets, rosettes, ribbons and stars enriched the magic collection. The pendants in the Indian gallery looked like chandeliers of cut glass, embellished with precious stones. Stalagmites like small, fat cacti plants, rose out of grey and crimson beds. A large and magnificent church organ soon appeared, looking perfectly natural with its crystal pipes regularly arranged and its pearly keys ready to yield strange tones under the influence of some miraculous musician. Inspiring, indeed, should be the music that would harmonize with the indescribable splendors of those subterranean halls. Now we creep and crawl under massive shelves and bars of silver, then come out upon new saloons and look upon gorges surmounted by galleries and crowned by domes of vast and splendid formation. The light of the torch flashing on innumerable bits of crystal that adorned several blocks made them look like jewels and rubies. Whilst lost in admiration at the wonders I beheld, the guide remarked that we were now in the "Chamber of Benediction." It received this name on a certain day, some years ago, when the Bishop of Havana celebrated Mass within its walls. Now the light of a single torch only partly revealed its magnificent crystallizations. How glorious its unparalleled ceiling, highly finished columns,

associate decorations, and shining, even floor must have seemed when a hundred or more lights illumined them. Here was a gorgeous temple formed by nature, in which the Redeemer and God of all glory was offered up by the priest to his Heavenly Father. A grand natural throne, the very essence of material purity served as a resting-place for the Blessed Sacrament. Crystal ornaments of every shape associated with the softest and dreamiest of colors, and harmonized as fully as nature could with the sanctity and glory of the ceremony. In roof and wall, nook and pillar those marvellous stalactites shone like rubies, diamonds, carbuncles, and lovely olivenes. And when soft music attended the beautiful worship, expressing, like the lights and prayers, the highest praise and honor to God, the angels and just must have rejoiced and sang in this, a cave far richer than the one in Bethlehem, "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*"

One's attention is attracted in this chamber to the melodious trickling of falling waters, and you are drawn, in spite of yourself, to a lovely little fountain at the right-hand side. Its waters are very clear and perfectly reflect the thousands of fantastic and charming forms of crystals that overhang them. After taking a draught I gazed at the virgin's mantle that hung beside the fountain. It could not look purer or whiter if made of white satin, embroidered with silver thread and embellished with precious stones. Turn the eye up towards the ceiling and lamps of all shapes in glittering alabaster greet it. No one can buy them, there they will remain for years, the pride of the owner and the delight of visitors. Their splendor trembles amid beds of violet, azure and light gold.

Passing out of the "Saloon de Benediction," we walk along the avenue of the lake, admiring, as we move, the new and ever-delightful forms of crystal. Here we notice squares and circles of bright pink full of green holes, figures of vases, crowns, cacti plants, spears, robes and melting little brilliants, like gazelles' eyes, confront us. It is like travelling through mysterious regions mentioned in the "Arabian Nights." The noise of falling waters arrests the attention. The guide cries out, "Diamond Cascade;" we come to it. It is a perfect beauty, a real waterfall of apparent diamonds, scattering light by their presence and music by their sound everywhere. It flows on forever, and all the brilliants around it are in harmony with its splendor.

After passing the cascade I followed the guide, who mounted some rocks, and motioned me to look in the direction to which he pointed. I did so, and his torch-light flashed over a beautiful lake nearly two hundred feet long, by about thirty broad and twenty deep. A cool breeze blew over its waters. Multitudes of crystal flowers, pale, red and golden grew near its banks, and thousands of forms like dahlias rested at the bottom, thus giving to the spot by their presence the appropriate name of the Lake of the Dahlias. The alabaster sky above this lake was fringed with jewel-like ornaments, its depths were full of marvellous treasures, and its entire surroundings glittered with sparkling stalactites and stalagmites. All these views of the caves were taken in on the advance and return trip, so that in the course of a few minutes I found myself again in the Gothic temple at the foot of the

pavilion stairs. Though sorry to leave these gorgeous crystal halls, yet I was glad to get up again and go abroad to breathe the fresh, pure air. Carrying a pretty crystal specimen along with me, I entered my *volante* and returned to Matanzas. On my way I noticed laborers reclining at full length near the railroad track under cool, blooming ferns and wild vines. They were taking their regular siesta. The thermometer, during the early afternoon, stands over eighty degrees, and the atmosphere naturally fills every workman with a sense of drowsiness, so they avail themselves, if they possibly can, at such a time, of a pleasant rest.

During the remaining few days of my stay in Matanzas I availed myself of the opportunity of visiting its beautiful cemetery and the Castello de Severeno. I went to the cemetery in company with my young friend Signor Mariano and Padre Recamau, the chaplain of the place. It is situated about a mile and a half to the south-east of the town, and lies on the slope of a picturesque hill, overlooking the country for miles around. Two massive buildings stand at each side of the entrance gate. The grounds are splendidly laid out. The walks and avenues are lined with handsome trees, the *barrachoreas* large; red flowering shrubs present a lovely aspect, with their abundant blooms. A handsome mortuary chapel graces the centre of the spot, and numerous costly marble monuments, vaults and tombs, approached by well-kept walks, look very fine. The interior of the vaults and little mortuary oratories were adorned with crucifixes, gorgeous flowers and various ornaments of exquisite Catholic design. Tender and touching epitaphs were seen over the graves of fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters. One of the finest monuments in the place is a splendid gothic one, erected "*A la memoria D. Felix J. Torres su Spousa*," (to the memory of D. Felix Torres, by his wife.) It stands about fifty feet high, and the little chapel under it is very tastefully and elaborately decorated. Everything in and around the cemetery is spotlessly clean, and the eye is everywhere delighted with the sight of marble monuments, tropical trees and flowers. The Castello de Severeno is well worth seeing. It is an extensive fortification, commanding the entrance to the Bay of Metanzas, and is reached by the Paseo de Versailles, which is one of the finest drives in all Cuba. This Paseo is adorned on the right by the blue, glittering bay, and on the left by shining, verdant mountains.

The fort is similar in style and construction to all such Spanish edifices. The officers in charge are exceedingly courteous and hospitable; and, no matter how warm the day is, you can feel and enjoy the breezes which sweep from the sea over the battlements.

Captains Bernabe Sainz Y. Zapatero and Romano Moreno de Ampudia I shall never forget.

As the *Carondolet*, of the Mallory line, was to sail next day for Fernandina and New York, by way of Nassau, New Providence, I spent the rest of my time in the society of the good and intelligent priests of Matanzas, and then had the good fortune to join some of my former travelling companions, whom I met on the way to the steamer.

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

Instances of Divine Vengeance.

In the year 1793, as three young French soldiers, on their way to rejoin their regiment in Spain, were passing through a village of the Pyrenees, they observed a statue of the Blessed Virgin at the portal of a parish church. These young men were imbued with the infidel and impious sentiments of the time, and the sight of the sacred image roused their hatred of religion. One of them, named Thomas, proposed that they should take turns in firing at the statue. Accordingly he took aim, striking it in the forehead, between the eyes; then Francis fired, and his ball lodged in the breast. The third, named James, who was less wicked than his companions, at first refused to fire, but, fearing their anger and ridicule, he finally shut his eyes and discharged his weapon aimlessly. The ball struck the statue in the leg just above the knee. The impious soldiers then resumed their journey, and the act was probably soon forgotten. But insults to the Blessed Virgin are remembered and avenged by her Son, and this was not an exception.

In the next battle in which they were engaged, a chance shot struck Thomas, and he fell, with his face to the earth. Francis and James, who were near by, raised him up, then looked at each other in dumb horror; for they recalled his shot at the statue. He was dead, with a bullet in his forehead, just between the eyes. The next day Francis fell in battle, mortally wounded in the breast. His comrades were obliged to leave him on the field. In vain he called for a priest.

Seized with remorse and terror, James resolved to confess his crime at the first opportunity. Unfortunately he did not meet a priest, and when the war was over his fears vanished, and likewise his good resolutions.

On returning home, the army passed through the same Pyrenean village. As the soldiers marched along a musket was unaccountably discharged, and the ball struck James in the leg, just above the knee. The wound seemed a slight one, and the surgeons told him it would heal in a few days; but it remained unhealed and painful for twenty years, a constant reminder of the justice and mercy of God. The young man confessed his crime, and afterwards led a Christian life.

This remarkable incident was related by the late Louis Veuillot, who gave as his authority a certain Dr. Fabas, living in the Pyrenees, to whom the young soldier had applied for relief in his sufferings, and who pronounced the case to be the most extraordinary that had ever come under his observation.

Horrible Death of a Scoffer.

A strange and mysterious occurrence at Millersburg, Dauphin County, Pa., has been received. On Thursday morning, Feb. 4, 1886, there was a jovial crowd in a hotel at that place; and while they were imbibing, Samuel Motter entered. Motter was well known throughout the county as a patent medicine peddler, and was about fifty-five

years of age. His wife died in the alms-house some time ago, and since then he has been living near this place. Shortly after Motter entered a discussion on religious subjects arose. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was talked about. Motter became very earnest in his talk, and finally dared the men to indulge in an imitation of the Lord's Supper. They agreed to have it with beer and bread, and accordingly a glass was filled with that beverage. They then knelt in mock humility, and with the beer in one hand and bread in the other, Motter went along distributing a bit and a sup to each. Suddenly, when he was about half through, a strange noise was heard, and looking up the men saw a sight that "made their blood run cold and froze the marrow in their bones." As near as the scared men could describe it, they declared that it was an immense, ill-formed and foul beast, with great cloven feet, painted horns, and eyes that flashed fire. With wild yells the men rushed out into the open air and scattered in every direction. Finally all of them reached home, except Motter, who was away for a long time, and at last he arrived a maniac. He was put to bed and physicians sent for, but they could do nothing for him. He raved, howled and prayed; declaring that he had seen the Evil One, and that he was lost. His torture was terrible, but nothing could be done to relieve him, and he died in the wildest agony. The death-bed scene is said to have been full of horrors that can hardly be described.

A man in Pennsylvania, two or three years ago, blasphemously celebrated, in company with twelve companions, a parody of the Last Supper, on Holy Thursday. The man in question impersonated our Blessed Lord, and as he was lifting the bread to his mouth he was seized with excruciating pains, from which he died after several days of terrible suffering.

The Holy Mass.

St. Thomas of Aquin writes: "The Mass is not only the greatest of God's miracles, but is an abridgment of all the wonders He has ever wrought."

St. Bonaventure says: "The Mass is a compendium of all God's love and of all his benefits to men."

St. Alphonsus Ligouri concludes that "All the honors which angels by their homages, and men by their virtues, penances, martyrdoms, and other good works, have ever given to God, could not give Him so much glory as a single Mass."

St. Leonard of Port Maurice: "The Mass is the sun of Christianity, the soul of faith, the centre of the Catholic religion, the condensation of all that is good and beautiful in the Church of Christ. The Mass is the miracle of miracles, the wonder of wonders. The Mass is the sun

of our holy religion, which dissipates the clouds and restores serenity to the heavens. For my part, I am persuaded that if it were not for the holy Mass, the world would have long since tottered from its foundations, crushed beneath the enormous weight of its many accumulated iniquities."

At every moment of the day and night, during the year round, this infinite Victim is immolated on several altars, in some part of the world for the salvation of mankind; and hence the pious practice of uniting ourselves and our actions with Jesus upon the Altar.

Ireland, our Motherland,

WAS the toast of honor at the banquet given at St. Malachi's Hall, St. John, N. B., on Tuesday the 9th of March last, the occasion being the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the Father Mathew Association in that city. Mr. John L. Carleton replied to the sentiment as follows:—

The gifted and eloquent son of the South, Prentiss, in an address delivered at New Orleans, in the year of the famine, 1847, said:—

"There lies, on the other side of the wide Atlantic, a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal, while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos."

Since these words were uttered there have been many changes; obstacles have been removed by the sure hand of time; shadows have departed before the sunlight of Christian charity; independence has developed with the march of progress; but Ireland, it seems to me, is just the same as of old: the same old struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor; the same old fight for the faith that dared kindle the fire on the hilltops of Tara; the same undying determination to be once more,

"Great, glorious, and free,
First isle of the ocean, first gem of the sea."

This is the land you have toasted to-night; this the land you have hailed across the intervening space of ocean as the mother of saints, the home of heroes, the cradle of chivalry and romance. This the land you honor in song and glorify in story. This the land that never *was* great. I repeat it, Ireland never *was* great. No, she *is always* great. Great in her early civilization; great in her faith; great in her prosperity; great in her trial; great in her triumph; great in her endurance; great in her traditions; great in her patriotism; great in her vitality; great in her nationality; great in that hour when the rising

sun cleft a passage through the fog for the galleys of Milesius; great when Dathi carried the banner of the Celt into the land of Gaul; great

> "When Malachy wore the collar of gold
> He won from the proud invader;"

great when Brian drove the Northmen from the plains of Clontarf; great when Hugh of Dungannon sent consternation to the heart of the enemy on the hill sides of Clontibret; great when the shouts of Red Hugh's followers announced that the Yellow Ford was won; great when the O'Sullivan Beara performed the most wonderful feat of modern arms (fighting his way with one hundred men and four hundred women and children, from his castle in the south to O'Neill in the north); great when the papal legate blessed the banner of Owen Roe; great when Constance at the Bridge of Athlone rivalled the fame of Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ; great in that midnight hour when a galloping Hogan led the column of Sarsfield over mountain and valley, deputed with the desperate mission of destroying William's splendid seige train; great in '98; great in '48; great in famine; great in affliction; great in poetry and art; great to-day in her uncompromising stand for the faith of her fathers and the shrine of her nationhood. Truly Ireland never *was* great: she *is always* great; and this greatness has been, is, and ever will be her salvation. When, at election times, the poor peasant enters the polling booth to deposit his ballet, it is this that keeps him true to his convictions. On one side of the box stands the candidate of his choice, who has naught to offer, not to promise, save a sturdy and manly fight for his rights, liberties and privileges; on the other side stands the landlord with employment, power, favor, money advancement — in a word, the British government at his back. Well might this man hesitate, well might he ask if I am not doing myself and my family an injury? — but this past and this present force themselves upon him and duty and conscience win. Again, he thinks of the proud days of old, when the harp of his country drew the attention of the world to the learning and sanctity of Tara, the land of which Columbkille sung from the rocky shores of Iona, and whose matins were chanted to the measured tread of holy men in the halls of Lindisfarne. The past, which Moore has set with gems of richest poesy, the future that Davis predicted. The treasured spot for which the O'Kavenaugh, an Emmet, a Wolfe Tone, and a Lord Edward Fitzgerald fought and bled. The religion which St. Patrick told them they would ever find true and pure with Peter at Rome, for which the women of the old historic city struggled in the breaches of Limerick. The nation for which a Grattan, a Curran, a Flood, a Sheil, and an O'Connell poured forth their mighty eloquence, for which, their own Charles Stewart Parnell leads to-day his noble band of '86. Or, may be, it comes to him as an echo from some distant land: the blood of a Sarsfield from the plains of Landen, a shout from the field of Ramillies, a wild, passionate, impatient cry from the slopes of Fontenoy. Mayhap he hears it in the "Long Live Pius IX.," from under the tunic of the Papal Zouave, the demand for liberty from the revolutionary colonies of America, the groan of the dying on the banks of the Potomac, or

the gallant and headlong charge of the brigade at the heights of Fredericksburg. No Irishman could feel this and falter; no Irishman could have his heart touched with those memories, and then prove false to the land of his birth.

This land, this greatness, this faith is ours; our fathers brought it with them to this country where, unbiassed by tradition and untrammelled by prejudice, it should rise and become as a mighty oak in the forests of the new world. Then let us not forget it; let us ever be true to ourselves; let us ever remember that we *are* Irishmen. Do not, if prosperity should smile upon you, forget who you are, what you are, and whence you came. You have nothing of which to be ashamed, nothing for which to blush. There is no necessity of taking the "O" and the "Mac" off your names like traitors or informers. There is no necessity of spelling Murphy, "Murfee," or O'Grady, "Graidee." It is not classic, and it is no credit, if it is English. I know that a gifted author has poured forth on such fops the vials of his wrath; has told them to go and live the helots that they are, fit to batten on garbage and die in a potter's field; has prayed that no child might brighten the dark days of their old age, nor relatives weep over their tomb. I would not be so hard upon them. They deserve our commiseration rather than our contempt; for even as the child born out of lawful wedlock has no name, no family, so they have no history of which to boast, no tradition to which to point with pride.

The religion, the history, and the tradition of Ireland are our inheritance, and, thank God, we are not ashamed of it; therefore, we, the children and the children's children of old Erin, toast her to-night, and although we cannot, like the knights of mediæval days drink her prosperity in the ruby wine, nevertheless, as faithful followers of her holy son, Father Mathew, we greet her in the sparkling nectar of heaven, and send across the mighty deep on every ripple that washes her emerald shores, words of comfort, words of affection, words of eternal hope. We tell her that the hour of her deliverance is at hand; the powers of darkness must be dispelled; the necromancy of the Tuatha de Danaans shall be broken, and a halo of peace, happiness and contentment break over her sainted head, as glorious and as resplendent as, when, in the days of old, the sunburst extended its glittering arms to welcome the Milesian princes to the shores of the Promised Land.

WHAT THE "TIMES" SAYS.—Drunkenness, whether habitual or casual, is, without doubt, one of the greatest social evils with which northern nations have to deal. It is acknowledged to be the prolific parent of crime, and it is, at least, the proximate cause of by far the greater portion of widespread misery which furnishes such an appalling contrast to the general tenor of our opulent civilization. Laws will not do the work which has to be done. We want men for that: and these men must see their work before they do it. Among all the writers, all the talkers, all the preachers, all the workers, all the names we see blazoned in the roll of English fame, are there none that will set about to abate this nuisance and scandal—*our nationa ldrunkenness?—League of the Cross.*

Of the Agnus Dei.

From the French of Armand Doncœur by Th. Xr. K.

On the occasion of the Easter celebration, the *Croix* published a very fine and very interesting study of Father Michael Romanet on the symbolism of the Paschal candle.*

That which I dare present after him to our readers is in some sort the necessary corollary of the first, in order that the thesis may be complete. Its object besides is to make better known the strong reasons which should recommend to the piety of the faithful those precious Agnus Deis which are distributed to the pilgrims at Rome, in the Pope's name. From this point of view, our work is not without some occasion for it.

A great many people, even very religious ones, have the happiness to possess Agnuses without knowing anything or almost anything about the virtues of this powerful sacramental. Thence a twofold abuse: profanation with some, superstition with others, according as they have neglected or given undue importance to the use which the Church desires to be made of the Agnus Dei.

This study shall therefore present under the threefold aspect of archæology, symbolism, and liturgy the exact notion of an ancient and venerable rite.

We have seen† what profound mysteries the Church proposes to the devotion of the faithful under the graceful symbol of that waxen pillar which illumines the solemn Easter night. As Israel did of old in the desert, the catechumen when he receives baptism celebrates his *Pasch*, that is, his *passage* from slavery to the promised land, from the darkness of error to the light of truth. As the pillar of cloud and of fire, which led Israel, concealed the Christ Himself, according to the opinion of the most learned commentators of the Synagogue and the Church, the Paschal Candle mystically represents Jesus Christ leading souls to the sacred waters of the Jordan, that is, to baptism, through which they must pass to enter the true Promised Land, which is the Church.

But this is not all. The candle before being blessed represents also the Christ, comprehending in His humanity not only humanity whole and entire, but also the animal and material world fallen and disharmonized in the fall of man, whom God made in the beginning the king and priest of creation.

In fact, the harmonic link of the chain of beings, man, presents in himself, according to St. Thomas of Aquino, the complex phenomena of inorganic existence, those of the vegetative, the sensitive, and the reasonable soul.

A real microcosm, he has been endowed with love, and a voice to lend to inferior creatures his heart and his voice, and thus to make

* A translation of which appeared in Donahoe's for April. — Tr.

† See Donahoe's Magazine for April.

ascend to God, says St. Augustine, the worship and hymn of entire nature.

The humanity of Christ being eminently the typical man, the new man, it also presented in an eminent degree those characteristics of man as he came from the hands of God, clothed with all the splendors of his nature. No symbol was better adapted to represent these mysteries than the candle, made, by the hand of man, with wax, that matter wrought out by the bee from all the riches of the vegetable world. This is indicated by the liturgy itself, when, in the chant of the *Exultet*, it offers to God the holocaust of this candle made of wax, *quas apis mater eduxit.*

The candle before being lighted is also the symbol of Christ dead for us. It receives the five wounds with the grains of incense wherewith the deacon in some sort tears its substance.

But soon it is lighted, and mingling its rays with the ever-blessed dawn which beheld death's defeat and life's victory, it finally becomes amidst the rejoicing of the Church, the symbol of the risen Christ, shedding upon the faithful the joy of His light.

In the first ages of the Church, the Paschal Candle gave light to the Christians' gatherings all through the octave of Easter. It was finally extinguished after the Mass on Saturday, and according to a custom, whose origin is lost in remotest antiquity, it was then divided into fragments. These fragments, divided first among the neophytes, reminded them of the grace of their baptism. The other faithful had also their share. It was natural that these fragments of the candle, which had so marvellously represented the Saviour Christ, should still produce in their souls an echo, as it were, of those mysteries.

They bore them preciously to their homes as a memorial of the Paschal joys and graces, and as a lasting blessing. It was a mode of personifying the Christ, and as the mark of the blood of the Lamb on the doors of the Hebrews had protected them against the plagues which fell upon the Egyptians, these fragments of blessed wax were as the protecting seal of redemption.

So they were worn at the neck, enveloped in precious stuffs, or in encolpius, a sort of medallion used for holy things. They were also hung on the walls of the house ; fumigations were even made with them in the fields, with the idea of protecting their owners and their goods behind the personality of Christ against all the spiritual and temporal maleficence of the demon.

Gradually this rite was developed, and the Church, to sanction it and define its meaning, soon gave it a special place in the Liturgy.

On Saturday, called "Close of Easter," *Pascha clausum*, or otherwise, *in albis deponendis*, the white robe was to be taken from the neophytes which they received when they came out of the baptismal fonts. *

* This custom has survived to our days under the form of the *chrisom*, which is the name given to the little cloth biggin which the priest puts on the head of the child after having baptized it. He then addresses it in these words: "Receive the white garment which thou must present unspotted before the judgment seat of Christ." These garments were formerly preserved in the church.

The people would go to the most holy basilica of Latran where, after Mass celebrated by the Pope, the fragments of wax were distributed in his name. Soon a special form was given them, either that of a square medal like the Greek Eulogia, which, too, was marked with a cross, or that of a star, in memory of the star of Balaam and the star of Bethlehem, or, finally, of a round or oval medal; the form of the egg is in the catacombs a sign of resurrection. Then as the bloody mark which the Hebrews were to trace on their doors to protect themselves from the destroying Angel was the letter Thau, which, in their writing before they adopted the Chaldaic, was represented by the sign + or T,* the Christians adopted the monogram or chrisma which contained the cross, and later on the cross itself.

But the Lamb, a more complete symbol, was soon to take the place of these characters. Those who are versed in Christian antiquity know the large place the Lamb occupies in sacred iconography. It is sufficient to recall the principal types which have been found of it to explain the preference which it has enjoyed. Thus, sometimes, it is a symbol of our Lord; sometimes of the faithful; here, it is the Sacred Victim of redemption; elsewhere, it is the soul feeding amidst the eternal pastures. Sometimes the Lamb bears on his back the *mulctra*, or milking vessel, to recall the rôle of the Shepherd and the Gospel milk, as St. Paul says. At other times he himself is borne on the shoulders of the divine Shepherd. Nevertheless the meaning becomes fixed, and the idea which finally predominates is that of the Christ, the real Paschal Lamb, sacrificed but victorious — the *Agnum stantem tanquam occisum* of the Apocalypse; hence, he no longer carries the shepherd's crook as in the catacombs, but the very instrument of his victory, the standard marked with the sign of the cross. The Lamb thus figured was like the crucifix of all that period. The nations hardly converted loved to remember the sufferings of the Saviour only through the glory of His resurrection. There is nothing surprising, then, in the fact that this emblem came gradually to be exclusively employed on the Agnuses. It gave them its name. From that time, they invariably bear the legend, *Ecce Agnus Dei qui tollit peccata mundi.* Paciaudi, in his *De sacris Christianorum Balneis*, gives a little custode of the eighth or the ninth century, which intended to contain an Agnus, bears this elegant hexameter, *Agne Dei miserere mei qui crimina tollis.* The same formula may be read on the celebrated monstrance of Charlemagne's Agnus Dei, which is to be seen at Aix-la-Chapelle. It may be recognized as the ancient liturgic litany of the Agnus.

As for the precise date of its origin, it seems hardly possible to fix it. The Agnus, before assuming its proper form, is so confounded with the Paschal Candle, that all that may be said of one is applicable to the other. From this point of view, we may be allowed to claim

* St. Augustine, reproaching a heretic for his apostasy, says to him, "Nevertheless we still have here thy baptismal robe. At the present day families piously preserve the chrisom to be a precious memento to the child of his baptism.—[Webster's Dictionary says the word *chrisom* is obsolete. I see no reason why it should be. The thing signified may be unknown among Protestants, but Catholics retain it, and should have the name as they hold to that perfectly good old English expression, "A pair of beads."—TR.]

great antiquity for both of them. Liturgical documents, which, far from attesting the origin of one or the other, merely state their existence, relate to them, as it seems; but as known facts, without anything giving room for supposing an innovation. Such is the formula of blessing given by St. Gregory the Great. This blessing, almost identical with the *Exultet*, which is still sung amongst us on Holy Saturday, presents, on the contrary, characteristics of a Latinity better than that of the great liturgist Pope, and consequently more ancient.

Papebroke himself, when he thought he discovered the origin of the Paschal Candle in the custom established at the first Council of Nice, of writing on that candle the catalogue of movable feasts, did not take sufficient note of the fact that the council had rather utilized and at most made general, on account of important publicity, a custom already held in veneration.

Moroni quotes on this subject the opinions which he confines himself to stating, and which makes the institution of the Agnus date back either to Popes St. Melchiades and St. Silvester, in the fourth century, or Pope Zozimus, in the fifth, because the latter extended to simple parishes the use of the Paschal Candle. But would this not rather be the place to apply St. Augustine's famous rule of criticism, namely, "That all that the Universal Church holds and that has not been established by councils, but always retained, should be considered as of Apostolic tradition."

The rite of the candle in the celebration of Easter, and in the administration of Baptism, is common to all the churches. The Greeks, who have so well guarded the antiquity of their rite, celebrate Easter night with candles. The American Church has even retained the word "illumination," to designate the baptism which it administered up to the fourteenth century in the Paschal night like the Latin churches, and so, too, the Chaldean church; and our liturgy of baptism, so archaic in all its parts — has it not also retained the rite of the unique candle? Everything indicates unanimity in favor of this rite, which is always the index of most venerable antiquity. If, then, all this may be affirmed of the Paschal Candle, may we not also say it of the custom of preserving its blessed remnants? This is apparently the idea which struck Pagi's attention, who does not hesitate to date both practices back to the days of the infant church, an opinion which the learned Baronius seems to confirm when he says that the Agnus Dei was intended to take the place of the bulla or the spinthrian images, which were superstitiously hung about children's necks.

Composition of the Agnus.—When the Agnus Dei, from a simple fragment of the Paschal Candle, that it was primitively, received a special form, the wax had to be melted in order to be moulded into that form. The great veneration in which it was held allowed the adding to it of the remains of the oil consecrated the year previous, that is, the Holy Chrism itself; for, until the sixth century, the matter of the holy chrism was virgin oil, free from all mixture. It was, also, at that time that balm began to be mingled with it. At the present day to certain privileged Agnuses is added a little of the sacred dust of the martyrs, whose bones are in certain catacombs, reduced to almost impalpable

powder. These Agnuses are of a distinctively gray tint. They are called *Pastæ martyrum.* They naturally are held in greater veneration than the others, because they have, besides the consecration which makes them so precious, the characteristics of a real relic.

It can easily be understood that as the devotion of the faithful to the Agnus grew, the wax of a single Paschal Candle soon became insufficient. It was necessary to bless another. The chapel of St. Lawrence in the Vatican had to furnish ten pounds for that purpose. The altar of St. Peter gave the surplus. At present the rule is that each church in Rome shall send every year all that is left of the Paschal Candle after the feast of Pentecost. These candles are reserved to make Agnuses.

An old author, Benedict, canon of St. Peter, says that formerly the ceremony of blessing the wax and the moulding was performed at the Latran; but that it had come to be done at the altar of St. Peter, and that it was the office of the archdeacon, this being a remnant of the ancient discipline by which it was reserved to the deacon to bless the candle, even in presence of the bishop. The blessing took place every Holy Saturday. Acolytes also moulded the Agnus Deis at the tomb of St. Peter; but later on, this duty, through greater respect, was laid upon the Pontifical sacristan, that is, the bishop acting as parish priest of the Vatican. Under Clement XIII. this privilege passed to the Cistercians of St. Prudentiana, who were confirmed in this right by Leo XI. and Paul V.

The wax melted and mixed with holy chrism is sealed on one side with the effigy of the Lamb, and on the other, only since the last three centuries, is imprinted the effigy of some saint, according to the devotion of the reigning Pope. Sometimes a famous relic is represented on them. Thus, those that were struck on the occasion of the Vatican Council bare on the reverse the altar of St. Peter. But the principal effigy always has the Lamb with the nimbus and the cruciferous standard. The name of the pontiff, his arms, the year of his reign and the current year of grace are added. Thus the one issued in 1858 represented the Divine Lamb resting on the Apocalyptic book with the nimbus on His head and the standard floating over Him. Below were the arms of Pius IX. dividing the date in this nanner:

AN.	XII
18	58

Around the upper portion of the rim, a double oval, appeared the words, divided by six-pointed stars.

ECCE * AGNVS * DEI * QVI * TOL * PEC * MVN.

Around the lower portion might be read PIVS IX PONT * MAX *

On the other side was represented St. Maurus, Abbot, the disciple of St. Benedict, and the miracles operated by this saint in virtue of the sign of the cross.*

* As the translator cannot reproduce the picture here, he describes it as nearly as possible.

The saint is represented with his fingers raised as in blessing, a mother is holding her child towards him, and a cripple reclining, turning his eyes towards the saint, while he holds his crutch carelessly in his right hand. In the upper part of the oval we read

* SANCTVS * MAVRVS * ABBAS **

Under the picture of the saint in straight lines and smaller capitals appears:

PIVS IX * PONT * MAX *
* ANN * XII *
* 1858 *

Agnuses of all dimensions are made even to very small ones intended to be worn at the neck and by children. Often only fragments of them are worn. This custom is fully justified, for it is a special thing to be noticed that the Agnus is blessed both in its substance and its form, while a medal, a crucifix, and other blessed or consecrated articles, a chalice even, when broken to a considerable extent, and so as to seriously alter their form, cease to be blessed or consecrated; but here the matter itself is blessed, independently of the form or the effigy; the least parcel of it is, therefore, as precious and has as much efficacy as the whole. In fact, the constitutive essence of the Agnus Dei is the wax. It is what is blessed in the Agnus as in the Paschal Candle, while in other candles, even blessed ones, this effect is not produced. The reason of this anomaly is derived from the symbol expressed by the wax. This reason is marvellously set forth in a very ancient *contestatio cereæ*, of the Gothic Missal, which develops with a great wealth of poetry the mother-idea, which is no more than hinted at in the *Exultet*. Our readers may like to become acquainted with this interesting document, remarkable alike for its noble style and the touching poetry with which the sacred author has invested the theologic idea: "Aliter liquentibus ceris quas in substancia preciosæ hujus lampadis apis mater eduxit. Apis cæteris quæ subjecta sunt homini animantibus antecellit. Cum sit minima corporis parvitate ingentes animos angusto versat in pectore, viribus imbecilla sed fortis ingenio. Hæc explorata temporum vicc cum canitiem proinosa hyberna posuerint et glacialem senio verni temporis moderata deterserit, statim prodeundi ad laborem cura succedit, dispersæque per agros libratim paululum pinnibus cruoribus suspensis incedunt, fontem ore legere flosculos, oneratis victualibus suis in castra remeant; ibique inestimabili arte cellulas tenaci glutino instruunt. Aliæ liquentia mella stipant, aliæ vertunt florem in cera, aliæ ore natus fingunt; aliæ collectis foliis nectar includunt. O vere beata et mirabilis apis cujus nec sexum masculi violant, fœtus nec quassant nec filii destruunt, castitatem. Sicut sancta concepit Virgo Maria, virgo peperit, et virgo permansit."

Here the idea of the wax's symbolism is clearly set forth. This virginal substance, wrought out by the virgin bee, well represents the Sacred Humanity of the Saviour. For this reason does this matter of wax here particularly attract the attention of the Church, and receive a blessing analogous to the meaning which it naturally expresses.

Hence it is that we have insisted on the meaning of this symbol, since in these liturgic objects the thing signified by the visible object is invisibly operated in the heart of the faithful in direct ratio to his faith. We already know what meaning the Church attaches to the Agnus as to its substance and its form. Let us now see in what way and with what extraordinary solemnity she consecrates each.

Consecration and Distribution of the Agnus.

The Agnuses prepared as we have described above are at the present day blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff on the Wednesday within the octave of Easter.

The Pope alone has the right to perform this consecration, and even then he celebrates these functions only every nine years, dating from the first year of his reign, excepting, however, jubilee years when large gatherings of pilgrims make large numbers of Agnuses necessary.

The details of this splendid ceremony as given by Maroni will be read with interest.

The Pope leaves his apartments preceded by the Pontifical household, that is by the mace-bearers, dressed in black, in the Spanish style, the bussolanti in red mantles, the chamberlains of honor, his noble guard, the private chamberlains of cape and sword in black velvet doublet and cloak of Philip II. style, participant private chamberlains in violet soutane and red ermine-trimmed mantles. Then comes the Sacred College of Cardinals. Monsignor Sacristan, Mgr. Almoner, Mgr. Master of the Chamber, and Mgr. Majordomo; finally, His Holiness arrayed in rochet, stole, and crimson velvet mozetta. Amidst this pomp the Pope descends to the Clementine Hall, where an altar is decked out for this occasion. The Holy Father stops there and offers up prayer. Then he lays aside the stole and mozetta, and, assisted by the majordomo and the master of the palace, washes his hands. The Holy Father is then clad with the ornaments of baptism, that is the amict, the alb, the cord, the white stole, and the mitre. Thus wearing the sacred ornaments, the Pope ascends his throne assisted by two cardinal deacons. After having laid aside the mitre and saluted the congregation by the *Dominus vobiscum* and said the *Oremus* for the blessing of the water, wherein the Church implores for the water the fruitfulness which God imparted to it in earliest days, that through it the Agnuses may become sources of grace, he pours into the basin balm and holy chrism in the form of a cross. This water is then divided in silver shells among the four cardinals who assist His Holiness in the bath or baptism of the Agnuses. The Holy Father then blesses the Agnuses, which are presented to him in silver shells by the private chamberlains. The Agnuses are afterwards bathed by the Holy Father, assisted by the four cardinals.

During this ceremony the famous choirs of the Sistine Chapel sing the Paschal hymn, *Ad regias Agni dapes*. The Agnuses are then taken out of the bath, let drip on blessed cloths, and reserved until the following Saturday, *in Albis*.

That day, in the Sistine Chapel, after communion, the members of

the Sacred College don the mitre and white ornaments, and Monsignor, the Apostolic sub-deacon, preceded by the pontifical cross and lighted candles, and assisted by the private chamberlains, brings the Agnuses in on silver salvers covered with a veil of very fine silk.

Thrice he halts in his march and addresses the Holy Father in the following ancient salutation :—

Domine, Domine, isti sunt agni novelli qui annuntiaverunt vobis alleluia, modo veniunt ad fontes, repleti sunt charitate, alleluia. This is a reminiscence of the ancient liturgy, and an allusion to the newly baptized, new lambs, says the ancient author Benedict, a canon of St. Peter, ascending from the fountain and laying down their white fleece, proclaiming *alleluia*, that is, Glory to God! The Holy Father receives them, and begins the distribution first to the cardinals, who receive two in their mitre, then to the great officers of the palace, the assistant bishops, the private chamberlains, then the honorary chamberlains, the holders of benefices in St. Peter's, and the subaltern officers of the Pontifical household.

It is also customary for the Holy Father to bestow them on certain occasions upon sovereigns or persons to whom His Holiness desires to show particular favor.

The first illustrious example of this distribution to princes was the sending by S. Gregory the Great of the Agnus Dei to Theolinda, the queen of the Lombards. The Agnuses which were sent by the holy Pope are still preserved in the treasure of Monza.

In 1586, Sixtus V., desiring to show special honor to the Doge of Venice, Pasquale Cicogna, solemnly sent him Agnus Deis.

Pope Urban V. had also sent them to the Byzantine emperor, John Paleologus, with the following verses:

Balsamus et munda cera cum chrisinatis unda
Conficiunt Agnum, quod munus do tibi magnum
Fonte velut natum per mystica sanctificatum;
Fulgura de sursum despellit et omne malignum:
Peccatum frangit ut Christi sanguis et angit;
Prœgnans servatur simul et partusliberatur:
Dona fert dignis: virtutum destruit ignis;
Portatus munde, de fluctibus eripit undæ.

In these verses, somewhat barbarous it must be confessed, Pope Urban succinctly describes the efficacy of the Agnus, the meaning which the Church attaches to their consecration and the use which Christian people should make of them. To complete this latter part of our study, we cannot do better than to translate the explanation, which is given to the pilgrims at Rome with the Agnus Deis, and an exhortation to set the greatest score by them.

Of the Rite and the Use of the Waxen Forms which the Popes are accustomed to Bless and Consecrate.

"The Rite observed by the Supreme Pontiffs, in blessing and consecrating the Agnus Dei, is one of very great antiquity, being mentioned in the Roman Ordo, which goes back to a period anterior to the eighth century.

"The Agnus Dei is made of white, pure virgin wax, to denote the human nature assumed by Jesus Christ in the most pure womb of the Virgin Mary, without the slightest blemish, through the sole operation and power of the Holy Ghost. The image of a lamb is impressed upon the wax, as a symbol of that most innocent Lamb who sacrificed Himself upon the cross, for the redemption of the human race. Water is made use of, an element which we find employed by God, both in the old Covenant and the new, as the instrument of many prodigies and mysteries. Balsam is poured into the water, to symbolize the good odor which the Christian ought to give forth by his life and conversation. To these is added sacred chrism, which is ordinarily made use of in preparing and consecrating things specially set apart for divine worship, such as churches, altars, priests, and it is the emblem of charity, the most excellent of all virtues. Into the water previously blessed, and mixed, as we have said, with balsam and chrism, the Agnus Deis are immersed by the Supreme Pontiff, and both before and after such immersion, he beseeches our Lord God by devout prayers to deign to bless, sanctify, and consecrate these figures of wax, and communicate to them such virtue that whoever makes use of them with true faith and devotion, may obtain the following graces and favors:—

"1st.—That at sight or touch of the Lamb impressed upon that wax, the faithful may be moved to contemplate the mystery of our Redemption veiled beneath that symbol, and may form in their hearts acts of gratitude and love towards God, so as to bless, thank, and praise Him, with a lively confidence of obtaining from the divine mercy forgiveness of sins committed.

"2d.—That at sight of the sign of the cross impressed upon that wax, evil spirits may be terrified and put to flight, and storm-winds, thunder, lightning, and tempests hushed or scattered far away.

"3d.—That by virtue of the divine blessing, these figures of wax may have power to counteract all diabolical frauds, snares and temptations.

"4th.—That women, during pregnancy, may be preserved from danger, and bring forth their offspring in safety.

"5th.—That no misfortune may befall him who carries the Agnus Dei devoutly; that no pestilential or tainted atmosphere may hurt him; that no falling sickness may assail him; that he may be preserved from storms at sea; from inundations and fires; and that no malign influence may have power against him.

"6th.—That he may be helped in prosperity and adversity; that he may be guarded and defended from human and diabolical malice; and that he may be preserved from sudden death, and every other evil or danger, through the mysteries of the life and passion of Jesus Christ.

"These wondrous virtues have long since been explained in these verses:

Pellitur hoc signo tentatio dæmonis atri,
Et Pietas animo surgit abitque tepor.
Hoc acolnita fugit subitæque pericula mortis,
Hoc et ab insidiis vindice tutus eris.

Fulmina ne feriant ne sæva tonitrua lœdant,
Nemala tempestas obruat iste habe.
Undarum discrimen idem propulsat et ignis,
Ullaque ne noceat vis inimica valet
Hoc facilem partum tribuente, puerpera fætum
Incolumen mundo proferet atque Deo.
Unde, rogas, uni tam magna potentia signo?
Ex Agni meritis, hand aliunde fluit.

"That the above-mentioned graces and blessings may be obtained by the faithful through the Agnus Dei, in virtue of its blessing and of those prayers which the Roman Pontiff offers up in the name of the Church, is a matter to be believed firmly, as beyond all doubt, and is, moreover, attested by the most signal miracles, at various times and on numberless occasions. That these favors are not always granted, is not in consequence of any defect of power or efficiency in the Agnus Dei, but is attributable only to the total want, or weakness, of faith on the part of him who wears it, or to some reason hidden from us, on whose account God refuses, in certain exceptional cases, to concede the graces and favors we have mentioned.*

Such is the doctrine of the Roman Church in regard to the Agnus. The Sovereign Pontiffs have attached such importance to having these ideas transmitted in acts to the faithful, that they have ordered that the Agnuses should not be distributed without this succinct explanation. Besides, the prelate who has charge of this distribution at the Rusticucci palace takes good care to make known to the pilgrims the full value of these Agnuses, all the spiritual advantages that they confer, the respect with which they should be treated.

In ancient times, they were not given to the faithful unless enveloped in silk. The Agnuses being consecrated should not be touched by the bare hand of the common faithful.

At the present day the rule has somewhat departed from this strictness, but the spirit remains the same.

The Popes have pronounced the severest penalties against those who would dare to buy or sell Agnuses, which constitutes the crime of simony or trafficking in sacred things.

It has also been forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to paint or gild them, in a word to alter the nature of the primitive symbol of the Lamb, so essential has it seemed to the sovereign Pontiffs that so efficacious a sacramental should not be turned to the advantage of superstition, but that it might even be evident to the faithful that the merits of the Divine Lamb, applied to these Agnuses by the prayers of the Church, alone confer upon them all their efficacy.

LEARN to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

* For the French paraphrase I have substituted the above, found in Father Drumgoole's paper, *The Homeless Child.* — TR.

Deaths of the Apostles.

Matthew.—This apostle and evangelist is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at a city of Ethiopia.

Mark.—This evangelist was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, until he expired.

Luke.—This evangelist was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

John.—This apostle and evangelist was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, at Rome, but escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

Peter.—This apostle was crucified at Rome with his head downwards, at his own request, thinking himself unworthy to die in the same posture and manner as his blessed Master.

James, the Great.—This apostle was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James, the Less.—This apostle was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

Philip.—This apostle was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

Bartholomew.—This apostle was flayed alive, by the command of a barbarous king.

Andrew.—This apostle was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

Thomas.—This apostle was run through the body with a lance, at Caromandel, in the East Indies.

Jude.—This apostle was shot to death with arrows.

Simon, Zealot.—This apostle was crucified in Persia.

Mathias.—This apostle was first stoned and then beheaded.

Barnabas.—This apostle of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews, at Salania.

Paul.—This apostle was beheaded by the tyrant Nero, at Rome.

A Thought for Easter.

THOSE who have read Cardinal Wiseman's beautiful story of this name, will not need to be told that Fabiola was a Roman lady, who was converted to the faith, and was received into the "Church of the Catacombs." Her father, whom she loved most filially, died while she was yet a pagan. Perhaps the most touching passage in the story is the one which describes her grief at his death, and contrasts the despair of a heathern soul, when such ties were broken, with the Christian's hope of a Resurrection, and a reunion beyond the grave.

"One glance at the letter told her all. Her father was dead. . . . Her first plunge into the dark abyss of grief was deep and dismal—down into unconsciousness. At length, when the physician who had

been called in, uttered distinctly into her ears the question — Fabiola, do you know that your father is dead? — she started, fell back, and a bursting flood of tears relieved her heart and head. She called for her father amidst her sobs, and said wild and incoherent, but affectionate things to him and of him. . . . What was become of him? Whither had he gone? Had he melted into unexistence, or had he been crushed into annihilation? Oh, for a ray of light to dart into the grave and show her what it was. Poetry had pretended to enlighten, and even to glorify it — but had only in truth remained at the door, as a genius with drooping head and torch reversed. Science had looked in, and had come out frightened, with its lamp extinguished by the fetid air — for it had discovered only a charnel house. Philosophy had wandered round and round, peeped in with dread, and recoiled — and then talked and babbled, and shrugging its shoulders, had owned that the problem was yet unsolved, the mystery yet unveiled." In the mind of the pagan maiden there was no knowledge, and in her heart no hope of a resurrection to come. For her "there was no vision of light clothed in mortal form, translucid and radiant, rising from the grave as from an alembic, in which have remained the grosser qualities of matter. Spiritualized and free, lovely and glorious, it springs from the very hot-bed of corruption. And another and another, from land and from sea; from reeking cemetery and from beneath consecrated altar; from tangled thicket where solitary murder has been committed on the just, and from fields of battle, like crystal fountains springing into the air, like brilliant signal lights darted from earth to heaven — till a host of millions, side by side, repeoples creation with joyous and undying life. And how know we this, which she knew not? Because, One greater and better than poet, sage or philosopher has made the trial, has descended into the dark couch of death, and has blessed it, as He blessed the cradle and made infancy sacred — rendering death also a holy thing, and its place a sanctuary. He went down into it in the dark of the evening, and He came forth in the splendor of the morning. He was laid in it, wrapped in spices — He came forth robed in His own fragrant incorruption. And from that day the grave has continued to be, for the Christian, what He made it — only the furrow into which the seeds of immortality must needs be cast, before it can spring up to everlasting life.

POTATOES are more important as a variety for food than any other root cultivated, and are most remarkable for being grown over a greater range of latitude than any other cultivated plant. The dry substance they contain, known as potato meal, is unsuited for bread alone, though it is extensively used as an adulterant of wheaten flour, and is said to improve the bread in some respects, though it renders it inferior in others. This will be appreciated when it is considered that potato flour, weight for weight, is less nutritive in the sense of supplying strength and indurance than any other meal except that of rice and the plantain.

Pneumonia.

THE prevalence of pneumonia, its rapid increase, and fatal consequences, in many instances, have led a number of our abler physicians to carefully investigate the peculiarities of this alarming disease, and some of them have published the result of their observations in a way to benefit the public, not only by pointing out the best methods of prevention, but likewise of treatment, in the event of its occurrence.

Dr. John T. Nagle, Deputy Register of Records of the Health Board of the City of New York, has given much attention to the disease, and has prepared valuable statistical tables concerning it.

"The prevalence of pneumonia," he says, "may be owing to a lack of ozone in the air, or it may be because there is too much ozone. Sudden changes of weather and high winds, particularly from the north and east, certainly have much to do with it, and draughts of all kinds are bad, and should be avoided. Smoking may be a predisposing cause, as tobacco is certainly an irritant. Anything which irritates the lungs should be avoided. If people would breathe through the nose instead of through the mouth, especially when in the open air or facing a cold wind, the lungs would be less irritated.

"One great cause of the fearful death rate among children from this disease is undoubtedly the criminally foolish way in which they are dressed. Many mothers seem more anxious to make their children look pretty than to dress them comfortably. On a par with this is the folly of low-necked dresses among women as viewed from a health standpoint. Ladies so dressed will rush from a heated ballroom or theatre, into the open air, and then wonder that they have colds or pneumonia. Wear seasonable underclothing, and don't remove your heavy flannels too early in the spring, or defer putting them on until too late in the fall. I should not advise people to coddle themselves; but one should dress according to the season, and should cover the body evenly. Add to this a proper regard for the general health and an avoidance of draughts, and one need not worry much about pneumonia."

Prof. A. L. Loomis, in his "Practice of Medicine," says: "It is a well-known fact that the disease attacks the poor oftener than the rich, the private oftener than the officer, the sailor on shore oftener than on ship, the soldier oftener than the civilian at the same post. It is unknown in the polar regions and common on the Mediterranean, increasing in a direct ratio from the poles to the equator. Elevation above the sea predisposes to it; north and east winds favor its development; rainy seasons or damp and marshy districts do not seem to influence it. Periods of steady and extreme cold have little effect except upon the old; but sudden changes are very disastrous. The first predisposing cause is age, the disease being most common in early childhood, from twenty to forty, and after sixty. The proportion of male to female victims is as three to one. Any general condition of

the body which debilitates is a predisposing cause. The complications which render the disease so dangerous are those which diminish the nerve supply or weaken the muscular power of the heart. Bad sewerage and miasmatic influence are potent causes of the disease."

Pneumonia usually begins with a chill, intense and prolonged, generally at night, and followed by a correspondingly high fever and sharp pains in the sides. The disease is very rapid in its progress, reaching a crisis in from five to six days, and sometimes causing death within three days. Usually but one lung is affected, and often the disease is confined to a single lobe.

A person may have "double pneumonia," or pueumonia of both lungs, and recover from it; but the chances are against him. When the disease spreads to all of the lung lobes, death is certain, as the patient cannot breathe, and dies of suffocation. The diseased lung, at first inflamed, soon becomes hard and leathery, and incapable of performing its natural functions. A curious fact is that usually no second chill occurs when another lobe is attacked, and there appears to be no relation between the amount of lung affected and the intensity of the symptoms. All physicians agree in saying that the disease is not contagious, but may be epidemic; and it has been noticed that it is developed under the same conditions as diphtheria, that is, the conditions which produce diphtheria in the young are apt to cause pneumonia among adults.

Dr. J. R. Leaming, special consulting physician in chest diseases in St. Luke's Hospital, has published a little pamphlet concerning it, entitled "Endemic Pleuro-Pneumonia, as seen in New York during the past ten or twelve years." In that pamphlet Dr. Leaming holds to the theory that the pneumonia of the present day, or pleuro-pneumonia, as he calls it, is the same as the epidemic which caused such havoc among the troops in Canada during the War of 1812-15.

That the weather has much to do with pneumonia is apparent. The number of deaths in New York City for the first seven months of last year was as follows: January, 375; February, 486; March, 587; April, 512; May, 337; June, 229; July, 150. After August there is usually a steady increase until March, the most fatal month of the year. The death rate, too, is very high. The statistics so far published, both in hospitals and private practice, show an average death rate of at least twenty per cent, or one in five of those attacked.

The theories concerning the nature of the disease itself are many and varied. Some physicians hold that pneumonia is only a local manifestation of a general disease, others that it is a specific disease caused by a specific poison, while still others hold as tenaciously to the germ theory.

Without speculating upon these different theories, from what has been said, in which all agree, it is plain that anything which lowers the vitality of the system is conducive to the disease, and should be carefully avoided. Overwork, either physical or mental, has much to do with it, and this explains why so many business men and brain workers become its victims. Sudden changes of the weather and draughts of all kinds are also to be guarded against.

Hall's Journal of Health.

The Instruments of the Passion.

From the French, by Th. Xr. K.

HERE is some information concerning the churches which possess the principal relics of the Passion.

1. The Wood of the Cross.— The largest portions are in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, at Rome, and in the Cathedral of Paris.

2. The Title of the Cross.— The tablet on which is the well-known inscription, I. N. R. I. (Jesus Nazareth, Rex Judæorum — King of the Jews), is preserved in the basilica of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, at Rome.

3. The Crown of Thorns.— It forms part of the treasure of Our Lady of Paris, but it is devoid of thorns, which have been granted to a great many churches. This relic, with the fragments of the cross, is borne in triumph by twelve canons or curés of Paris, in the solemn procession which is had at eight o'clock Good Friday night in Notre Dame.

The church of St. Sernin, in Toulouse, has a fragment of the crown, which was given it by St. Louis, through his brother Alphonse, count of Poitiers and Toulouse.

4. The Nails.— One, history relates, was thrown by St. Helena into the Adriatic, to calm a storm; the second is in the famous iron crown of the ancient Lombard kings (used by Napoleon I. in his coronation); the third is in the church of Notre Dame in Paris. At Monza, near Milan, is a nail whose authenticity Benedict XIV. is said to have established.

5. The Sponge.—It is at Rome, in the basilica of St. John Lateran.

6. The Lance.— The point is at Paris and the rest at Rome.

7. The Robe.— It was given to the church of Treves by St. Helena. (It is known as the Holy Coat.)

8. The Tunic.—Charlemagne gave it to the monastery of Argenteuil, near Paris, where his sister was a nun. The church of Argenteuil has the relic to this day.

9. The Different Pieces of the Winding-Sheet.— The largest is at Turin. The church of Cadonin, department of Dordogne, France, has the cloth in which the head was wrapped.

10. Rome has the linen with which Veronica wiped Christ's face.

11. The upper part of the pillar of the scourging is at Rome in the church of St. Praxedes, since 1223. The other part is at Jerusalem, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre.

DON'T stop to tell stories in business hours.

May Ditty.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! for love and mirth
My heart is gay;
I have no wish, no wish on earth,
Sweet, sweet, 'tis May.

The swallows on my roof awake
With twittering notes,
In chorus full, as though they'd break
Their little throats.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! I hear it sing
From out the grove,
And all the hills are echoing
The voice of love.

Sweet dreams from off my eyelids go,
I live again,
I hear the rosebuds talking low
About the rain.

I hear the lambs upon the lea,
The throstle's brood;
The flowing music of the sea,
The breathing wood.

I hear the panting of the brook,
I hear the sigh
O' the lily that the water shook
When hurrying by.

Rise, little head, all golden-ringed,
Lent me by God;
Wake, little spirit, angel-winged,
And flit abroad!

Wee baby in thy tiny bed
Come, crow again!
I'll gather thee that jewel red
Set in our pane!

I'll deck thee all in snowy state,
Monarch of spring!
With crimson roses from the gate
I'll crown thee king.

The birds shall pipe and tell our sport
To all things gay,
And we will hold a merry court
This first of May!

Rosa Mulholland in "Vagrant Verses."

The New Era.

The American press is noting, as a remarkable feature of the Irish agitation for legislative independence and land reform, the presence in the House of Commons, as makers of laws for the British empire, of two Irishmen who, only a few years ago, had been condemned as "felons" by English judges, for desiring the emancipation of their country, one of them (Mr. O'Brien) being actually sentenced to death, and both having suffered long periods of penal exile and imprisonment. Their appearance in the imperial legislature, where their advocacy of measures of national restitution, once imputed to them as a crime, is not only permitted but accorded the most respectful consideration, by the responsible Ministers of the Crown, does, indeed, mark a new and important era in the history of Ireland's struggle for her national rights; and the fact is rendered still more significant by the action of the new Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Aberdeen, who, on Thursday last attended a popular meeting at the Dublin Mansion House, called in aid of the movement for the relief of the starving Irish fishermen of the West coast, in which assemblage the representative of the English Government found himself standing on the same platform and advocat-

ing the same measures with an Irish Catholic Bishop, a Protestant Archbishop, and Michael Davitt, another Irish rebel and "felon," condemned, as O'Doherty and O'Brien had been, for the crime of loving his country, and hating and opposing, by every means in his power, the system of alien rule by which his fellow-countrymen were being crushed in degradation and misery at home, or driven into exile by millions. Such a spectacle the Irish capital has never witnessed since the first English "Lord Deputy" set foot within its walls; and, when we couple with these coincidences the additional fact that, on the same day, the representatives of a large and influential section of the Presbyterian element in the North of Ireland publicly announced their acceptance and approval of the Home Rule idea, and their confidence that their rights and liberties would be perfectly secure in the custody of their fellow-countrymen of other denominations, in an independent Irish Parliament, we have at once a magnificent demonstration of the practical good the National movement has effected for Ireland, and an augury of the near approach of that better day for our long-divided and distracted country, when, in the words of our national bard, we shall see her

"——Various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace."

Irish-American, New York.

Leo the Great.

Already elaborate preparations are under way to celebrate in Rome, says a correspondent, at the end of the year the fiftieth anniversary of the entry into the priesthood of his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. It is proposed to hold, as one of the principal features of the jubilee, a grand exhibition at the Vatican of the presents received by the Pope during his pontificate from his spiritual subjects in all parts of the world. It is also the intention of the Pope to distribute a large number of gifts to needy churches throughout the Catholic world.

During the last half century the Catholic bishops in Asia have increased in number from twelve to twenty-six, besides which fifty Vicars Apostolic have been added to the Asiatic hierarchy, while the number of priests has risen from six hundred to fourteen hundred.

I hear that several important changes in the Vatican diplomatic service have been notified to the European courts. Among the new nuncios to be accredited are Mgr. Macchi and Mgr. Theodoli, who will probably be sent respectively to Vienna and Paris. Both occupy high places among the Pope's immediate entourage, and are well known to Americans who have been received at Papal audiences. Mgr. Galimberti, the pushing director of the Vatican organ, the *Moniteur de Rome*, is likely to be the nuncio at Madrid. His rise has been remarkably rapid, and is due to the personal influence of Cardinal Jacobini.

Wm. J. Onahan.

The Creation of a Board of Arbitration Considered Wise and Expedient.

You ask for my views on the subject of "courts of arbitration" for settling disputes and misunderstandings between employers and employés. I am not sure that my opinion on this serious problem will be entitled to much weight, but your courteous request is not to be ignored nor denied. The suggestion to settle any vexatious and troublesome public controversy or dispute by amicable means is on its face reasonable, and ought to entitle the proposal to fair consideration. Certainly, in the existing labor troubles, which affect so widely the business interests of the country, fair and impartial arbitration of the differences seems to be a practical, as it surely would be a desirable, solution of the disturbing problem. I am all the more strongly confirmed in the belief that arbitration is the true and necessary *panacea* when I find well-known gentlemen, themselves large employers of labor, who have always been distinguished for their uniform, fair, and considerate treatment of their employés—I allude to Mr. O. W. Potter, Mr. R. T. Crane, and Col. W. P. Rend—indorsing and advocating this view. Why not, then, give it a trial? The good book says: "Blessed are the peacemakers." And what more useful and benevolent effort could engage the zeal of philanthropist and statesman than such a work and undertaking as this?

When two nations become involved in a dispute, which if pursued, would plainly lead to war, is it not accounted the highest achievement of true statesmanship to submit the cause of dispute to impartial arbitration and thereby avert a calamitous war?

A recent notable example of this is seen in the instance of the controversy between Germany and Spain regarding the Caroline islands, that for a time threatened to embroil the two countries in hostilities. The case was, by mutual agreement, submitted to the august arbitration of Pope Leo, and the happy result to the peace of Europe is known to the world. And as between nations and communities, why not also between the forces of capital and labor?

Our courts of law are simply tribunals of arbitration, determining cases submitted to them according to fixed rules and principles of law and equity.

Legislation surely could be framed which would be adapted to the necessary conditions. Ours is a government of law based on the popular will. Under its forms a peaceful and constitutional method of redress is to be found for every public wrong and grievance; a remedy is in reach for every disorder. And not only the wrongs and abuses themselves, but the occasions which give rise to them may thus be removed. Surely, we are not to admit that American statesmanship is unequal to providing a method for the adjustment of the present problem, having due regard for private rights and public interests.

Capital and labor ought to stand, not in an attitude of menace and hostility toward each other, but side by side, in a spirit of co-operation and harmony. Only the demagogue will insist that there is necessary antagonism. And if both parties would only interpret and apply aright the two simple terms, "rights" and "duties," causes of collision would gradually disappear, and the natural and just relation of amity and friendship between employer and employé would be permanently restored. There must be a return to the principle of fair dealing between the two factors in the controversy, and for the present, at least, arbitration offers itself as a reasonable agency to restore the *entente cordiale*. As to how this is to be brought about, and the details through which and by means of which arbitration may be rendered effective, is a question for the legislator. Voluntary arbitration is to be recommended wherever practicable, and there is no reason why it should not be possible in all cases. It is now a common method of adjusting labor troubles in the mining districts: why not elsewhere? And wherever invoked, as far as my observation extends, it has proved invaluable and acceptable to all parties. But legislative authorization providing for boards of arbitration would be, I should say, wise and expedient. Practical difficulties doubtless will arise; but the fact once recognized and accepted that in grave cases and instances of disputes in which considerable bodies of workmen are concerned as against employers the principle of arbitration is to be applied, this fact of itself would go far to avert causes of dispute, and assure the maintenance of good feeling and harmony of interests. Public opinion, often more potent than legislation, would strengthen and support the appeal to arbitration as a rational and just, not to say Christian-like, method for ending differences disagreeable for all, and sometimes seriously disastrious to public interests.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN in *Chicago Mail*.

EASTER EGGS.—There are thoughts connected with the custom of Easter eggs that are very suggestive, and furnish abundant matter for reflection during the joyous time upon which we are now about to enter. The egg is a perfect emblem of the Resurrection. The shell resembles the tomb, which our Saviour burst, just as the little bird breaks the shell and comes forth living. The signification of the Easter egg is entirely a Christian one; they were, through many hundred years, blessed in the church, before the people made a present of them to one another. This egg, small and insignificant as it is, is a great preacher of faith. Although we see outside only the hard shell, yet we are convinced that a type of animated nature can come forth. Why should we also, in things which God revealed to us, be less believing because unable to see them with our corporeal eyes? Would you not wonder at a person who would not believe that from an egg a living bird could come forth, because if he broke a fresh egg he would not find a living being? Such would be the case, for example, with that man who would not believe that Christ rose from the dead, or that we ourselves will one day rise because he finds in the grave only a corpse or its remains, dust and ashes.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

TO WALTER.

MERRY Christmas, little stranger,
Just arrived from fairyland!
Priceless gift from Santa Claus,
Governed by his fairy laws;
From a land of ceaseless joy
Where no woe nor cares annoy,
Angels brought thee, hand in hand,
To these realms of doubt and danger.

Bright complexion, features rounded,
Height twelve inches, weight two stone,
Minus hair, with eyes of light,
Brilliant as the stars of night,
Voice soft alto, prattling yet
Fairy words you'll soon forget;
That is your description done,
Just as in a dream I found it.

Little eyes, wide-oped in wonder
At this funny, funny earth,
May you ne'er be dimmed with tears!
Thro' a life of happy years!
Little hands too white to soil,
May you ne'er be rough with toil,
From the moment of your birth,
'Till you reach that heaven yonder!

Little feet that must be learning
Soon to tread earth's weary ways,
Thro' life's journey may you pass,
Gently as o'er meadow grass,
Never swerving with your load
From fair duty's upward road!
So will you deserve all praise,
Right embracing, wrong things spurning.

Baby, may you never falter
In the path our laws allow,
'Till you reach the happy goal
Where all joy awaits the soul,
That has done what it should do!
This is what I wish to you
Even as I wish you now
Merry Christmas, little Walter!

CASPAR PISCHL.

HER FIRST GRIEF: A MAY STORY.

I.

Will she come to me, little Effie,
Will she come in my arms to rest,
And nestle her head on my shoulder,
While the sun goes down in the west?

A. A. PROCTOR.

THEY called her May Blossom, and a sweet name it was; and sweet as her name was the little one who one May eve came to nestle her head on papa's broad shoulders, whispering: —

"They are coming, papa, darling. I saw them. Oh! such sweet tiny little tendrils. Papa, it will almost take my breath away to see them blow out, and become real, real *grown-up* flowers."

"You foolish little Blossom," returned Mr. Clayton, laughing. "And how think you I can keep my breath when I see this little blossom of mine bloom out into a real, real grown-up flower?"

Thick, wavy tresses of nut-brown hair, falling in silken masses over white shoulder and tiny ear, small sensitive mouth, large, thoughtful eyes, a sweet changeful face; this was May Blossom, and very dear she was to the hearts of her parents.

"Papa, I have scarcely slept at all last night with thinking of my garden. Sometimes I dreamt that the flowers had grown so tall that they could not be my own tiny seedlings; then I woke with the disappointment. Again I dreamt that May-day came and went, but my flowers never came, and I cried so loudly that I started up, thinking somebody had called. Would it not be dreadful if they did not come after all?"

"Not 'dreadful,' May Blossom," replied Mr. Clayton, gravely: "I have often prepared you for little drawbacks of this sort."

"But, papa, I have set my heart on decorating our May altar with flowers of my own raising," the little girl said, uneasily.

"Yes; but my little May ought not to set her heart on anything so evanescent as flowers," her father said, earnestly; "and even if our own are not in time, there are some lovely wild flowers to be had for the plucking; for instance, your own typical, namesake flower, my May, the sweet little hawthorn blossom."

"Yes, papa," May said, brightly, "I think the hawthorn a sweet little tribute to Mary's month, and there are, of course, the rich, golden cowslips, the dear little celandine, the pretty blue-bell, and the meek little violet, with hosts of others; but, oh! papa," with a sigh, "I *do* want the flowers of my own little garden for to-morrow, and somehow I think May-day would not be May-day without them."

"You have yet to learn, my May Blossom," replied her father, "that we must deny ourselves many a pleasure, and endure many a trial, in this world. Sometimes, too, the very thing we wish for God denies to us, because it would not be for our good. We generally get something better instead of that which we crave; but God rules our destinies here, and gives us what He sees best."

"It would be very good for me to have the flowers I want, dear, darling papa," the little one declared, "and do you know why?"

"No, darling."

"Why, you dear, stupid papa, it is because if these same little white blossoms, and red and blue, and thoughtful little pansies, which I have been so long expecting, do not make their appearance, I shall be dreadful sorry, and it would not be good for me to feel cross and out of humor on my birthday, would it?"

"No, dear; but even if you were a little disappointed, you should not feel cross and out of humor."

May Blossom laughed merrily. "You darling, silly papa, as if one could help it. But there, we shall not mention the impossibility, for this is early morning, and my flowers are peeping up every one, so you see this terrible thing shall not come to pass."

May Blossom had been looking forward for months to this pleasure.

A little spot of ground had been given into her keeping, and none but Mr. Clayton and herself had dug and cleared and raked and planted it, and now for the past week she had peeped anxiously into the

mould which nurtured the tiny, tender little buds, which were to blossom out for Mary's sweet month.

On that morning May Blossom had found them an inch above the bed, and down she went on her knees, her long hair shading her like a veil, as she wafted kisses to each of the blushing, tender flowerets, and whispered, joyfully,—

"Oh, welcome, welcome sweet little nurslings; to-morrow I shall lay you every one at the feet of our Lady."

And so, trembling with delight, and unable to bear alone the burden of her joy, she crept into her father's arms, when she had told the joyful news.

II.

I and Effie will sit together,
All alone, in this great arm-chair,
Is it silly to mind it, darling,
When this life is so hard to bear?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ah, advice may be wise, my darling,
But one always knows it before,
And the reasoning down one's sorrow,
Seems to make one suffer the more.

A. A. PROCTOR.

What a happy day of expectation it was! May Blossom's heart was beating glad pæons of joy all the time.

A hundred times she ran to her garden. A hundred times she welcomed the swiftly growing flowers.

A hundred times she wafted to them kisses of welcome.

Each time she saw new beauties, brighter hues, lovelier forms develop themselves; another and another soft petal and tender leaflet unfolding into strength and beauty.

The warm, nourishing sun shone out upon them, nursing them into strength and life, and May Blossom whispered softly,—

"I think the sun is loath to leave them, mother, lest they may not be ready for presentation to-morrow."

Before evening they looked tall and fair and graceful and blooming, and May Blossom laughed in excess of joy when she paid one more visit to her treasures, ere the gathering twilight had hidden from her view their fresh and fragrant beauty.

May morning dawned, soft, bright, balmy, worthy of her whose name it bore.

May Blossom sprang out of bed, opened her shutters, and the May sunlight streamed in on her happy face, and down over her rippling hair.

She fell on her knees and made an offering to Mary of the month, with its joys and sorrows, of herself, with her hopes her fears, her devotions.

With a bounding step she sought her flower-garden to gather the long-expected flowers — but, oh! horror — what was there?

Where were the bright faces of the infant flowers to which she had, but a few short hours previously, bidden a fond good-night?

Alas! they were all gone, and in their stead were ruin and disorder and desolation and destruction.

Truly gone; not a single bud, nor leaf, nor petal, nor stem to tell of the beauty which had so lately dwelt there.

The mould which had sheltered the young roots was scattered ruthlessly over the neat border, portions of which were also gone, roughly pulled up by the roots, and the once green and lately variegated parterre was a dismal sight to behold.

After her first exclamation of horror and despair, May Blossom stood perfectly rigid and silent.

With hands clasped together, and staring eyes, she gazed fixedly at the desolated and ruined waste, no other word escaping her lips.

At the first wild shock of horror and amazement, the blood had rushed back to her heart, leaving her cheeks and lips white as snow.

May Blossom now looked wildly round to see if she could, by any possibility, have mistaken in her haste the exact position of her flower-garden. But no! what an absurd thought! There it lay under the shade of that big cedar, upon the trunk of which papa had cut her name and the date of her birth.

The child turned away slowly, still with folded hands, and slowly walked back into the house. Her eyes retained their strange, vacant stare. Her steps faltered. She staggered now and again, as if she were fainting or had got a hurt.

At the door of his dressing-room she met her father. He had risen earlier than usual, intending to rouse the little one by laying on her cheek one of her own beloved flowers.

Mr. Clayton started when he saw the slow step and pale face and staring eyes of his bright, happy, winsome little May Blossom. He caught the child in his arms, imagining she walked in her sleep.

"My darling!"

"Papa, come. See my garden now."

"Child, you are foolishly wrapped up in those flowers. You should not be astir so early. You will injure your health. Lie down again, for a little while, my pet, and then we shall both together pluck these precious little blossoms, and lay them as a joint offering at Mary's feet."

He would have carried her in his arms to her bedroom, but May Blossom resisted, and giving him her hand instead, led him down the stairs, and on to the wrecked and devastated spot.

Mr. Clayton, like May Blossom, uttered one hurried exclamation of regret and anger.

"My poor child! Who has done this?"

"I know not, papa," returned the little girl, wearily; "I found it so when I came out this morning to gather a tiny bouquet — the very, very first."

"This is monstrous," said Mr. Clayton, stooping down to more closely examine the place. "The flowers have been stolen. This is market-day in Stockton, and some one has taken them there for sale. Come in, dear; I shall drive at once to the town. Who knows but I shall bring back to my darling her precious nurslings? At all events, I must set the police on their track, and endeavor to have the thief

punished as he deserves. My poor, disappointed little Blossom," he said tenderly, "this is your first grief and you find it hard to bear; though, oh! my darling, the false, cruel world has many, many more in store for you, and even those who love you so well cannot shield you from their poisoned darts. But it is a good omen, my darling, that your first sorrow comes with Mary's sweet month; and by-and-by," Mr. Clayton concluded, reverently, "she will turn all our transitory sorrows into never-ending joys."

Mr. Clayton carried the little one to her mother's room, and left her there, while he hastily dressed, mounted his trap, and set out for the market town.

III.

People say things cannot be helped, dear,
But then that is the reason why;
For if things could be helped or altered,
One would never sit down to cry.

A. A. PROCTOR.

The business of the day was proceeding briskly when Mr. Clayton entered the town. He had driven fast, and he arrived in time to meet the earliest arrivals wending their way homeward.

He keenly eyed purchaser and vendor, as, reining in his heated steed, he walked it slowly through the busy thoroughfare, whilst he peered into baskets, paused before vegetable stalls, and earnestly diagnosed the quality and color of the flowers which were here and there offered for sale. But nowhere could he catch a glimpse of those he so anxiously sought.

At last, judging his search hopeless, and remembering his intention of setting the police in his own vicinity on the track of the delinquent, Mr. Clayton resolved to make one more tour of the market and then proceed on his homeward journey.

As he turned his pony's head, in order to execute his resolve, his attention was attracted to the presence of a rough, burly-looking countryman, standing beside a creel, in which lazily reposed one fat pig, and a better dressed specimen of the cattle-dealing class, who was evidently running a hard bargain for the indifferent porker.

"I wouldn't give it for the sum I've named," the owner of the pig declared, excitedly, "only that I want to be home agen nine o'clock, to let my little girl be in the Church of St. Mary at ten."

"Well, I won't detain you," his companion replied. "I see we can't come to terms. One o' the litter'd answer me better than that slip."

"I sold the same litter too chape," replied the other, regretfully; "indeed, I gev wan o' them away."

"Gave it away!" was the ironical retort. "Some people's tongues make them mighty liberal."

Mr. Clayton was in the act of passing when the owner of the creel shouted apologetically—

"I beg yer pardon, sir, but would you tell me the hour?"

Whilst Mr. Clayton pulled up and proceeded to take out his watch the man continued—

"Begor, it's no wondher for ye not b'lieve that I'd be such an ould fool, but the never a lie I'm tellin.' I gev the price o' wan o' the bonhams for *that*, an' beauties th' are."

An exclamation of delight escaped the cattle dealer's lips, which was echoed by Mr. Clayton, as with his watch still in his hand, he raised his eyes to answer the man's question, and beheld in the countryman's hands the very flowers which he sought.

In a moment he had dismounted, and was questioning the possessor. The explanation which the countryman gave to Mr. Clayton was this:—

"The flowers," he said, "had been presented for sale, just as he came into the market, by a ragged urchin, who declared them to be the produce of his own garden. The price he asked was high, but the man went on to say that his little motherless daughter being that day admitted to her First Communion, he wished her to have the flowers as an offering for the altar of Mary.

"Her mother died five weeks ago, sir," the man continued sadly, "and the child has almost fretted herself to death since. I'm thinking she'd 'a died only for the joy o' makin' her first communion."

But he went on to say that he could not buy the flowers, until an "off-hand" man came up and bought the bonhams all round, so havin' the money altogether, he followed the lad and paid the price of one of the pigs for the posies, in order to please "little Nell, who loved flowers more than anything."

"God help her," the poor man concluded, "her trouble began early; but the sight o' these bright blossoms will make her look as she used to look, my bright, happy, little Nell."

Mr. Clayton had a difficult task before him.

The love of this man for his motherless child was probably as great as that which he felt for his own grieving little May Blossom.

How could he ask for the flowers which the loving parent had purchased at such a sacrifice, and for such a purpose? Yet how could he return without them to his sorrowing child? He remembered her white cheeks and lips, her strangely subdued manner, the strangeness of her voice, the horror in her eyes, and he was resolved.

IV.

But my comforter knows a lesson,
Wiser, truer than all the rest;
That to help or to heal a sorrow,
Love and silence are always best.

A. A. PROCTOR.

The conversation was over. Mr. Clayton carefully placed May Blossom's lamented nurslings in his trap, and counted the price of the "bonham" into John Grant's hand.

"Thank ye, sir," the man said, slowly. "Of course, as the posies were stolen, I've no right to them; but I'd rather see little Nell's face when she got them in her hand, than receive the price of the litter over again."

Mr. Clayton believed it, but he only shook his head, mounted his trap, and drove swiftly away, leaving Grant gazing sadly after him.

Mrs. Clayton met him at the hall door.

"May Blossom terrifies me," she said; "you see it is the child's first grief, and she finds it hard to bear. She has not spoken nor moved since you left her. If something made her weep, it would relieve her, I feel assured."

Mr. Clayton passed on, holding the precious parcel loosely in his hands. The little girl lay on her mother's bed, exactly as he had placed her. Her eyes still wide open, her face still white as snow, her long, thick hair clinging round her.

Mr. Clayton opened the corners of the paper, and the flowers fell over May Blossom in a bright, dewy shower.

"Oh, papa, papa! Oh! my precious, precious nurslings! Oh! my own beautiful darlings," cried the child, in an ecstacy of surprised delight, as raising herself she kissed the flowers one by one, and bathed them in her flowing tears.

"Now, darling," said Mr. Clayton, "sit up and form your flowers into a bouquet, while I tell you some of their adventures."

Just as Mr. Clayton finished his story, May Blossom had put the finishing touches to her bouquet, which looked exquisitely neat and devotional under May's loving and skilful fingers.

"The loss of your flowers, your disappointment in being deprived of them when you most desired them, has been your first grief, dear child, and see how bitterly you have felt it. Consider how good God has been to you in sparing your parents, and in supplying you with all the comforts of life. How differently he has dealt with little Nellie Grant! Oh! my darling, you must learn to bear resignedly the inevitable sorrows of life, which are in reality proofs of God's love, a preparation for the changeless joys of paradise."

May Blossom was silent a moment. Then, still holding her precious treasure closely, she laid her cheek on her father's shoulder.

"Papa, shall we drive to St. Mary's, it will take us but a quarter of an hour? I think, perhaps, Mother Mary will be better pleased to receive the flowers from Nellie Grant."

"Why, my May Blossom?" her father musedly enquired.

"Because, dear papa, she will have our dear Lord to enhance the offering, and I—I—well I, you know, dear papa, have been very naughty and impatient to-day."

The church looked very festive on this bright May Day. Our Lady's altar was decked with peculiar taste. A bright crystal lamp burned steadily before the statue which was wreathed with flowers. The children filed in two by two, looking radiantly happy in their bright, joyous innocence.

The girls came first, preceded and followed by their teachers. They looked very lovely with their pure white hoods and dresses, azure sashes, and their gleaming, happy faces.

One dark, deathly pale little face riveted May's attention, and the lookers-on whispered, sympathetically —

"That is little Nell Grant, God comfort her! she lost her mother five weeks ago."

May Blossom rushed forward and thrust her beloved flowers into little Nellie's hands.

The sudden light that gleamed in the little one's dusky face was most beautiful to see, as with one swift glance of gratitude she raised her large eyes to May's face, then rested them on the flowers, which she impulsively pressed to her lips.

"God bless you, Missie!" said a rough, faltering voice, and when Mr. Clayton nodded and smiled at the countryman, May knew that he was Nellie's father.

The boys now approached, headed by the schoolmaster and followed by a clergyman.

There was a pause at the church door in consequence of the numerous lookers-on, and the priest addressed a boy who had endeavored to evade him by slinking through the crowd.

"Come here, Peter Breen! Go into the church and see your companions kneeling round the altar of God, to perform the most solemn act of their lives. Here to-day, under the protection of Mary, the Mother of God, they will receive their Lord into their souls. You are the only one missing. You foolish boy, look at the happy faces of your schoolmates, and look into your own unhappy heart, and see what a mistake you have made."

The boys had passed on, and Father Ware now advanced, holding by the shoulder the sullen, unhappy-looking lad, to whom he had spoken, when John Grant rushed forward and addressed the priest:

"Oh! stay, sir, stay; I beg yer pardon. That boy has money of mine — he — he —"

The excited man now beckoned to Mr. Clayton, who, with the crowd, was waiting for the young communicants to pass into the church.

The gentleman understood his gestures, and coming forward, with May Blossom by the hand, explained the matter to the priest, and ended by saying, "So, I presume, sir, the man has recognized this boy as the person who sold to him the stolen flowers."

The boy had, during Mr. Clayton's speech, made several attempts to escape, but was sternly prevented by Father Ware and the indignant Grant.

Turning on the now frightened lad, the priest ordered him to return the money he had so unjustly obtained.

"I — I have it all, sir, but sixpence," he stammered; "here it is. I laid out sixpence; that's all, sir, indeed."

"And you, sir," now proceeded the clergyman, turning to Mr. Clayton, "have a right to prosecute this boy for the theft."

The boy burst into loud sobs.

"Oh! no — Father," interposed May Blossom, earnestly. "Oh! no, papa, darling," and leaving Mr. Clayton's side, she pulled the grimy, coarse hand of the young thief from his streaming eyes and clasped it

in both her own. "Do not be afraid, poor boy. Papa will not punish you, because, because you made me happier after all, by taking my flowers; and only for you I would not have known about poor little Nellie. Come," she said, comfortingly, "we will both go into the church, and ask our Mother Mary to pray to her dear Jesus for us, that we may become worthy to receive him into our souls."

FRUITS OF A FIRST MONTH OF MARY.

It would be an interesting work to collect the circumstances attending the establishment of the Month of Mary in many of our American schools and churches. No doubt numbers yet remember the period when, in some educational institute, they and their schoolmates were invited to adopt homage to the Queen of Heaven instead of the traditional May Queen, with her imposing regal costume, throne and maids of honor, and the favorite ceremony of coronation. The writer offers the following account of one of the new May altars:

Some twenty years ago, the town of Paradise (York Co., Pa.), had not a resident pastor. The Rev. F. M ———, S. J., visited the place every fortnight, celebrated Mass in the village church, and administered the Sacraments. His parishioners were chiefly farmers who lived remote from the church. The few families that dwelt in the village did not furnish a sufficient number of pupils to warrant a public school; however, a fine hotel gradually attracted visitors and then settlers, and Paradise became a thriving business centre.

On the last Sunday of April, 1862, a young lady residing near Paradise proposed to Father M——— to assemble as many children as she could, and with them celebrate the coming Month of Mary. Father M——— was delighted with the proposition. A handsome altar and statue of the Blessed Virgin were placed in the church, and his reverence preached a discourse on the great advantages arising from devotion to the Mother of God, and announced that the Month of Mary would be duly celebrated. This announcement gave great satisfaction, and was succeeded by liberal donations of tapers, vases, and flowers for the embellishment of the new shrine. A light, graceful arch was erected over the statue, and festoons of snowy lace, confined by delicate Parisian artificial bouquets, formed a backgound, from which the Blessed Mother seemed to step forth as from a fleecy cloud, and present her Divine Infant to the homage of the faithful.

On the eve of St. Philip and St. James, Miss—— saw with holy joy a large number of children and youth gathered together to offer their hearts to the Immaculate Virgin, and, as the following days brought additions to the fervent band, she was encouraged to make the illumination more and more brilliant, and to arrange the abundant floral offerings as artistically as possible. Every day an act of consecration was made, a meditation and example read from "Kenrick's Month of Mary," and then the Litany of Loretto, or a suitable canticle

rose to Our Lady in a hearty, well-rendered chorus of innocent voices. Four days of May had passed, each one bearing many fervent petitions to her who is never invoked in vain. On Thursday (the fifth day) the example read was Father Ariemna's account of a little shepherdess, who made a rustic mantle for a statue of Our Blessed Mother that stood in a mountain chapel near the place where her flock was pastured. Every morning the pious girl wove a garland of wild-flowers, and, climbing up to the altar, placed it on the brow of the statue, saying: "Accept, kind Mother, this simple token of my affection. Gladly would I offer thee a golden crown, adorned with precious gems; but I am very poor." . . . The little shepherdess fell ill, and soon reached the last stage of her fatal malady. One day two holy souls of her acquaintance had a vision of the Mother of God descending earthward on a golden cloud, amid a troop of celestial spirits. Each asked her whither she was going, and the dispensatrix of Heaven's graces deigned to reply: "I am going to convey to Paradise the soul of ——, the little shepherdess, who has so long and faithfully adorned my image in the mountain chapel." Hastening to the home of the pious shepherdess, her friends learned that she had just expired.

That afternoon, as the children withdrew from the church, in which they had just listened to the above example in all its touching details, Mary S——, a lovely and precocious child of seven years, seemed all on fire with a heaven-born ardor. She drew a few of her more congenial mates around her and said: "I am going to do just like that little shepherdess: every day I will send a wreath of fresh flowers to the Blessed Virgin, and I hope she will come and take me to heaven."

"What!" exclaimed one of her companions; "do you want to die?"

"On Monday," answered Mary, "when I made my first confession to Father M——, he told me to try not to commit in future the smallest fault; now, if I go to heaven, I shall never do wrong again."

Her little friends gazed at her with more wonder than appreciation, and, exchanging looks and smiles of incredulity, separated, to return to their homes.

That same evening Mrs. S—— observed that her darling Mary wore a feverish look, and, giving her a domestic remedy for a cold, sent her early to bed. On Friday morning a servant who took charge of the child's toilette was surprised to find that she had dressed without her help, and left her room. The maid informed Mary's mother, who expressed the fear that her darling had gone to the veranda to study her short school-task. It had rained in the night, and the climbing vines were dripping with moisture. She called aloud in all directions, but no answer came. At last they heard a feeble wail for help in the vegetable garden, quite distant from the house. Mrs. S—— and the servant hurried to the spot, and found little Mary lying prostrate in the mud, where she had fallen from weakness, but holding tightly in her burning hand a bunch of sweet-scented violets.

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed the mother, in alarm, "why did you come here?" raising her, with Susan's aid, to bear her back to bed.

"Well, mamma," said Mary, "I promised Our Lady a wreath of flowers every day of her month, to coax her to take me to heaven. I

remembered that some sweet-scented violets grew near the cauliflowers in the hotbeds, and I ran out early to gather them."

"Why! do you wish to go away from your papa and me?" said the now tearful mother.

"Oh, no!" said the artless child; "I will go to heaven, and you and papa are both coming up there; and, of course, we shall all live there together forever. But where are my violets? I want to send them over to Miss ——, that she may twine a wreath for Our Holy Mother."

"They are soiled with muddy water," answered Mrs. S ——; "I would not send them. You know, dear, that all we offer to the Immaculate Virgin should be fresh and bright."

"Yes; but they can be washed," persisted Mary; "please, mamma, let Susan do it."

Her mother, secretly dreading that God might hear the innocent's prayer, washed the sweet, purple flowers, and, tying the nosegay with a white satin ribbon, gave it with mingled emotions to a messenger, who bore it safely to Miss ——, who reverently fulfilled her little friend's desire.

Mrs. S —— now tried to calm Mary and get her to take some sleep. All efforts were vain; the little one seemed to feel as though she had a work to accomplish, and must not delay to do it. She began by earnestly entreating her mother to procure a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and to have it placed in an apartment that she indicated, and then assemble the household to perform the Month of Mary; asking also to have the Rosary recited there every night in the year. The good lady promised, and immediately sent to Baltimore for a statue, and whatever else might be requisite for the new oratory. But little Mary was not yet satisfied; she induced her indulgent parents to promise that she would engage her two aunts (who lived in the vicinity) to have the Blessed Virgin honored in their respective families in the same manner.

Mary's father was very much alarmed at an increase in her fever, and soon summoned the family physician. The latter saw at once that her disease would probably baffle medical skill, and by degrees broke the bitter truth to the afflicted but truly Christian parents. On Saturday evening God claimed the sacrifice, and Mary expired, the victim of pneumonia. The statue ordered by Mrs. S—— arrived the same evening, and the remains of her who had so recently been the light of the household were laid under a veil of native and exotic flowers at the sacred feet of the Mother of Sorrows.

The village children walked in procession at the funeral of their late companion, dressed in simple white, and bearing baskets of fair spring blossoms. These last they cast into her grave ere the sexton fulfilled his mournful duty of joining "dust to dust." The rural pageant, and the occasion of it, excited a deep and abiding interest among the parishioners, and drew forth many latent fruits of piety and devotion among old and young. The two aunts of Mary S—— took a pensive pleasure in complying with the dying request of their niece, and many matrons, friends of Mrs. S——, adopted the pious practice of which she had set the example.

At the close of the Month of Mary the youth of the village brought

symbolic offerings of lilies, violets, heart's-ease, and mignonettes, and, while singing a canticle composed for the occasion, passed their bouquets into the hands of two of their number, representing angels, and standing at the foot of Our Lady's throne, who laid them as a last significant offering before her queenly majesty. As the happy group dispersed, their thoughts naturally turned to their departed companion. "Who will the Blessed Virgin take next May?" they asked. "My name entitles me to that privilege," said Mary B——, an engaging, intelligent girl of nine years old. The children seemed to agree unanimously that the privilege of dying like Mary S—— would be hers, and spontaneously assigned to her the honor of crowning their august Queen the next year. May came again, and the plan of the previous year was carried out. About the middle of the month Mary B—— was suddenly attacked with brain-fever, and soon became unconscious; only when the *Angelus* tolled in the church close by she seemed to notice the pious call to the veneration of the Mother of God. In a lucid interval she was enabled to receive the last Sacraments, and at noon, when the *Angelus* rang out a clashing peal, she looked intently at a favorite picture of the Immaculate Conception and gently breathed her last.

At the funeral procession of this second favorite of Heaven, the children carried a large quantity of brilliant roses in great variety. The altar, the sanctuary, and statues were also so profusely adorned with them that the funeral service appeared to be a Festival of Roses! On returning to the village church, after seeing the new grave filled with the beautiful emblem of "our Hope," Miss —— noticed a little boy, with his countenance very sad, leaning against the porch. "Joseph," she said, "you must not be so sad."

"I wish I were a girl!" sobbed the little lad.

"Why?" asked the young lady, in surprise.

"Because girls get all the roses, and when I die I should like to have *my* grave filled with roses!"

"But remember, dear, St. Joseph is your patron, and *his* emblem is the lily."

"But lilies never bloom in March!" persisted the boy, while a tear lingered on his long, dark eyelashes.

"Well, now I think of something very consoling for you," said Miss ——. "June will be the month in which we honor the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and you can bring roses every day to the altar, and the roses that bloom then will be richer and more rare; so you will honor Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, all three."

Thereupon Joseph's little hand brushed away the tear, and he was contented.

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Among those who celebrated that first Month of Mary a large number are at present members of religious orders. Joseph S—— entered the Society of Jesus, whence in October, 1874, the angel of the Divine Heart summoned him to join the ranks of those unsullied souls that surround the throne of *Rosa Mystica*, to them the sure Gate of Heaven.

Ave Maria

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

The Day We Celebrated.

For half a century we have been connected with the cause of Ireland at home and abroad. On no former occasion were we better pleased with the proceedings of St. Patrick's Day than the recent celebration. It was sensible and practical in every respect. No tumult, no disunion,—all was grand work for the freedom of Ireland. In all sections of the United States, Canada, etc., the day was appropriately observed. The churches were crowded with devout worshippers. The civic celebrations were all that could be desired, booming with patriotic devotion to the old land.

On the other side of the water the day was never better observed.

The weather reports from all parts were never better.

Another celebration of the day will bring the glad tidings of Ireland's resurrection.

If God be for us, who is against us?

The Parliamentary Fund.

The leading business and professional men of Boston assembled in the Meionaon, Boston, at 3 P. M., on Tuesday, March 23d, to take measures for the support of the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Hon. W. W. Doherty called the meeting to order, and presented Hon. Robert R. Bishop as chairman. Mr. Bishop was warmly welcomed on taking the chair, and expressed his happiness in being permitted to take a part in any capacity on such an occasion. We ought all rejoice, he said, to be able to aid in the enfranchisement by legal methods of a race struggling for its rights. Boston's well-known sympathy with the cause of the oppressed insured a generous support for the struggling patriots of Ireland. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. W. W. Doherty, Hon. Joseph H. Walker, Eben D. Jordan (Jordan, Marsh & Co., who gave $250.00), Rev. Edward C. Towne, Col. Taylor (of the *Globe*), John E. Fitzgerald, and others. The receipts amounted to $1,200. The meeting, after a session of some hours, adjourned, with cheers for Parnell and the Parliamentary fund.

A GREAT WORK.—Rev. John J. Riordan, Director of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Immigrants, established at Castle Garden, New York City, has published his first report. The object of the work in which Father Riordan is engaged may be briefly stated as follows:—To establish at Castle Garden, New York, the chief landing, (1) a Catholic Bureau under the charge of a priest, for the purpose of protecting, counselling, and supplying information to the Catholic immigrants who land there; (2) a Catholic Immigrants' Temporary Home, a boarding-house in which Catholic immigrants will be sheltered, safe from the dangers of the city, while they are waiting for employment; and (3) an Immigrants' Chapel. The good priest who is heart and soul in this noble work confidently appeals to the Catholics of the United States, especially to Catholic immigrants and their descendants, to aid him in making the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary worthy of themselves and worthy of its object, that is to say, to make it one of the most useful and

needed institutions fostered by our Holy Church in America.

A Venerable Priest Receives his Clerical Friends.

The Pilot:—The venerable Father Cuddihy, of Milford, Mass., entertained his neighboring priests on Thursday, Mar. 18, in his usual hospitable way, the occasion being the celebration of his 77th birthday. After dinner he made one of his characteristic speeches, which was replete with reminiscences of his early life in Ireland, and of his extended residence in this country. He reviewed the progress which the Church has made in the United States during the past thirty years, and recounted some of the benefits that have accrued to the Irish people in America from the persecutions which they and their forefathers suffered under the rule of England. He said that he could now understand why the Almighty had allowed the Irish to be persecuted and scattered over the face of the earth. It was that, like the apostle of old, they might be confirmed in the true faith, and made to carry it and plant it among the people of all nations. He was happy that he had lived to see this day, when the prospects of Ireland's release from oppression are so bright, and when the Catholic Church is accorded so much respect by the people of America. Father Cuddihy bears his years with remarkable ease. In carriage he is as erect and courtly as he may have been when in his teens. His intellect is as clear and strong as it was in the days when he stood by the side of O'Connell advocating the rights of his race, and he seems to still retain sufficient energy for many years of labor in his sacred calling.

THE WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS have sent to Parliament the draft of a bill to confer the franchise on "widows and spinsters." The measure could be more properly styled a bill "to enable old maids and ugly widows to be avenged on their more favored sisters," ungallantly observes the *Western Watchman.*

THEY SCARED THE RED COATS AWAY.—Miss Abigail Bates, one of the two women who, with fife and drum, were instrumental in driving the redcoats from Scituate (Mass.) harbor during the war of 1812, died on the 17th of March, at the age of eighty-nine years. Reuben Bates, Miss Abigail's father, was keeper of the old light-house in Scituate harbor. One day during the war of 1812, the Bates sisters, Abigail and Rebecca, were left in charge of the light-house, their father, brothers and the other male inhabitants being absent, as they were members of the militia company. The girls saw a British ship approaching the harbor, and they had no doubt that it was the object of the ship's crew to burn the fishing boats, and, perhaps, to sack the town. Rebecca said to Abigail that if she could fife, she (Rebecca) would drum, and, perhaps, they might lead the British to think there was a force of armed men near by, and thus frighten them away. The two girls went behind some sand hills near the light-house, and the fife and drum were soon heard playing "Yankee Doodle." The ruse proved successful, for the Britishers, thoroughly alarmed by the apparent nearness of a hostile force, pulled back to their ship in their small boats without attempting a landing.

AT a funeral not long ago, the friends of the deceased who were employed in the store where he had worked, sent a monster floral cross to the house where his remains lay in state. It advertised the surviving employes more than it benefitted their dead comrade. "It would have been more Christian on their part to have had Masses said for his soul, and alms given to the poor in his name, and for his sake, than to waste money on such a pagan use of flowers," observed the *Catholic Columbian.*

THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET. — "I am convinced that the world is daily growing better," remarked a South Side clergyman to a reverend brother the other day, "for, do you know, my congregation is increasing every week."—"Yes," replied the other, who happened to be a chaplain in Joliet Penitentiary; "yes, and so is mine. Scarcely a week passes but that I have a dozen new faces to preach to."

THE New York *Herald* thus forcibly describes the present attitude of the Irish leader and his followers, pending the issue of their demand for Home Rule: "The attitude of Mr. Parnell and his constituency in Ireland is well calculated to give England pause. There is no blaz-

ing display of rhetoric, no vehemence, no offensive braggadocio, but a calm, quiet and dangerous determination of purpose. Ireland never before won such credit for the tactics she has pursued, and never before claimed so largely the sympathy of the world. She has repressed her passion, she has curbed her utterance, waiting for the verdict from Westminster. She is like a volcano, boiling, seething, but allowing no drop of the molten mass to bubble over. An act of coercion in lieu of an act of concession would however, fill Ireland with uproar and revolution." This is precisely the situation, graphically pen-pictured by a journal not always friendly to the cause of Ireland, says the *Catholic Union and Times*.

DANGER OF CHLORAL. — At a recent meeting of the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine the uses of "chloral" as a remedy were pretty thoroughly discussed. The experience of the profession seemed to be that "chloral was an uncertain and treacherous remedy. Some persons are more affected by a dose of four grains than others are by a dose of twenty grains. Cases were reported where two hundred grains per day had been given, and one case, reported by Dr. Beck, of the Baden army, where four hundred and thirty grains were given in three and a half hours, the patient sleeping for thirty hours and recovering. The profession also agreed that chloral cannot successfully be administered hyperdermically. There were cases reported also where death was caused by the administration of ten or twenty grain doses, and where dangerous symptoms resulted from a single five grain dose. Such a remedy cannot be regarded less than dangerous in any except the most skilful hands.

PROMULGATION OF FOUR DECREES OF BEATIFICATION.—On Septuagesima Sunday, at the Vatican Palace, in presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, the officials of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and the Ambassadors of the countries interested, the heroic virtues and the miracles of the following Servants of God were formally attested by Apostolic Decree: Clement Hofbauer, a Redemptorist Father, of Vienna; Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort, founder of the Missionaries of the Society of Mary; Ines de Beniganim, or Sister Joseph Mary of St. Agnes, an Augustinian religious in the Spanish diocese of Valencia; and Egidius Mary of St. Joseph, a professed lay brother of the Friars Minors of strict observance, otherwise called the Congregation of St. Peter of Alcantara. The solemn ceremony of their Beatification will take place next year on the occasion of the priestly Jubilee of the Holy Father.

AN INDIAN SAINT. — The Flatheads, who, as a body, are almost entirely Catholic, have forwarded the following petition to the Holy Father respecting the canonization of the Indian (Iroquois) virgin, Catherine Tegakwita, as also of the Jesuit martyrs Fathers Yogues and Réné Goupil. The petition runs as follows: "To our Father, the Pope. Although we Indians are poor and miserable, still God has compassionated us and given us the Catholic religion. He has done more. He has given us Catherine Tegakwita. This saintly virgin was an Indian, as we are; she grew up very devout, was enriched by Jesus Christ with much grace, had very strong love towards her Creator, died a pious and saintly death, and is now, as we believe, in the glory of heaven, where she prays for us. We are firmly convinced that this virgin was given us by God as a great favor, for she is our beloved sister. We now hope, dear Father, that you, who are Christ's Vicar, will likewise grant us a favor. We beg you to say to us: 'My children, make Catherine an object of honor in your church, for she is holy and in heaven.'"

PHILADELPHIA ratified the work of her Committee of Fifty by a monster meeting at the Academy of Music on the evening on the 25th of March, at which the leading men of the city were present and spoke in glowing words of the bright future in store for Ireland. The sum of $34,000 was reported as the result of the committee's labors. There was no Child's play in this.

PHENOMENON. — The most remarkable atmospheric phenomenon ever known occurred at Oshkosh, Wis., on March 19. The day had been light, though slightly cloudy, when suddenly darkness began settling down, and in five minutes was as dark as midnight. General consternation prevailed, people on the streets rushed to and fro, teams dashed along,

and women and children beat precipitate retreats into cellars. All business operations ceased until the lights could be lighted. Not a breath of air was stirring on the surface of the earth. The darkness lasted from eight to ten minutes, when it passed off seemingly from west to east.

A Few Long Words.

A correspondent has asked for the longest word in the English language. There have been a large number of answers, some of them quite amusing. Here is a list of words, with the number of letters in each:

Philoprogenitiveness	20
Incomprehensibleness	20
Disproportionableness	21
Suticonstitutionalist	21
Honorificibilitudinity	22
Velocipedestrianistial	22
Transubstantionableness	23
Proantitionsubstantiationist	28

Only the first three words are to be found in the last edition of Webster's Dictionary, and disproportionableness undoubtedly is the longest word in that volume. The correspondent who originated honorificibilitudinity defines it as honorableness, but it certainly has not honorableness enough to entitle it to a nest in the unabridged. Velocipedestrianistical likewise lacks age and respectability, but it may find its way into Webster in time; it certainly has good locomotive powers. Suticonstitutionalist is doubtful, and we do not believe even a mandamus would get it into the dictionary. Transubstantiationableness might get there if Webster wasn't looking. The man who invented proantitionsubstantiationist says it is a good English word, "derived from a short and simple Latin root, and means one who dissents from the doctrine of dogma of the so-called real presence." That may all be; but he ought to be condemned to pronounce the word twice a day as long as he lives if he tries to introduce it into the speech of honest men. But speaking of long words, what is the matter with Llanfairpwilgwyngyllertrobrollgerchwyrmbyllgog erbwllzanttosiliogoggogoch, the name of a village in Wales.

If You Must Marry.

Writes a colored philosopher, let common sense have a show in de transakshun. Doan go off yer feet bekase you meet a girl who can sing like a robin, smile like a rose, and jump off a streetkyar widout bode in' de driver to stop. A wife will have much to do besides singin' an' cultivatin' dimples. If you am gwine to marry ax yourselves how fur ten dollars per week will go when divided up fur cloze an' perwishuns an' house rent an' fuel an' incidentals. Befo' you fall in love wid a gal who looks too sweet for anything in a red plush sacque, kinder figure on how many sich duds your income would afford her. Befo' you am all broke up ober a gal who plays de pianner, talks French, paints landscapes, an' reads poetry, jist sit down an' figger 'bout who am to cook your meat and taters, patch yer cloze, darn yer socks, an' help yer make twelve dollars buy fifteen dollars' worth of tings. Befo' you let a pa'r of flashin' eyes an' a cunning dimple captivate yer, look aroun' a little an' see if de owner has got a temper like a wild cat. Marriage am a lottery simply bekase people take each other unsight and unseen.

HEAR A DUKE.—"Ave Cæsar Parnell Imperator," is reported to be headline most suitable to a remarkable letter written to the press, on the 23d instant, by the Duke of Argyll. The Duke points out in detail how every important measure in Parliament thus far, whether for or against the Government, has been solely carried by the Parnell vote. The noble Duke had he carried his researches farther would have discovered that C. S. Parnell is the lineal descendant of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the Kingmaker, and by a strange irony of fate, brought about by the whirligig of time, a cousin of Earl Spencer, late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and also of the Marquis of Hartington.

BONNETS AND BIRDS.—Some of the details of this wholesale sacrifice of bird life on the altar of fashion are of startling significance. At Cape Cod forty thousand terns have been killed in one season by a single agent of the hat trade. At Cobb's Island, on the Virginia coast, an enterprising woman of New York has recently succeeded in filling a contract with a Paris millinery firm for forty thousand birdskins of gulls, sea swallows and terns, at forty cents apiece. The demand for egret and heron plumes has extended the line of slaughter from Florida all along the Gulf coast. In Texas sportsmen receive orders from New York for

the plumes of white egrets in lots of ten thousand. The prairies and mountain vales of the far West are scoured for birds of small sizes and every variety of plumage, and from the Pacific coast hundreds of thousands of birdskins are shipped annually.

Nearer home the coast-line of Long Island, once one of the favorite haunts of sea-birds, has been the scene of indiscriminate butchery. Terns and sea-swallows have well-nigh disappeared from the marshes between Coney Island and Fire Island, which ten years ago were their breeding ground. At Seaford, Moriches, Greenport, and many other towns, the slaughter of birds for the millinery trade is a lucrative means of livelihood; and the New Jersey coast is ravaged in the most merciless manner. The land-birds suffer in the same way. Robins, gold-winged woodpeckers, humming-birds, thrushes, orioles, cedar wax-wings, blue-birds, and meadow larks are shot by the thousand, and the skins and plumage sent to the shops to be used in frivolous ornithological displays in female head-dress.

DUBLIN CASTLE. — The new tenants of Dublin Castle are fast increasing their personal popularity. Lady Aberdeen is bestirring herself to make a creditable display for Ireland in the Women's Section of the forthcoming International Exhibition at Edinburgh. It is expected that specimens of various sorts of lace, hand-made linen, knitting, homespun clothes, artificial fly making and similar handiwork of Irish women will be shown.

The HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, of Baltimore, did a graceful thing in sending to Parnell, on St. Patrick's Day, the unexpended fund collected years ago for Smith O'Brien, and now amounting, with interest, to $4,000.

THE wreck of the *Oregon*, on Sunday morning, March 14, deprived many an Irish household not only of expected letters from home, but of many longed-for specimens of the "Green Immortal Shamrock," which it was known would be brought by her in time to be worn on St. Patrick's Day.

SALOONS, BALLS AND DANCING.—The Bishop of La Crosse, Wis., Rt. Rev. K. C. Flasch, in his Lenten pastoral condemns the desecration of the Sunday by the open saloons, calls upon priests and laity to discourage and oppose such desecration, and even resort to the civil law, if necessary, to force saloons to close on Sunday. He also condemns and strictly forbids all balls or dancing for church purposes, because they have become "an intolerable abuse" and "a real scandal."

HOUSE OF LORDS. — The motion declaring the British House of Lords "inconsistent with the principles of representative government" was defeated in Parliament by only thirty-six votes, many members declining to vore. This close vote has caused much comment in political circles, its indications being regarded with alarm by the Tories and nobility, as tending toward the abolition of hereditary titles, if not royalty itself, in the British Isles.

LITTLE PHIL. — Lieutenant General Phillip H. Sheridan is in his 56th year. With the exception of General Miles, he is the youngest general officer in the regular army.

TO BE READ ONLY BY THOSE INDEBTED. — "Lose not thy own for want of asking for it; it will get thee no thanks," quoth Fuller. As the late Josh Billings was wont to say, "Them's our sentiments." Our many delinquent subscribers can readily discern the moral we indicate. Whilst the fair wishes of patrons in arrears to us are good, yet such are not acceptable to *our* creditors in settlement of obligations. Take this to heart, then, debtors, and remit the sum you owe AT ONCE. Louder than words do deeds bespeak your appreciation, your manhood.

FIFTY years ago Mr. Gladstone uttered the following prophesy: "If the Irish Church be removed we shall not be long able to resist the repeal of the Union." The Irish Church has been removed!

BY direction of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Lenten offerings of the faithful will this year be applied to the relief of the prevailing distress amongst the working poor instead of, as formerly, to the support of the Clonliffe College. The idea which suggested this most commendable departure from cus-

tom — a temporary departure — is worthy of the head and heart of the illustrious occupant of the chair of the Metropolitan See.

BOYCOTTING. — The Nationalist's Mayor of Limerick, Stephen O'Mara, recently said that "People should not be boycotted for every fiddle-faddle." By this remark the mayor of the historic city displays good judgment. A boycott without sufficient grounds only weakens the cause that the agitators would attempt to assist.

THE ALMS ordered as a condition for obtaining the Indulgence of the Jubilee must be proportioned to each one's means. Hence wealthy people who make very small offerings do not comply with the conditions.

THE VESTMENT CONTEST. — An entertainment was given in Wait's Hall, South Boston, on the evening of March 16, in aid of the vestment fund, under the direction of Mr. Peter J. Mullen, Messrs. P. J. McKenna, Gerard Russo, Misses Theresa Costello, Annie Murphy and the Montgomery Five and others taking part. At the conclusion of the entertainment the votes for the vestments were counted. Rev. J. J. McNulty, of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, had 107,108 votes, and Rev. M. J. Lee, of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, had 48,107 votes; and the vestments, which are said to be worth $500, were given to Rev. Father McNulty. Besides the vestments, over $10,740 was realized for the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, and nearly $4,800 for SS. Peter and Paul.

THE QUESTION IN A NUT-SHELL. — The Archbishop of Dublin, in a letter to the English Premier, clearly conveys the views of the Irish Bishops on the Irish question. "There are," he says, "three great Irish questions demanding the immediate care of the Government—namely, self-government, the settlement of the land question, and social order." At first sight we might feel disposed to murmer against his Lordship's classification of Irish grievances, and the confiding way in which he refers them for settlement to the English Government. But he goes on to say: "First, as regards self-government, or home rule, it is our firm and conscientious conviction, on the fullest, most varied, and, at the same time, most reliable information, that it alone can satisfy the wants, the wishes, as well as the legitimate aspirations of the Irish people."

THE lecture of Mayor Grace of New York in aid of the Carney Hospital resulted in a net profit of $1,460 for the institution.

THE city council of Brainerd, Minn., has done a graceful act in granting to the Sisters of St. Benedict, who have charge of a parochial school in that city, the use of one of the public school buildings.

IT is estimated that the total cost of the new Church of the Sacred Heart, Montmarte, Paris, will be twenty-six million francs, or £1,040,000.

ARTIFICIAL EGGS. — Paterson, N. J., has a new manufacture in the wooden nutmeg line. Artificial eggs are made, the shells of a clear, transparent composition, and the shape perfectly modelled. The proportion surrounding the yolk is made of albumen, and the yolk itself of ground carrot and saffron.

HEART OF THE COMMONWEALTH. — One of the most notable home rule meetings held in this country was that of the prominent business men (Americans) of Worcester, Mass. Judge Thayer told the assembly that "in three years, if Parnell is spared, Ireland will be free."

THE *Catholic Columbian* blushingly remarks: "A wit says of the fashionable evening dress for women, that it is in the low-and-behold style. It is certainly shocking to Christain modesty."

A GLANCE at the sermons printed every Monday, in which the Scriptures are badly twisted, recalls to mind the remark of an ancient Scotchwoman, who "couldn't bear to hear 'works' preached." A friend hinted that the Sermon on the Mount was a preaching of "works."—"Ah, weel," she said, "He was a vera young man when he preached that sermon." The magnificent patronage with which some modern Protestant preachers approach Christianity is very like the old lady's attitude.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE DR. BROWNSON. — Bishop Gilmour in the *Universe:* At the death of Dr. Orestes A. Brownson the *Universe* proposed that the Catholics of America erect by public subscription a monument to his memory. The Catholic press very generally favored the suggestion, but nothing practical came out of it. We feel certain the money can be raised if the Catholic press will urge it.

The memory of such a man should not be let die. Our Catholic people are neither stingy nor ungrateful, when a just cause is presented. We appeal to our brethren of the Catholic press, to discuss the subject, and give it their influence. Let the monument be erected in New York Park, or Boston Common, but let it be erected. Let the ambition of our young be excited and inspired by the monuments of our heroes. Let the pen be not forgotten in the gleam of the sword. Brownson deserves a monument at the hands of the Catholics of America. Who will head the list?

CAUGHT BY HIS TONGUE.— The record of the death of B. U. Simes, of Milton Mills, recalls an incident that occurred about thirty years ago. He was a merchant and a very shrewd man. One day he discovered that his till had been robbed, and he resolved to say nothing about it to any one, not even to the members of his family. Some three months afterwards one of his customers said to him: "Did you ever find out who took that money out of your till?" Mr. Simes replied: "I never have till now; but now I know it was you, as I have never told any one that I lost it." And he made the man pay him the amount. But while he told the fact he did not tell the name of the person involved.

CHINA AS A MANUFACTURING CENTRE. — England, Russia, and France, from their different standpoints, are all trying to secure ascendancy over China; but what will it profit the world if these nations succeed in scaring the four hundred million of Chinese out of their conservatism, and bringing them under the influence of European ideas? China is learning to make use of her coal fields, which are the largest on earth, and of her immense beds of iron. What if, with her cheap labor, she some day begins to enter into industrial competition with Europe? To us this possibility seems by no means remote. The day when, under European direction, a factory is set up in China to manufacture with Chinese coal iron goods, of which Europe and America have now a monopoly, will mark the beginning of a great change in the world, a change which we cannot consider with equanimity.

LAST St. Patrick's day was to be celebrated with great spirit in a certain Western town, and a meeting was held to decide about the torchlight procession. "Mr. Chairman," said a speaker, "I move you, in consideration of the condition of the starving poor of Ireland, that we do not spend the money for new torches, but use some second-hand ones left over from the Garfield campaign." — "Mr. Chairman," said another citizen, "I'm not in favor of as fine-formed body of men as the St. Patrick's Club walking down the street, and the girls looking on, with second-hand torches; and I move, sir, that the club purchase the best torches in the market — them that's advertised in the papers." — "What torches is them that's advertised?"—"The best—Brown's Bonical Torches."

RUSSIAN PET DOGS. — The Russian Law Courts can boast of having on their cause list the most amusing law-suit yet recorded. It appears that a wealthy lady at her death placed her pet dog Gypsy in the hands of a friend, with the request to provide for her with the annual interest on one thousand roubles, set aside for that purpose in her testament. The other day Gypsy died, and the lady who had charge of her took it for granted that the money was now her own. Another lady, however, appeared on the scene, who owned a son of Gypsy, and who claimed that her dog was heir to the income of the one thousand roubles, since nothing was said in the testament regarding the disposal of this money after the death of Gypsy. In some places in Russia pet dogs have visiting cards, calling lists, and reception days.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL. — It is stated by a Paris correspondent of the *Liverpool Times*, that the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel has been offered the position of British Chaplain at Boulogne. His Eminence as a cultured scholar and a profound theologian, his ability and popular-

ity as a preacher, and the rare charm of manner which captivates and leaves an indelible impression upon all who have had the pleasure to approach him, have made the Monsignor an especial favorite not only among the French themselves — whose language, by-the-by, he speaks with the ease and fluency of a native. His appointment to the post would be hailed with universal satisfaction; and his response to the offer is therefore awaited with considerable anxiety.

IRISH CATHOLICS. — The cablegram sends from London the interesting announcement that "many Irish constables will resign if the force is placed under the control of an Irish Parliament!" No doubt. We can readily realize how quickly the late unlamented Talbot would have "skipped" the "force" if ever he found himself under the control of an Irish Parliament; and there are a few more like him left, as the Kerry and Westmeath "outrage" manufacturers show. Those useful Castle lacqueys will have to go in any event, and "they won't be missed," says the *Irish-American.*

AN IRISH LEGISLATURE.—*Boston Herald:* Some of the Bourbons in England object to an "Irish Parliament" as too suggestive of the dismemberment of the empire. If it is the name, rather than the thing, that sticks in their crop, why not call the legislative assembly the "General Court of Ireland," or the "Legislature," after the American fashion. Home rule by any name would be just as sweet.

THE STEAMER OREGON.—The crack steamer of the Cunard line was run into by a schooner between 3 and 4 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of March, while east of Fire Island, New York harbor, having two holes stove in her. She began sinking at once. There were over 800 passengers and the crew, making in all about nine hundred. The Oregon was entirely abandoned and sunk at 1 P. M.

THE daily attendance of pupils in the Catholic schools of the diocese of Brooklyn, N. Y., for 1885, was 20,433.

"ENGLAND," says Lord Mayor Sullivan of Dublin, "has no way out of the Irish difficulty except the fair and honest one of allowing the Irish people to manage their local affairs, retaining in her hands the lines of imperial control. Once she affects such an arrangement as that, she herself will be surprised and delighted at the ease and peace and comfort it will bring to her."

DURING the last twenty years $450,000 has been spent on Catholic education in the diocese of Maitland, Australia.

WEALTH OF THE COLORED RACE. — It is not generally understood how fast the colored people of the South are becoming property owners. It is estimated that the negroes now represent $100,000,000. More than a hundred colored men in Washington are worth $25,000 each, one having left an estate of $1,000,000; and a thousand pay taxes on $5,000 apiece. In the North a good deal of property is represented by colored owners. Just now a steady immigration of the more enterprising negroes is drifting in from the older States to the new Southwest, and considerable numbers are buying lands and building homes. In every Southern State beyond Washington these people are gradually getting on their feet and putting under them a solid basis of intelligence, character, economy, and productive industry.

A SISTERS' school for white and Indian children will soon be opened at the Catholic Mission in Alaska Territory.

THE RATTLESNAKE. — In New Mexico, where the nights are cold, it is the rattlesnakes' social custom to crawl between a traveller's blankets and snuggle to him till morning; but as his snakeship never abuses hospitality by biting the sleeper, few accidents happen.

CLERGYMEN AS ARBITRATORS.—*Pittsburg Catholic:* The difficulty pending between Col. Rend, coal operator, and his men at McDonald Station, has been referred by both parties to Rev. Father Hickey, of Braddocks, and Rev. E. R. Donehoo—who would think so?—a Presbyterian minister of this city. This method of adjusting disputes between labor and capital has everything to com-

mend it, and we hope to see it more generally adopted. Wherever it has been tried so far, it has proved to be satisfactory.

THERE are ten Catholic schools in Oakland, Cal. They are under the charge of the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of the Most Holy Name, the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the Sisters of Mercy.

"HORSE SENSE" is well illustrated in the way that some of them perform their duties on the top floors of New York warehouses, where other power is not available, in the work of hoisting goods to the different floors. In one case a horse has thus been kept at the top of a high warehouse for eleven years, without having been down to *terra firma* but twice in the whole time. The horses are directed when to pull and when to stop, pulling by the sound of the check rope when shaken from below, to which they invariably give a prompt attention that might well be imitated by many workers in a higher field, but otherwise they are always left to themselves.

Western Watchman: Father Nilan, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., one of the most learned priests in the country, does not favor antagonizing the scientists, but would rather admit all their conclusions and say "*quid inde?*" It is a dangerous thing to allow the world to have the laugh on the Church, a thing that would surely happen if she were to allow her name to be mixed up in the explosions every now and then taking place in laboratories and lecture halls.

DEATH OF A GIANT. — On March 9, at Mt. Carmel, Pa., Jacob Birty known as "The Giant of Eastern Pennsylvania," was buried. He weighed four hundred and seventy pounds, and as it was impossible to get the coffin into a hearse twelve men carried it. During the services Mrs. Kate Hodge, of Halfestein, a relative of the deceased, was overcome by heart disease and fell dead on the coffin.

IN AID OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. — The very Rev. E. V. Boursaud, S. J., Rector of the church above-named, lately incurred much expense in refitting and renovating the basement chapel, which is now probably the handsomest in the country. The debt has been lessened, but $5,000 still remains to be paid. At a meeting of ladies and gentlemen to devise away of paying the balance due, it was decided to have a big coffee-party at the Mechanics Hall.

THOMAS RILEY, ESQ., has purchased the house 300 Beacon Street, Boston. It is now undergoing re-decoration. The house is to be fitted up in Oriental style, and when complete will be one of the finest residences on the street. He will occupy his new home about May 1. Mr. R. is a prominent member of the bar and has a lucrative practice.

PREACHERS IN ENGLAND IN YE OLDEN TIME. — In Heylin's *Affairs of Church and State under Queen Elizabeth* it is stated, pp. 174, 175, that the Church of England was then "constrained to suffer cobblers, weavers, tinkers, tanners, card-makers, tapsters, fiddlers, gaolers, and others of like profession, not only to enter into disputing with her, but also to climb up into the pulpits, and to keep the place of priests and ministers." And Archbishop Parker himself, early in his Episcopate, wrote as follows:—"Whereas, occasioned by the great want of ministers, we, for tolerable supply thereof admitted into the ministry sundry artificers and others not traded and brought up in learning, and as it happened in a multitude, some that were of base occupation," etc.

RT. REV. BISHOP MORA, of Los Angelos, Cal., has erected entirely at his own expense a beautiful parochial school in his cathedral parish. It is three stories high, in the shape of a Greek cross, and cost $22,000.

A GOOD REGULATION. — The San Francisco *Monitor* states that the abstinence which would otherwise have to be observed on St. Patrick's Day was kept *on the Tuesday preceding*, so that all were permitted to eat meat once on the feast of Ireland's Apostle.

BISMARCK LOOKING AHEAD!—It is now proposed to construct a canal for military as well as commercial purposes between the North Sea and the Baltic at a cost of about a hundred and fifty mil-

lions of marks. The advantages that such an undertaking will give to the military power of Germany are immense, for in the words of Woermann, Bismarck's chief counsellor in such matters, "The German fleet will then be able to move freely and speedily from one sea to the other, so that the practical effect of the canal will be to double the strength and efficiency of the fleet."

THE chief end of political man is to get a big paying office.

THE report for last year of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language marks a steady improvement in the establishment of the native tongue on the programmes of the National and Intermediate Boards and in the Royal University, Ireland, course.

THE records of the French War Office show that during the first half of the eighteenth century, ending five days after the battle of Fontenoy, 450,000 Irishmen died in the service of France, and that during the last half of the century 150,000 Irishmen fell in battle under the banners of France.

DEPLETION OF THE POPULATION.—It is not pleasant to have to report that the Registrar-General of Ireland informs us that during the past year over 62,000 persons left Ireland—31,000 males and 31,300 females. The same official considerately notifies to us that since the month of May, 1854, Ireland has exported 1,617,571 males and 1,433,619 females! This is certainly "going with a vengeance," as the *Times* once remarked, eliciting from Mitchell the retort, "Yes, and they will return, sometime, with a mightier vengeance!"

Chicago Citizen:—"Sam" Small says he does not want to be governed by "foreigners"—meaning naturalized citizens of the United States. Well, neither do the "foreigners" want to be governed by "Sam" Small, so that Samuel and the "foreigners" are about even. *Thiggin tu*, Sammy *avic*?

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—While in England and America so many are contending for woman's franchise, the ladies of Austria have succeeded in obtaining a decree which will enable them effectually to keep their wandering lords at home. It is stated that a decree has recently been promulgated to the effect that no married Austrian subject shall henceforth receive a passport for journeying beyond the frontier without the express consent of his wife.

A NEW weekly paper, to be called *The Shillalah*, is shortly to be started in New York by John Devoy, Jerome Brady, J. Cæsar Fleming, James Redpath, William McGarrahar, Augustine E. Costello and several other well-known Irish-American journalists.

EMIGRATION.—The emigration from Ireland in 1885, 62,420, against 76,043 during the previous year.

ABBE DEFRESNE, a young priest of Paris, is stone blind, and was so at his ordination. He is a fine preacher and most devoted priest, says a correspondent of the *Ave Maria*. The writer does not say whether he says Mass or not.

WHEN a dog is kept in the yard in the winter, it is easy to give a tramp a cold bite.

HOME FOR ITALIAN GIRLS.—Some charitable ladies have interested themselves in a movement to erect and endow an asylum for destitute Italian girls. These girls are to be trained for domestics of a skilled grade. It is proposed to purchase one hundred acres of land on the line of the Harlem Railroad and begin there by building a substantial house for the children. A house in town will be hired. The institution will be placed under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The scheme has the approval of Archbishop Corrigan.

THE English people howl virtuously against the cutting of a cow's tail in Ireland. We abhor the doing of injuries to animals; but what do we find in an English publication? Only three hundred and forty-four convictions were obtained against individuals in England and Wales for cruelty to the dumb beasts during the month commencing December 15, 1885, and ending January 15, 1886.

WEARING OF THE GREEN.—The *Rocky Mountain Celt* appeared in green on St. Patrick's Day.

PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. This prayer is well known, running as follows:—

O Domine Deus, speravi in Te,
O care mi Jesu nunc libera me,
In dure catena, in misera pœna
Desidero Te,
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo
Adora, imploro, ut liberes me.

Which may be translated—

O Lord! Oh, my God! I have trusted in thee,
O Jesus! Beloved! deliver thou me,
A prisoner friendless,
In misery endless
I weary for Thee,
In sighing, in crying, before Thy throne lying,
Adoring, imploring, deliver Thou me.

FRIVOLOUS EXCUSES.—*Catholic Columbian*: Some Catholics, in whom the grace of God is not strong, put out the most frivolous excuses for not keeping Lent. They say that fasting gives them a headache, makes them feel sick, weakens them, makes them irritable, etc. Isn't Lent intended to make them suffer, and how can they suffer without experiencing some bodily inconvenience and discomfort? The early Christians had to be restrained from practising too many and too severe mortifications, but now-a-days the members of the Church have to be urged to practice self-denial, and their bishops even entreat them, as Archbishop Leray does the faithful of New Orleans, saying: "We beg you, dearly beloved brethren, to put aside courageously all false pretext, all empty excuse that you might be tempted to bring forward to dispense you from the Lenten Law." These words of Christ should ring in their ears: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." Unless they follow Him in suffering, how can they expect to follow Him in his joy?

INDUSTRIAL FISHING SCHOOL.—At Cork, upon the application of the Bishop of Ross, the Rev. Charles Davis, and Mr. Thomas F. Brady (inspector of Irish fisheries), the grand jury unanimously granted £1,000 towards the fund for the proposed industrial fishing school at Baltimore, county Cork. This is the first attempt in Ireland to establish a school for practical education in fish-curing and the various branches connected with fishing.

HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.—The March number of our little contemporary, *The Orphans' Friend*, gives the following facts relative to the work of the Brothers of Charity in the House of the Angel Guardian, Boston. On the first year of their occupation of the House, 1874, the Brothers reduced the annual expenses from $33,000 to $17,000; the total liabilities including mortgage, in the past twelve years, have been reduced from $32,000 to $12,000; the whole number of boys received in that space of time, in the house, exclusive of re-admissions, is three thousand; the average number sheltered at one time has increased from about one hundred and thirty to two hundred and fifteen; two-thirds of all admissions are either wholly or partially maintained by the institution, and the only sources of revenue possessed by the house, besides the voluntary charity of the public, as bestowed unsolicited, are the contributions of the Society of the Angel Guardian and the sales of *The Orphans' Friend* and the *Angel Guardian Annual*. It is also stated that the demands made on the house in the last year or two have surpassed its means as regards accommodation and funds. This is much to be regretted. The institution has nobly filled the measure of Christian charity designed for it by its distinguished founder, Father Haskins, and requires but little to make it equal to the wants of the time. Surely the old-time friends of Father Haskins' noble enterprise will rally to its support and enable it to respond, as heretofore, to the cry of the friendless and the destitute.

SUNDAY PAPERS.—Should newspapers be published on Sundays? In answer to this question, Archbishop Gibbons, the new Cardinal, writes: "It is my impression and belief that the issuance and sale of Sunday newspapers are calculated, to a very serious extent, to weaken the religious quiet and solemnity of the Lord's Day. I think, therefore, that it is a hurtful institution, and one that has not God and truth on its side." The Archbishop resides in a city which is notable for its observance of Sunday, and is, of course, opposed to anything that invades the peace of the day of rest.

THE "MAN OF IRON" AND LEO XIII. The Chancellor gave one of his Parliamentary dinners to several members of the Prussian Upper Chamber, to which

has been presented the new May Law Amendment Act. His guests included Bishop Kopp, who appeared in his robes of office, while the Prince himself wore the star of the Papal Order of Christ. Of the donor of this distinction the Chancellor spoke in the most appreciative and flattering terms. Leo XIII., he remarked, was one of the most acute and enlightened statesmen of our time, who had been quick to perceive the advantages accruing to Europe from the existence in its centre, in the present condition of the world, of a conservative and well-ordered State like Germany.

THE WORKING BOYS' HOME.—A kettle-drum in aid of the new home, which is nearing completion, will be held at Mechanics' Hall, on the evening of April 28. Price of tickets $1.00.

$6,000.00.—The movement inaugurated in Boston a month or so ago of $5.00 subscriptions, has already realized over $6,000.00, and the work goes bravely on.

ACCORDING to the London *Practical Confectioner* "the potato introduced in England in 1600 was first eaten as a sweetmeat, stewed in sack wine and sugar."

ANOTHER MIRACLE is reported from Covington, Ky. Twelve years ago, Henry J. Durstock, of that place, became helpless from a stroke of paralysis. The doctors said he was incurable. A few weeks ago his pastor, Father Baumeister, of Newport, got some of the Lourdes water. The sick man began taking a daily dose of one drop, the priest praying with him. Last week the invalid arose from his bed, dressed himself, and dined with the family. He thinks he is completely cured.

SPEECHES AT AN ORANGE BANQUET.—At an Orange banquet in London on the evening of March 24, to celebrate the return of the Ulster members of the House of Commons, several speakers predicted a repetition of the scenes of 1868, and said that if necessary Orangemen would arm themselves against the Pope and the tools of the Papacy. Major Sanderson, member of Parliament for North Armagh, said he doubted if English troops sent against Orangemen would use their bayonets. Anyhow, there were thousands of Orangemen in the British volunteer army, who would be willing to go to Ireland at the proper moment.—*Cable Despatch.*

Should any such event unfortunately take place, we would advise the friends of the aforesaid Orangemen to have their lives fully insured, for the benefit of their families.

OPINIONS FROM AN UNWILLING SOURCE.—The policy of the *New York Herald* has always been to espouse the winning side, no matter on which side justice lay. This gives significance to the following paragraph: "In spite of England's attempt to throttle their energies, in spite of oppression and gibes and sneers and legislative insults such as few other victor nations have heaped upon their helpless victims, Irishmen have kept alive the spirit of liberty, and by rebellion, scores of times repeated, have shown that the national longing was not to be suppressed. Eight hundred years of misrule have only fanned the love of country into a passion. And now Ireland appears in Westminster to tell England that she must choose between a loyalty based on justice and a desperate revolt which knows how to use the 'resources of civilization' with terrible effect. There is pathos in the appeal, and a frenzied desperation in the heart which makes it. English justice will make Irish friendship; English evasion means God only knows what desperate deeds of revenge. Mr. Froude believes that Ireland is unable to rule herself. Well, that is not so certain as that England has been unable to rule her. Government from Dublin may fail as he predicts; but we know that Government from St. Stephen's failed long ago."

THAT *angelic* specimen of a Christian Pastor, Protestant Bishop Graves, of Cork, has declared that all the good, learned, wealthy in Ireland wish still to be ruled with the English rod. It was this pious churchman who devoutly prayed, when Mr. Gladstone was passing the Irish Church disestablishment bill, "that he hoped the measure with Bill Gladstone would both go to h—l." He afterwards explained that he was thinking of a "bill sticker," though why the soul of a poor bill sticker should be of less consideration to the *good* shepherd than that of an English prime minister, did not appear clear to ordinary minds.

PERSONAL.

THE Emperor of Germany has attained his eighty-ninth year.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has entered upon his fiftieth year.

THE Very Rev. Father Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus, who is daily recovering health and strength, on February 21, entered on his ninety-third year.

JOSEPH O'DONNELL, director of the New York car drivers' recent strike, is a gentleman of rare executive ability. He is a driver on the Second Avenue railroad cars, but would make a splendid manager of that road. He joined the Knights of Labor when eighteen years old. He was unanimously elected secretary.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY of the Treasury, W. E. Smith, has appointed Mrs. J. D. Reilly, widow of the gifted and lamented Irish patriot of 1848, Thomas Devin Reilly, to a responsible position in the Treasury Department at Washington.

THE committee formed at Bologna for promoting the celebration of the Pope's Golden Jubilee, has resolved to offer his Holiness, for his Jubilee Mass, one million francs. Already 300,000 have subscribed.

CARDINAL NEWMAN reappeared on Sunday in the Oratory pulpit at Edgbaston for the first time this year. His Eminence read and briefly explained, with a firm and distinct voice, the Encyclical proclaiming a jubilee for 1886.

MR. JOHN FITZGERALD, who was editor of the Brooklyn *Examiner* since its foundation, has resigned his position to join the staff of one of the Brooklyn daily journals.

H. J. THADDEUS, the Irish painter, has completed a portrait of the Pope, said by competent authorities to be the best likeness of his Holiness extant. This picture is to be presented to the city of Cork, one of the most prominent Catholic cities in the Holy See. Thaddeus has also painted Sir S. Lumley, Bragga, the African traveller, and Cardinal Howard. These pictures will be seen at the studio in Clareville Grove, on Mr. Thaddeus's return to England.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL NEWMAN completed his eighty-fifth year on Sunday, 21st February. Considering his great age his Eminence is in remarkably good health. On Sunday morning, he received many congratulations from all parts of the country.

MR. R. H. HUTTON contributes to the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, upon Cardinal Newman; but this little word portrait is a gem which we may perhaps detach from its setting: "I daresay you all know, by bust, photograph, or picture, the wonderful face of the great Cardinal — that wide forehead, ploughed deep with parallel horizontal furrows which seem to express his careworn grasp of the double aspect of human nature, its aspect in the intellectual and its aspect in the spiritual world — the pale cheek down which

> Long lines of shadow slope
> Which years, and curious thought, and suffering give

— the pathetic eye, which speaks compassion from afar, and yet gazes wonderingly into the impassable gulf which separates man from man, and the strange mixture of asceticism and tenderness in all the lines of that mobile and reticent mouth, whose humor, playfulness, and sympathy are intricately blended with severer moods that 'refuse and restrain.' On the whole it is a face full, in the first place, of spiritual passion of the highest order, and in the next of that subtle and intimate knowledge of the details of human limitation and weakness which makes all spiritual passion look so ambitious and so hopeless, unless indeed it be guided among the stakes and dykes and pitfalls of the human battlefield by the direct providence of God."

AN OLD SISTER OF CHARITY. — Archbishops Gibbons (Cardinal) and Elder went to Emmittsburg, Md., recently to visit the Catholic institutions at that place. Archbishop Elder, thirty years ago, was a professor of theology in Mount Saint Mary's. He visited his sister Helena at St. Joseph's. She has been a Sister of Charity for sixty years and is said now to be the oldest living member of that order.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

"A BOON TO THE IRISH IN AMERICA!"—The Church of Erin; her history, her saints, her martyrs, her monasteries, and shrines, by Rev. Thomas Walsh, and D. P. Coyningham, LL. D. Beautifully Illustrated and bound in the handsomest style, and complete in one vol. Royal 8vo. Cloth, gilt sides and edges, $6.00. French Morocco, blocked, full gilt sides and edges, $10.00.

In no other country is the history of Catholicism so grand as it is in Ireland. Brought to her shores by one of the most illustrious saints that ever lived, it was accepted by the Irish race without previous shedding of martyrs' blood. And, with the faith of Christ, a new glory came to this proud people in their antique civilization. A great and glorious line of teachers arose, as famed for their sanctity as for their learning, so that Ireland received the name of "The Isle of Saints." To teach in the schools of England, Scotland, Germany, and France, these great men journeyed, from the great piles dedicated to learning which studded Ireland from one end to the other. Descriptions and beautiful illustrations of these famous monasteries, hallowed shrines, and interesting spots to which the tradition of sanctity adheres, are contained in this magnificently gotten-up volume, which we now offer upon such advantageous terms to the public. Every one of Irish birth or descent should be familiar with the scenes herein described, which no other land can boast in such numbers. The History of Erin also contains the lives of Ireland's Saints and Martyrs. That mighty army of canonized saints who labored at home and abroad; from St. Patrick, whose thirst for souls led him across the sea to the Irish shore, to St. Lawrence O'Toole, her last canonized Saint, whose lot was cast in the evil day of the English invasion: all have a place in these lives which have been prepared with extreme care, and after consultation of all the standard works bearing upon the subject. Sts. Bridget, "The Mary of Erin," Columkill, the Apostle of Caledonia; Brendan, who crossed the Atlantic to North America, and penetrated as far as the mouth of the Ohio; Fridolin, who founded his monastery on the banks of the Rhine; Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg, first to discover the sphericity of the earth; these, together, with a host of others, have the story of their wonderful lives told within these pages.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

M. DUPONT, AND THE WORK OF THE HOLY FACE. With an appendix, containing his prayers and practices of piety, translated from the French of Very Rev. P. Janvier, Director of the Priests of the Holy Face, by Christian Reid; with a preface by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Preston, N. Y., V. G. SS. D.

Notre Dame Scholastic: In a small and convenient form there is here presented a biographical notice of "the holy man of Tours," the history of whose life and work cannot fail to edify and instruct all who read it. The work is translated from the French of Very Rev. P. Janvier, Director of the Priests of the Holy Face, by Christian Reid, whose published works, the products of a gifted mind, so well known to the American public, are a guarantee of the elegance and accuracy of the translation. In addition to the sketch of the life and work of M. Dupont, the volume gives extended information concerning the Archconfraternity of the Holy Face, established to extend and perpetuate the beautiful devotion which he founded. It also contains a beautiful poem in memory of "The holy man of Tours," — no doubt the work of the translator.

WHY DO YOU BELIEVE? OR, A DIVINE CERTAINTY OF FAITH. By a Layman.

Says the Preface: "This little treatise was written for unlearned readers. It is intended for those who think that because they are not scholars it is not in their power, and, therefore, not their duty to examine well the grounds of their separation from the unity of the old historic church. It aims to show that the whole Catholic and Protestant controversy turns in reality upon a single issue, which the uneducated layman is just as competent to decide as the learned minister or priest."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY is engaged on a life of the Rev. Father Barbelin, S. J., whose memory is in benediction, especially by the Catholics of Philadelpha.

PERE DIDON, the great French Domini-

can, is engaged in the preparation of a work from which great things are expected. It is to be a refutation of Renan's "Vie de Jesu," a work which has conduced as much at least, to infidelity as any ever published. Pere Didon has paid a long visit to the Holy Land in furtherance of his researches.

MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY is superintending a new edition of her poetical writings about to appear in Dublin. A uniform edition of the poems of this favorite author has long been a *desideratum* among her admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

IT is stated that Eliza Allan Starr is bringing out a new volume of poetical writings. Miss Starr is the author of many fugitive poems of unusual merit, and it is a pleasure to hear they are to be collected in book form.

"PREPARATION FOR DEATH," the first volume of the centenary edition of St. Alphonsus' Works, will be ready next month. The Redemptorist Fathers are getting out this new, uniform English translation of their founder's work to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of his death. The editor is the Rev. Father Grimm, C. SS. R.

MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY & CO., of Baltimore, announce "Poems of Leo XIII.," with an English translation. The original Latin and translation are given on opposite pages.

THE *Osservatore Romano* announces that on August 1st, 1887, the first centenary of the death of St. Alphonso Maria de Liguori, Bishop, Doctor of the Church, and Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, it is the intention of that congregation to publish a collection of the letters of the saint.

MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "No Home Like a Mother's." Song, by Jno. F. Leonard. "We Parted at the Cottage Door," by same author. "Ting, Ting," Comic Song, by Joseph Tabrar. "The Rainbow," words by Mrs. M. J. Caldwell, music by W. N. Manning. "The Belle of the Town," by Chas. McK. Trimmer. "Only Thee," Quartette, by C. A. White. "Easter Hymn," adapted by Carl Pmefer. "Easter Bells," Quartette, by C. C. Stearns. Selections from "Gipsey Baron," by Joh. Strauss. No. 1., "Who was It Blessed Our Love." No 2. "I Always was a Jolly Wight." No. 3. "'Tis Now of Years Some Four and Twenty." "No. 4, "Oh, Have a Care." "My Queen," Quartette, by Bucalossi.

Instrumental: March from "Gipsey Baron," by J. Strauss. "St. Valentine's March Brilliante," by Chas. D. Blake. "Annie's Polonaise," by H. Lichner. "Sweetheart Waltz" from "The Gipsey Baron," by J. Strauss. "Silver Spring," by Franz Bendel. "Premiere Valse Brilliante," by L. H. W. Isenbeck. "Students' Love" Waltzes, by Geo. Thorne. "At the Spinning Wheel," by Schultze. "La Fontaine," by Bohm. "L'Alerte," by F. Behr.

Books: "Hear My Prayer," Motett by Mendelssohn. "Gems" from "Nanon," by Richard Genee. "Twelve Irish Melodies," for Chorus or Quartette, by Wilhelm Rohde, a splendid adaption of Irish airs. "The Folio" for April brimful of good things.

MADAGASCAR. — We announced a few weeks ago the return of the Jesuit Fathers to the missions founded by them in Madagascar — peace having been concluded by the latter with France. We are glad to state that religion has suffered little by the three years' war in the island. The Fathers were extremely consoled to find their flocks still fervent. The schools, orphanages, churches were found intact. A people so faithful, so true and generous has undoubtedly a bright future before it.

CHARLES A. DANA, editor *New York Sun*: — "If there is any American — I care not of whatever party or whatever education, or whatever prejudice or whatever hopes — if there is an American to whose heart the cause of free government in Ireland and of self-government is not dear and sacred, I denounce that man as unworthy of his country."

IRISH CURRENCY. — The *Scotsman* states that Mr. Gladstone's scheme of home rule for Ireland allows the Irish to have a separate currency of their own, "the result of which would be," the paper declares, "the introduction of a dollars and cents currency, in imitation of that money of the United States which has been so potent a factor in forcing England to make terms with the Irish."

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

PRIESTS.

REV. FATHER P. P. LAWLOR, pastor of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Conn., died, after a two weeks' illness, with congestion of the brain. He was one of the best known Catholic clergymen in the Hartford diocese. He was graduated from St. Charles' College in Maryland, and from St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. At the latter place he was ordained priest sixteen years ago. He was a man of rare personal worth, and was greatly beloved by his parishoners.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Patrick Hudson, of Toowoomba, Diocese of Brisbane, Australia. He was a native of County Longford, Ireland; an alumnus of St. Patrick's College, Carlow; was ordained a priest in June, 1880, and from the end of that year, till the time of his death, was a devoted laborer in the Australian mission.

SISTER.

SISTER MARY SABINA, of the Order of St. Dominic, died at St. Clara's Convent, Sinsinawa, Wis., on March 6, after nineteen years in religion.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. PETER KEAN, who died at his residence, No. 33 Beethoven place, Chicago, Ill., aged eighty-three years, was born at Roscommon, Ireland, and came to America while yet in his youth. He took up his residence in New York, and during the great cholera panic in that city, a little over fifty years ago, performed unceasing and heroic service in behalf of the hospital patients, working at his office during the day and sitting up with the sick most of the night. He carefully kept all knowledge of his doings from his family, and was fortunate in escaping carrying contagion into his household. At the commencement of the war he came to Chicago to open a branch house for the firm with which he was connected, for dealing in army supplies. Two years later, he decided to remain here permanently, which he did until his death. He was born of Catholic parents, but was brought up by a dissenting minister; later in life, however, he became a Catholic. He was a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and performed efficient work for various charities in New York and Chicago for a period of nearly fifty years.

MRS. MACEVILLY, relict of Mr. W. MacEvilly, of Bonown, Louisburg, and mother of the Archbishop of Tuam, died on the 11th of March. Although that good lady's life had been prolonged beyond the usual span of years, her death necessarily rends a bond of family union. During the protracted period of her delicacy, caused alone by weakness of old age, she was tended with a tenderness that bespoke true filial piety, and which was inspired by the exalted reverence in which she was held by her family. Mrs. MacEvilly's edifying life closed, surrounded by many members of her family, and supported by all the consolations of the Church. Her remains were interred in the cemetery of Kilgeever with her departed kindred.

BISHOP IRELAND was recently asked: "What was the Pope's action on the temperance decrees of the plenary council?" "They were indorsed entirely," replied the bishop. "The church from this time places itself on the highest ground on the temperance question. The council took an extremely strong stand on the closing of saloons on Sunday, indirectly putting the bann on the whole liquor traffic by stating, in these words, that Catholics engaged in it should seek a more honorable mode of livelihood. It condemns selling liquor to minors and habitual drunkards, and proclaims against blasphemy and improper language in saloons. It forbids the sale of liquors, beer and wine in any connection with the interests of the church. It solemnly approves of total abstinence societies, and requests pastors to encourage them."

Useful Knowledge.

Cleaning Our Waste Pipes.—The annoyance arising from the stoppage of waste pipes, although very great, is but a small matter compared with the dangers which may follow obstructed pipes. The "sewer gas," about which so much has been written and which is so justly dreaded, is not, as many suppose, the exclusive product of the sewer. Indeed, the foulest, most dangerous, and deadly gases are not found in the sewers themselves, but in the unventilated waste-pipes and those which are in process of being clogged by the foul matters passing through them. Any obstructions in the soil or waste pipes are therefore doubly dangerous, because it may produce an inflow of foul gas into the pipe, even though the entrance to the sewer itself has been entirely cut off. The question is how to get rid of the accumulations in pipes partly stopped or already closed. Digging up and cleaning out is a costly remedy, often ineffectual by reason of careless workmen. The second is the plumber's force-pump, which is usually only a temporary relief. In pipes leading from the house to the cess-pool there is a constant accumulation of grease. This enters as a liquid and hardens as the water cools, and is deposited on the bottom and sides of the pipes. As these accumulations increase, the waterway is gradually contracted, till the pipe is closed. When the pipe is entirely stopped, or allows the water to flow away by drops only, proceed thus: Empty the pipe down to the trap, or as far as practicable, by "mopping up" with a cloth. If water flows very slowly, begin when the pipe has at last emptied itself. Fill the pipe up with potash, crowding it in with a stick. Then pour hot water upon it in a small stream, stopping as soon as the pipe appears to be filled. As the potash dissolves and disappears, add more water. At night a little heap of potash may be placed over the hole, and water enough poured on so that a supply of strong lye will flow into the pipe during the night. Pipes that have been stopped for months may be cleaned out by this method, though it may call for three or four pounds of potash. The crudest kind, however, appears to act as well as the best. If the pipe is partially obstructed, a lump of crude potash should be placed where water will drip slowly upon it and so reach the pipe. It is also well to fill the upper part of the pipe with the potash as before, and allow hot water to trickle upon it. Soda and potash are both used for the purpose of removing greasy obstructions, and the usual method of application is to form a strong lye and pour it into the pipe. It is better to put the potash into the pipe, because the water which it contains, instead of diluting, helps to form the lye. As water comes in contact with the potash it becomes hot, thus aiding in dissolving the grease. Potash, in combination with grease, forms a "soft" or liquid soap, which easily flows away, while the soda makes a hard soap, which, if not dissolved in water, would in itself obstruct the pipe. When a pipe is once fairly cleaned out, the potash should be used from time to time, in order to dissolve the greasy deposits, as they form, and carry them forward to the cesspool or sewer. The potash is very valuable for this purpose, because, in addition to its grease-solving powers, it is exceedingly destructive to all animal and most vegetable matters. The most dangerous and deadly gases appear to come from urinal and wash-basin pipes, these, in many cases, seeming to be more foul than those from water-closets. The decay of the soap and animal matter washed from the skin appears to be the sources of the gas. The potash will be effective in keeping these pipes clear, and in this way may lessen the dangers.

How to Get Rid of Rats.—A man in Marietta, Ga., filled a keg in his barn about half full of water, and put in enough cotton seed to cover the surface of the water, and then sprinkled meat on the top of the cotton seed. Next morning he emptied out one hundred and ninety drowned rats.

In walking or other exercise, learn to keep the mouth firmly closed, and to breathe entirely through the nose. You can walk as far again with less fatigue and without getting out of breath, than when you breathe through the mouth. Try it. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

THE HUMORIST.

A MAYOR IN A FIX.—On one occasion, while on a journey through Italy, the Pope halted at a small village, the inhabitants of which resolved to send some of their principal men as a deputation to his Holiness. The Mayor, who was to head the deputation, proposed to present him with some of the chief produce of the country, consisting of pineapples, figs and cream. It was accordingly arranged that each member should carry some figs and cream in silver basins, the pineapples, however, being dispensed with. Before setting out, the Mayor thus addressed his followers: "As you do not very well know how to conduct yourselves before exalted personages, you must watch me closely and do as you see me do." The procession was formed, with the Mayor stalking majestically in front, furnished, like his followers, with a basin of figs in his left hand and another of cream in his right. The door of the room in which his Holiness sat was opened, and the Mayor repeated his caution to those behind him. It so happened that there was a step down into the room, but the Mayor failed to notice it. He stumbled, and the shock sent his beard and face into the cream basin. Trying to recover himself, he only made matters worse, for he fell upon his knees with his hands and basin under him, and his creamed face raised imploringly to the Holy Father. The members of the deputation, thinking that this was the proper ceremony to observe in the presence of such a distinguished personage, dipped their beards in the cream, threw away their vessels, and bent down on their knees, at the same time casting a half-inquiring and confident look at their leader, as if they meant to say, "You see we are all right; we have carefully followed your example." The Pope was at first astounded, but soon burst into a fit of the most boisterous laughter, while his attendants, thinking that the deputation had come to mock their master, began pelting them with scattered figs. The Mayor hobbled out of the room, closely followed by his brethren, one of whom whispered to him, "How lucky it is for us that we did not bring the pineapples. How nicely our heads would have been battered with them."

"WHAT are you going to do when you grow up, if you don't know how to read, write and cipher?" asked a school teacher of a lazy, stupid boy, who replied: I'm goin' to be a school master an' make the boys do the readin', writin' and cipherin'."

THE craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit: "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."

"EVER kill a man?" they asked of a new arrival at Dartmoor. "Reckon I have—several," he replied. More respectful in manner they asked, "Shot him?"—"No."—"Poison?"—"No, sir." "How then did you kill a man?"—"Drove a butcher's cart."

A FORMAL fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl: "How are you, my dear?"—Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added, "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am." The child simply and honestly replied, "I don't want to know."

ON one occasion a witty French physician was called to attend a very pretty actress, and after duly feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue, he pronounced that marriage was the only cure. "You are single, are you not, my dear Doctor?" she asked. "Yes, madame; but doctors only prescribe remedies: they do not take them," was the rejoiner.

"DOCTOR," said a gentleman to his physician, who had just presented a bill of £50 for treatment during the recent illness, "I have not much ready money. Will you take this out in trade?"—"Oh, yes," cheerfully answered the doctor; "I think we can arrange that. But what is your business?"—"I am an undertaker," was the startling reply.

EXTENSIVE authority of parents is recognized by the Chinese laws. A Chinaman of forty years, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?"—"Alas, things are not as they used to be!" answered the devoted son. "The poor woman's arms grows feebler every day!"

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Father Matt.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery
Soggarth aroon?

JOHN BANIM.

OF all the glories of Ireland, and they are many and brilliant, none has reflected more credit on herself or more benefited mankind, than the virtues and great qualities of her priests. They have been more to her than their sacerdotal brothers ever have been to any other country. St. Patrick was not only an apostle, preacher, and the father in God of the nation, but he was a most skilled jurist, organizer, ruler, and adviser of the temporal rulers. We are told that he caused a revision of the whole body of the laws of Erin, from which he expunged whatever was inconsistent with the precepts of the gospel. He recognized the important part enacted by the bards in the social life of the nation, and took care that their influence should be cast on the side of religion and virtue — an act of wisdom that perhaps saved the faith in Erin twelve hundred years after his death. He made, that religion should not be dark and terrible, but that it should be bright, joyful, and consoling. He knew the wants of human nature, and provided that they should be cared for in a manner that should involve the least possible temptation to sin. The great thing about St. Patrick's work was, that he transmitted his spirit to his children in the ministry; hence, they have not misled nor betrayed nor lost the flock he committed to their care.

The priests of Ireland have always cared for the people. Whether the sons of kings or cowherds, in the olden days of native freedom, they always stood by the poor against their oppressors. They never became the slaves or underlings of king, prince, or chief. They held the scourge of God's wrath over wrongdoers, whether princes or peasants, and

never bated one jot in the cause of justice and humanity. While, remaining priests, they never forgot, nor allowed others to forget, that they were freeborn, educated and brave-hearted men. Just because of this, their influence remains to-day over the people, such as no other land can boast of. They are to-day not the ducking slaves of lord or lady, not an obsequious herd called to time, at the crack of a prime minister's whip, but a body of leaders whose voice rings out loud and clear, on the ears of the world, in favor of freedom and justice for every soul for whom Christ died. They have been the foremost soldiers of freedom in every age. What a beadroll are the names of St. Columbcille, St. Lorcan O'Toole, Heber MacMahon, MacEgan of Ross, Oliver Plunkett, MacKeegan of Elphin, Br. Michael O'Cleary, O'Gallachoir of Raphoe, Doyle of Kildare and Leighlin, O'Higgins of Ardagh, John MacHale of Tuam, Croke, Walsh, Nulty, Fr. Tom Burke and thousands beside whose numbers no man can count, who lived or died for faith and fatherland. As long as Ireland has such prelates and priests, there is no fear for the faith of her people.

In our admiration of such great names as those of Archbishops Croke and Walsh, Bishop Nulty and Dr. Kavanagh, there is danger that we entirely overlook the merits of more humble toilers in the great cause. Now this is not as it ought to be. Grand as their names are, and great and successful as are their efforts, still these would avail but little, were it not for the hundreds of humble priests, who are animated by the same spirit, and in their own quiet way work along the same lines with equal industry, but with much less applause, since they are much less known. It has been my good fortune to meet many such priests during the last three or four years of my stay in Ireland. They were mostly young men; and this, too, is a hopeful sign, and a matter of great promise, for it shows that the old spirit is fresh and strong, and that with better times a new army of priests has arisen, as wise, holy and prudent, but more daring and bolder than their immediate predecessors. This is as it ought to be. By all means let us conserve of the past what is worth conserving; but let us advance with the future, where such advance is safe, right, and advisable. Of a too forward advance there is no fear in the unerring Church of Christ; a too obstinate adherence to the forms and spirit of the past in matters of civil government, and the like, often inflicts great harm on religion in particular countries; but of this, too, there is little fear among the Irish priesthood.

Now to come back to my subject. During my last few years in Ireland, I had an opportunity of observing and admiring a young Irish priest, about whom I desire to make a few remarks. I believe he is the most remarkable man I have ever known, and one in whom met and harmonized a number of the rarest good qualities human nature possesses.

Rev. Matthew Conefry, or, as he is called by his admiring flocks, "Father Matt," is of a priestly family. He is the third and youngest priest of his father's children. Two elder brothers are parish priests in the diocese of Ardagh, where they are among the most active, holy and successful of the clergy; another brother belongs to a teaching order here in America, I think, so that vocations were showered down on

them, and well they have responded to the graces. The celebrated prelate, scholar, and patriot, Bishop William O'Higgins of Ardagh, was the maternal grand-uncle of Father Conefry. The loss the country sustained in the early death of the great uncle, promises to be compensated for in the life and actions of the nephew. He was educated in the famous classical school of Ballymachugh, and afterwards passed through Longford College to the great Alma Mater, Maynooth. It has been justly said of this great ecclesiastical college, that nothing slipshod goes into or comes out of Maynooth. The course of studies there is most thorough. If only Irish were taught, and a distinctive Irish impress given to the characters of the students, so that they would be in every way "Kindly Irish of the Irish, neither Saxon nor Italian," Maynooth would not only be the greatest ecclesiastical seminary in the world, for that it already is, and always has been, but it would be the ideal of colleges. Students would then come from the east and the west to learn the lore and catch up the spirit of Erin's saints in its halls. It is to be hoped that this want will soon be supplied, especially since its late distinguished president, Archbishop Walsh, plainly shows that his *summum bonum* of earthly existence is not to sit down and admire everything English in thought, style, action, accent and endeavor. Maynooth professors no longer bother over the Macaulays, Carlyles and Dickenses of the day; they prefer to investigate the lives and actions of the saints of ancient Erin. This is as it ought to be. This is surely the streak of dawn in the east that promises the full daylight of Gaelic learning, when "The Four Masters'" great MSS. Annals, now unpublished, O'Curry, O'Donovan, Colgan, etc., etc., shall take the place of the heretical and heterodox English authors that formerly, and even yet, waste the time of the Irish student.

Soon after Father Matt's ordination, the last and darkest hour before the dawn came on poor, unhappy Ireland. The diocese of Ardagh covers some of the poorest districts in the country. The crops of low-lands on which the people depend for their potatoes, oats and hay, the principal means of subsistence for themselves and their cattle, were destroyed by floods in 1878-'79-'80. This made the condition of the poor really terrible. Another and enduring pest in this part of Ireland, is a brood of landlords, more deadly than the snakes St. Patrick banished, and more inhuman than the swine he fed in boyhood's years. What Lord Leitrim was the world knows; yet he was far outshone in all manner of wickedness by scores of smaller fry. These cowardly and cruel scoundrels made sad havoc among the poor people in those terrible years. The Land League for a time stepped between them and their victims; but the Land League was soon suppressed by the savage Buckshot, and the poor, penniless peasants were exposed to the brunt of the awful storm. The Arab and Afghan at the worst had the satisfaction of fighting for their homes; but this small comfort was denied the Irish. The Disarming Act prepared the way for the peeler protected crowbar brigade. The grinning, villanous landlord or agent and bailiffs would come with their body guard of soldiers and police, and burn or otherwise destroy the farmer's little home. Alas, then, what woe and suffering for the poor wife and children, when the mother, like Hagar, had to watch to see them die slowly! In those days one thousand of the best

men in the country were flung into jail by Forster "on suspicion;" hence the title of honor, "ex suspect." Many fathers of families, who were Leaguers, feared for their little ones in the event of their imprisonment, and avoided the furtive branch meetings. Then the heroic priest came into the gap of danger. In those days Fr. Conefry was like an angel of God among the people. He spoke words of courage, wisdom and hope to them; he made peace among them, and united them against the common enemy of faith and country; but he did more than all this. He is a most accomplished lawyer, and by this means was able to gain the "benefits" of the Arrears Act for hundreds of families. Soon his spirit was infused into the hearts of the better and braver young men, and they took up his work with a will. Wherever he went there fell a spirit of peace on the people. As Providence would have it, it was his fortune,—and a good fortune it was for the people,—to be sent as a peace maker to a great many parishes. Wherever he came beautiful order sprung out of disorder, and love and mutual confidence between priests and people took the place of relations somewhat strained in a few cases. But if he was a joy and hope to the people, he was no less a terror and a scourge to their foes. He had unjust officers removed from the places they abused, and forced partisan magistrates to observe common decency on the bench of justice. Of course, he won the bitter hatred of these destroyers, who, no doubt, exerted themselves to do him harm. Unfortunately there is in Ireland a faction, whom Archbishop Walsh designates Orange Catholics, who are ever ready to pretend tremendous piety and solicitude about church affairs, when such will in any way further their private self-interests. These mongrels are always the deadly foes of such men as Fr. Conefry; but of late their power for evil is not so great as it used to be, and there is a feeling all around, that their friendship will not much benefit any one nowadays. The good *soggarth aroon* baffled them on many occasions, and there is every appearance that the day is nigh, when they shall trouble him and Ireland no more.

If the love and confidence and kind remembrance of those whom he served so well can compensate for his noble labors, then Fr. Matt is not without his reward. Like most benefactors of humanity, he is the most modest of men, as can be seen from the following extract from one of his letters: "To one who witnessed as I have the harrowing sights to be seen at evictions, at which Clifford Lloyd had charge of her majesty's forces, and saw mothers and their infants driven helpless and houseless from the homes of their fathers, and the scenes of their childhood, and thrust out upon the wide world to the mercy of the elements, very little credit is due for anything he may have done by constitutional means, to prevent the recurrence of such things, and to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed tenants." This gives the key to the innate nobleness of the man.

Of the many men I have met in Ireland worthy of love, imitation, and admiration, I believe none stood as high in the scale of human nobleness as this young Connaught priest. Such men, thank God, are not rare in the old land, and in them is the secret of her strength and the hope of her glorious future.

JAMES KEEGAN.

Etoile du Soir!

I.

PALE star of evening, wanderer fair and far,
Whose glorious face beams thro' the clouded even;
From thy blue palace in the heart of Heaven,
What seest thou here, sweet star?

II.

The storms have passed, and the winds are calm,
The sounding forest now weeps in the mist;
The gilded moth doth rove as it list
Thro' the meadows of breathing balm —
What dost thou seek in this vale of sleep?
Now I see thee sink towards the mountain's rim;
Smiling thou partest, yet like to weep,
As thy trembling ray grows faint and dim.

III.

Fair star that sinkest o'er the low green hill,
Sad, silvery tear upon the robe of night,
Who viewest the shepherd wandering at his will
With his long following flock in sight —
Where wanderest thou in night's vast dome,
To seek a dewy couch on distant shore;
So fair so silent to some heavenly home?
Or to some dismal gulf to shine no more,
If thou must fade, if in the vast dark sea
Thy bright fair face and golden hair must fall,
Ere thy sad doom, one moment one with me
Stay star of love, in night's wide silent hall.

From *Le Saule*, by J. K.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.— Some feelings are quite untranslatable; no language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us through the dim light of fancy, and yet, when we bring them close to us and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty all at once, just as glow-worms, which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where candles are lighted are found to be only worms, like so many others.

Science and Politics.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT writes to the editor of the *London Times*:— "In a leading article on Ireland you remark that 'we in this country have been far too much blinded by specious nonsense about justice and its infallible efficacy as a breeder of affection,' and you add that 'it is time to recognize the truth, written large in history, in contemporary events, and in human nature, that there are antipathies which have to be accepted as ultimate facts, and which neither justice nor generosity can soften.' This is doubtless a wise saying. But is it not also a complete vindication of the truth of all that for the last four years we Nationalists have been urging for Egypt and India and Ireland in favor of self-government? The A B C of all these momentous questions lies in recognizing the fact that Englishmen as conquerors and administrators cannot be loved, and that the mere carrying out of a system of what we in our wisdom consider justice will never bring us peace. Nature has willed it so, and it is probably a part of the great law of life which, according to Darwin's theory, has created species. But to argue therefrom that we must continue to hate actively and to be hated to the end is surely unnecessary. The 'creatures of the flood and field,' as Wordsworth puts it, though at variance, do not hate each other. Either the strong destroys the weak, or they live apart. The shark does not battle with the tiger, nor the kite with the fox. Each keeps on his own appointed course. And this must be the solution, according to all natural law, of the Irish trouble. Having failed to exterminate the Irish in past times, we ought long ago to have reverted to the natural alternative, and have retired from Ireland. But we thought we could do the impossible. We stayed, and for eighty years we have tried to turn Irishmen into Englishmen—an attempt against nature which has altogether failed. The Irish will not be made English any more than the wolf can be turned into the eagle. Therefore, since we cannot revert to the policy of extermination, let us, in God's name, take courage and separate as absolutely and entirely as the circumstances of our national existence allow. Union under the Crown is necessary for this, but nothing at all else; and the more complete the separation, legislative, administrative, and financial, now is, the speedier and the fuller will be the peace between us. Only let us not go on as we now are, living like caged beasts together, hated and being hated. It is an insensate and unnatural thing, which must at all costs be put an end to. I ask any one gifted with common vision, and some knowledge of the social dangers of Europe and our own political weakness, whether it does not mean far more than mere unrest? It means revolution and ruin for both countries. This, sir, since you have appealed to the order of the natural world, seems to me the logic of Nationalism as applied to Ireland."

Reminiscences of the Battle of Kilmallock.

In May, 1868, I happened to stop at the Glengall Arms, Cahir, county Tipperary, where I met a commercial gentleman, who, in the course of an evening's conversation gave me the following account of what he saw at Kilmallock during the Fenian *emeute* of the previous year.

On the evening of the 4th of March* he was in Limerick and from the reports current in that city he considered there was some Fenian mischief on foot or to be expected very soon. During the day he had called on an assistant in one of the large Scotch shops, or Monster houses, who was supposed to be well informed on political matters, and inquired of him what he was to think of the reports he heard; his friend told him not to be surprised at anything he heard or saw by the next morning. The talk of a Fenian Rising had been so continued of late that it did not carry much weight with it — at least not for the immediate future — and my commercial friend left Limerick hoping it was only another Fenian scare. He proceeded to Kilmallock, and when he reached his hotel learned that the proprietor had been arrested that very evening and carried off to Limerick Jail. The evening passed over as evenings generally do in country hotels, and the traveller went to bed and was soon forgetful of wars and Fenians. He was awakened, however, early next morning by the reports of fire arms and loud shouts and trampling in the street in front of the house, when the words of his friend in Limerick struck him, and in the belief that the long threatening had come at last, and that the Fenians were *up*, he quietly staid in his bed — the shots and shouts notwithstanding. This was about six o'clock in the morning, and by ten o'clock he was fairly tired of his bed, and as the uproar continued he dressed himself and went down stairs to make inquiries as to how matters stood. He found the hotel full of people, some armed, some not, and an attack on the police barrack — which was the cause of all the noise — still going on. The people filled the street; but as to a Fenian army there was no such thing visible, nor any attempt at one; the country fellows were armed — save the mark — with rusty pistols, pitchforks, bayonets and such like makeshifts, but they could not even be called "an armed rabble" for only an odd man had any kind of weapon.

My commercial friend gave me the following incidents of the affair: —

The police barrack, though in a different street, was near the hotel, from one of the windows of which he commanded a view both of the besiegers and the besieged. The police never showed themselves; their windows were blocked with mattresses and such materials; the people, while on the watch to get a shot at them, could only see their shadows on the opposite wall, and whenever they did get a glimpse at a

* I am not quite sure as to the date he mentioned, but it was the eve of the outbreak.

shadow, off went the pistols, etc., of the poor fools.* One man he saw with a double-barrelled brass blunderbuss, one barrel of which was burst, but the other loaded; this man stood in the middle of the street, his blunderbuss resting not against his shoulder but against his thigh, and when a shadow was seen to pass in the barrack he "chucked" the trigger, the muzzle of the weapon being pointed as a rule towards the chimneys or roof of the barrack, so, of course, his fire could only frighten the crows and make a noise. Another young man came into the hotel armed with a horse pistol; he went into all the rooms and at length into that of the commercial man, who inquired what he wanted. "Oh! nothing," said the country boy. "I know, though," said my informant, "you want to see if you can get a sure shot at the police; now," continued he, "if you take my advice, you will throw away that pistol, and make off with yourself as soon as you can, for the soldiers are coming down from the junction (Limerick), and cannot be far distant, and if you don't do as I tell you, you will be hanged in front of the County Jail before three months."—"Well," said the country boy, "it is good advice you give, but you cannot say but it is in a good cause I am acting any way." †

During the time my commercial acquaintance was looking at the fighting, or rather row, for he said he could not call it fighting, he did not once get a glimpse of a policeman, and inasmuch as the police kept up a steady fire from their barricaded windows it is most wonderful that more of the country people were not killed; two deaths only having come to his knowledge. He is further of opinion that had the police thrown open their door, levelled their bayonets and charged out that the whole mass of people would have bolted right and left.

I said, speaking from newspaper reports, that the Fenian leader appeared to have been a great poltroon, as he kept himself screened during the entire affair behind the parapet of a bridge and also behind a cart, from which he was distributing ammunition, my friend replied that such reports were as false as false could be; he saw the man, and fifty times at least, if he had been armed he could have shot him dead from where he stood. So far from screening himself, he did the very reverse; he was distinguished by a *green feather* in his hat, and was constantly in front of the police barrack.

When the report that the military were coming was circulated, the Fenian folk began to make themselves scarce, and in a little time there was not one of them to be seen in the town; the police then bravely sallied out of their barrack, stood across the road and began to fire both up and down the street, no armed enemy being visible; at this time a very lamentable affair happened. Dr. Cleary, a medical gentleman of the town, had been called out of his house early in the day to see some wounded person, and, at the moment, was talking to my commercial friend. His sister, anxious for his safety, left her house accompanied by a lady friend to make inquiries after him. Dr. Cleary saw them coming

* My informant was an anti-Irish man so far as I could understand.

† A month or six weeks after, my commercial friend met this very man at Queenstown Rail Station, evidently acting on above advice; no recognition passed, but each knew the other.

up the street, knew that the police were firing away as fast as possible, and fearing for his friends motioned them back with his hands, from the hotel steps. They were too far away to see his movements, and were still coming up the street, when he rushed out of the hotel with the intention of stopping their further advance; in less than five minutes he was brought back dead with a bullet hole through his head.

My commercial friend's opinion of the conduct of the police in this affair is, that when fighting of a very puerile description was to be done, the police were invisible; when there were no Fenians in their front they were visible, and their fire was both severe and fatal.

A lady shop-keeper, on whom he called some hours after the fray, told him that hearing the Fenians had fled, she put her head out of her drawing-room window to see if the report was true. A policeman saw her head, fired, and the bullet-hole was, at the time he spoke, to be seen in the shutter. Her escape was little short of miraculous.

Though evidently anti-Irish in his views, this gentleman closed his little reminiscence by saying that the only thing the Fenians had belonging to an army was courage.

RATH GORMAN, Sandymount, County Dublin.

Chinese Labor.

THE *New York Sun* says that it is glad to find in the March number of the *Overland Monthly* of San Francisco, an authoritative explanation of the views of the Knights of Labor as to the Chinese labor question, together with a detailed statement of reasons for their hostility to the Chinamen in the United States. The author is Mr. W. W. Stone, a member of the order.

It seems the Knights of Labor in California have made a searching investigation into the industrial situation there as affected by Chinese labor. The American workman, "who looks up a wife as soon as possible," expends fifty dollars a month to the Chinaman's seven, and to keep himself decently he can get along on no less. The Chinaman therefore lowers the rate of wages in every employment into which he enters in competition with the American.

In 1870 a few of the wholesale shoe factories in San Francisco taught some Chinamen to make boots and shoes. Up to that time wages averaged about twenty dollars a week for skilful and rapid workers. Now over six thousand Chinamen are employed in the trade, getting from twenty to thirty dollars a month, and white men's wages are from nine to thirteen dollars a week. Meantime, too, Chinamen have become the owners of forty-eight out of the sixty boot and shoe factories in the city, while of the fifty slipper factories, not one is now owned by a white man.

In 1872 the Chinamen began to learn to make cigars. To-day there are eight thousand Chinamen in the trade to four hundred whites, and wages are only about one-third of what they were in 1870. In the

manufacture of clothing eight thousand Chinamen to one thousand whites are now employed, and the wages of the white worker have declined from twenty-five dollars a week in 1872 to fifteen dollars a week, the Asiatics receiving from twenty-five dollars to twenty-eight dollars a month. The Chinamen took hold of the manufacture of underwear several years ago, and, by underbidding white seamstresses, they have now obtained almost exclusive control of the industry. And so it is with many other departments of labor, the total number of Chinamen engaged in all being thirty-one thousand, who send eight million dollars annually out of this country.

The ground the Knights of Labor take is that the Chinamen here are substantially serfs, and that it is impossible for the free laborer to compete with them. Mr. Powderly, the General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, expresses his entire agreement with this sentiment, and in a report on the subject of Chinese labor presented by him to the General Assembly declares that "nine-tenths of the people on the Pacific coast, and of the whole country, in fact, are opposed to the importation of the Chinese under any conditions whatever."

The Chinese question, it will be seen, is one which inflames the indignation of American labor generally.

"My Victim:" A Tale.

Yesterday was an anniversary of My Victim's death. I never knew his real name during the three years in which our two lives mingled with each other, and I always called him "My Victim," not that I ever intentionally did him the least harm, but for other reasons, which I am about to narrate.

I.

It was in the early spring-time of 185– that I advertised in the *Tagblatt* of Berlin for a valet-de-chambre of good character and recommendations. I was at that time a student of medicine at the Berlin University, interested in my studies, fond of pleasure, and proud of my position; for a student of "the grand university," as that of Berlin is commonly named throughout all Germany, is as vain of his matriculation papers as an English nobleman is of his tree of genealogy. I was rooming in the *Hotel Krone* with a young Bavarian noble, Baron Franz von Schmutzigstrümpfe, whom we more commonly called Baron Franz, not alone for brevity's sake, but also in order to avoid that troublesome neuralgia which a too-frequent pronunciation of his whole title would undoubtedly have produced. Baron Franz was an uncommon character, original to a certain extent, and yet always entertaining and often agreeable. He had received three-quarters of a polite education in boarding-colleges and other places far away from his home, and he was engaged in searching for the other quarter when I met him. Towards gaining this laudable end he would read Schiller or Richter one hour every day,

spend an hour and a half at the university, and pass the rest of his time in the coffee-house, the beer-hall, or the common-room of his duelling club. He was a good drinker, an inveterate smoker of his gigantic meerschaum pipe, and a most fiery enthusiast in regard to everything pertaining to his beloved duelling societies. No man, it was generally admitted, in that overgrown university, possessed a face so beautifully crotcheted with all the numerous varieties of sword-scars; no man was so fond of sword-play, so skilful in fencing, so zealous in upholding the knightly practices of his forefathers: for this high-sounding, meaningless phrase, "upholding the knightly practices of our forefathers," is the motto, the incentive and the excuse for those university duelling clubs, of which Germany has been proud ever since mediæval times, and of which, to her shame be it said, she is still proud in this age of culture and enlightenment, when nations as well as men may reasonably be supposed to be educated, refined and civilized. Baron Franz, despite his predilection for slashed faces and "knightly practices," was full of lazy generosity and good humor, and was adorned by a goodly number of the natural virtues; but his mind had never even grasped the idea of an unreasoning faith, and his character was entirely devoid of religiousness.

It was with this self-satisfied young scion of nobility that I was sitting in the pleasant veranda of one of the coffee-houses a few evenings after the advertisement from which I have been diverging; and our conversation after pursuing as many purposeless windings as the famous river Meander, or, as that eighth world-wonder, Boston's Washington Street, had at last turned upon superstition. Baron Franz was trying to explain how superstition might live and even flourish in a mind from which all belief in things supernatural was absent. "Take me for an example," he was saying, "nobody believes more firmly in fate. That belief is superstitious. Three-quarters of the world calls it so. And yet fate," —

"Fate is a nonenity," interrupted a voice near us, whose musical tones were strong-lunged and yet subdued. "Fate, the blind, mysterious power that, unaided by intellect and in spite of free-will, governs events and lives, never existed unless in the imaginations of fools. There *is* a power, a real power, a power that can be set in motion by Free-Will, but cannot be stopped by her; a power which Free-Will can sometimes goad, but which she can never curb. It does not enter all lives; it does not control all actions; but where it does enter, it is all-powerful; and when it has begun to control, its wretched victim may never hope to resist it. It is not blind; when it is cruel, the punishments which it inflicts are always just; when it is kind, it rewards a hundred-fold for every virtue. It is not 'Fate'; it is '*Kismet.*'"

"But all dictionaries," said Baron Franz, "translate that word by 'fate.'"

"All European dictionaries," corrected our new friend, "translate 'Kismet' by 'fate,' because your European languages afford no other word which comes so near to expressing the meaning of Kismet. But do you think that when the Arab prays, or the Turkoman fasts for a good *Kismet* he hopes to obtain what you would call a happy *Fate?* Oh, no. The idea of *Kismet* was born of Christian civilization,

was taken by Mahomet from the Christians of the sixth century, and is still treasured, though grown somewhat distorted in their keeping, by Mahomet's followers and worshippers. The idea of *Fate* owes its birth to the semi-barbarity of Pagan poets, was laughed at, scorned, trodden under foot by the Christian refinement of the early and middle ages, and was revived only in the sixteenth century, the beginning of the world's second childhood, by your illustrious fellow-countryman, Dr. Martin Luther."

I noticed that Baron Franz was beginning to writhe under the stranger's ill-concealed sarcasm, and that he even held one hand clenched upon the table, while the other was suggestively caressing the scars on his left cheek. So I hastened to change the subject. "I may presume, then," I said, addressing the stranger, "that you are a firm believer in this 'Kismet' you speak so warmly of?"

I shall never forget the wonderful effect which the first tones of my voice produced in him. He had been talking to us from the first with eyes so immovably downcast that I doubt if he had once looked at either Baron Franz or myself. But before I had completed my question his face became livid, he bounded to my side, he bended over me, placing his hands upon my shoulders, and gazed into my very soul with wild, earnest, enquiring eyes. He did not answer my question until he had relaxed his grasp, and regained, though with an effort, complete control over himself. Then he said simply: "Yes, My Murderer-To-Be, I am a firm believer in Kismet."

"Your murderer-to-be?" I repeated somewhat surprised; "do you mean, then, that I am to be your murderer?"

"Exactly," he replied very coolly; "you are to be my murderer. It is no fault of yours, however," he added with a bitter smile. "It is your *Kismet*, or rather it is mine, which makes you its helpless instrument. You need a valet-de-chambre."

"Ah, you have seen my advertisement?"

"Advertisement? No. But I knew you and your wants the moment I heard your voice. I will enter your service. I will—"

"Excuse me," I interrupted; "but I must remind you that I have not yet done myself the honor of engaging you."

"True," he answered with the utmost composure. "But you *will* engage me here and now. And I will make you a most lovable valet, My Murderer-To-Be; I will be most faithful in your service."

Baron Franz was all this time silent. He had ceased playing with his pet sword-scars, and was gazing at us with an expression blended of surprise and amusement. He had ordered a bottle of wine, and had even bestirred himself so far as to refill and light his meerschaum pipe.

"Well, well," he exclaimed at last; "you have gorgeous imaginations, Messrs. Murderer-To-Be and Future-Victim. And pray what part am I to play in this improvised tragedy?"

"You will be only a spectator," replied my valet. "But the tragedy, as you call it, will prove more realistic and instructive to you than all the Schiller you have ever seen in theatres. Allow me to order coffee."

He did so and seated himself at the table. "Let me prevail with

you," he continued, turning to me, and placing his hand upon my shoulder. "We shall be henceforth master and man; shall we not? Now, think as I think! wish as I wish!"

I have read of the men they call mesmerists and of the mysterious powers they are said to possess over their subjects. And I must confess that after my own strange experiences of thirty years ago, it is not easy for me to be sceptical in these matters. Under the influence of that weird power which my mysterious valet could exert over me from first to last whenever he chose to do so, and which he did exert over me on that spring evening when he placed his hand upon my shoulder and pronounced the words: "Think as I think! wish as I wish!" my will was no longer my own. My consent, if it might be called consent, was given at once. No word expressed it; but there was never need for words between my valet and me. We were henceforth, to use his own phrase, master and man.

II.

He proved a most faithful servant to me, this mysterious being, who entered my life like a controlling destiny in the early springtime of 185–. He seemed to know my wants intuitively, and to fill them without waiting for command or request. He was always sad and reserved, but in every other respect, save one, he was like the rest of the world; that one was the idea, which neither reasoning nor ridicule could drive out of his head, that I at some future day was to become his murderer. And during the three years which he served me he never addressed me by any title other than that which startled me so much when I first heard it in the coffee-house, "My Murderer-To-Be." In other things he was so gentle, so respectful and attentive, that I soon ceased to notice this idiosyncrasy and even began to respond to it by calling him "My Victim." Strange pet names, the reader will say; but this is a strange world, and myriads of things of which Columbus never dreamed, are yet to be discovered in it.

It was in the early springtime, as I have said, that I first met "My Victim." It was on a beautiful day in the following summer that Baron Franz enquired about him while we were taking our morning walk in the Hofstrasse.

"Yes, I like him very much," I said; "he is a perfect gentleman, a perfect servant, the beau-ideal of valets."

"And he still believes in that tragic '*Kismet*' of his, and in the murderous propensities which you at some future time are going to develop?"

"Still crazy in that regard, I must admit. But it never interferes with his duties. And if we *will* call him a lunatic, we must, at least, confess that he is a perfectly harmless one."

"Not quite so sure of that," mused Baron Franz. "At any rate he is a mysterious character. I declare, he has whetted my curiosity until it's as sharp as a well-tempered sword."

"Be careful it doesn't wound you," I suggested.

"Ah, no fear of that. No more wounds for me, I'm afraid;" and

he passed his hand across his face as if to feel if there was room for one more scar. "There's a man at Heidelberg, they say, who would have realized a fortune, if he had been born in time to be a Roman gladiator; but I'll never get a chance to meet him; and as for *this* place, there really isn't a decent swordsman left in it." His words were so melancholy and his tone of voice so rueful, that I would scarcely have been surprised if this Alexander of student-duellers had then and there begun to weep for new worlds to conquer. "And has this 'future victim' never confided to you any part of his mystery?" he asked after a pause.

"Never a word, though I have often approached the subject through sheer pity for his sadness and loneliness. He always meets my advances gently, thankfully even, but firmly, and puts me off with a very indefinite promise that at some future time my curiosity will be satisfied."

"Well, well; as strange a case as I have ever met with; but here he comes, by Jove."

My valet had suddenly come onto the Hofstrasse from one of the little streets that join it at right angles. He was accomanpied by, or rather was accompanying, giving him the place of honor, a tall, swarthy, finely formed, perfect-featured gentleman and as they approached us they were conversing excitedly in a language we could not understand. We had little time to comment upon the stranger's appearance, for they drew near very rapidly; but on my part it was for the first and last time in my life a case of hatred at first sight, and I made only a sorry attempt to hide this feeling. The stranger however seemed to notice nothing, nor did my valet give any sign of recognition although he passed within a few feet of me. "What a splendid sword-arm!" exclaimed Baron Franz. I must have looked disgusted, because he added immediately, "Did you smell brimstone?"

"No," I answered with little appreciation of his banter; "but the very appearance of a man like that makes me sick of life."

"A fine-looking fellow, *I* thought. And where in the world did Future Victim pick up such an acquaintance!—I say, my friend!"

"Well?"

"My curiosity is growing unbearable."

"Ah!"

"And I am going to satisfy it at once."

"Good. But how?"

"I shall follow that valet of yours and make him introduce me to his friend."

"And then?"

"Then I shall have time to think what to do next. Are you with me?"

"Yes."

We turned back immediately and quickened our pace. Our action in doing so was, to say the very best of it, a questionable one; but at the time, strange to say, it seemed to me perfectly natural. My valet and his friend had only a few minutes' start on us; so we were able to near them in a very short time. When we were separated from them by only a couple of paces, the tall stranger turned suddenly upon us

and addressed us in gentlemanly German: "We are very thankful for your kind intentions, young gentlemen," he said, "but your company at present would be really inconvenient to us."

His words and the scowl-like smile which accompanied them so worked upon my feelings, already angry as they were, that I snatched his cane from Baron Franz and raised it to strike. I had no more control over myself than an excited madman. The stranger's eyes only sparkled the more maliciously. He placed his hand upon his breast and made me a most profound bow; and I — fainted!

When I recovered my consciousness I was rumbling over the sandy streets in a public carriage, half sitting and half supported by "My Victim." Baron Franz was in the carriage too, but there was no fourth person. "Where is your — friend?" I asked.

"Vanished like smoke while I was calling the cab," said Baron Franz.

"Yes," added My Victim, "he had urgent business and could not wait to see you home. But he left you his kindest wishes in my keeping." Kind wishes! I would sooner have had any other man's curse than his kind wishes!

They had to carry me to my room, when we reached home, and to place me in bed. The doctors said my illness was brain-fever. I suppose it was. I know that I was confined to my bed for months and that for the greater part of that time my mind was wandering in dreamland. I know, too, that my valet nursed me through those long months with the tenderness of a woman. My few sane moments were cheered by his sympathy and attentiveness, and even in my ravings the wildest dreams were often softened by his caressing attendance and soothing voice.

We were pretty well advanced into winter before I began to be convalescent. Those only who have passed through and recovered from a severe illness can appreciate or even imagine the real luxury of convalesence. It is the beginning of a new life; and no rosy child ever enjoyed his supple limbs, his unsullied blood, his lusty health and perfect freedom from moral, mental and physical stain more than I enjoyed my recovered health after that long prostration. There was the pleasure of seeing my friends; and my friends were numerous in those good old times, although I *am* such a lonely, cynical old man now. There was the re-opening of my acquaintance with Baron Franz; and when he gave me his description of the latest duel and his graphic account of how Herman Schönschlect made a terrific thrust at Karl von Zahnschneider and how the latter parried it, and took four inches of skin off the former's cheek with a counter, I found myself listening almost as intently to his tales of blood as I used to in the olden days when I heard them first.

And there was My Victim. They were the halcyon days of his life, poor fellow! Those days of my convalescence; and it was through his unselfish love for me that they became so enjoyable to him. No wonder then that in the fulness of my gratitude I should attempt once more to gain his confidence.

"You have read of the Scottish Mary," he said one day when I

was pressing him as usual to give me some chance of helping him, or at least of showing my sympathy, "and you know how misfortune seldom struck her down without at the same time crushing her friends with a heavier ruin. That is my case, or that would be, if I were to allow myself the luxury of confidence."

"And so for a thing which you are by no means certain of, which is, as likely as not, only a piece of morbid, silly imagining, you deprive yourself of all the happiness of true friendship and love."

"There is happiness in giving love as well as in receiving it, My Murderer-To-Be, and with that I am content. I may love others when and where I please; I shall not make myself beloved even by a dog, lest he should mourn me when I die."

III.

A bright March day two years afterwards, and Baron Franz and I were sitting in my parlor. "My Victim" came in suddenly. His face was pale and grave, and his every movement betokened intense excitement. "Anything on hand, gentlemen?" he asked us hurriedly.

"Dinner at the Kölnhof," said Baron Franz.

"Let that pass and come with me. I have something important to show you. Come."

For me it was the old authoritative manner that had influenced me in spite of myself more than once before. I was dressed for the street almost before he had finished speaking. Baron Franz's obedience was not so prompt nor so docile. He wanted to know where he was going and was proceeding to ask other questions. My valet walked over to him with great dignity: "I have no time to answer questions," he said. "Come, think as I think! Wish as I wish!" He placed his hand on the baron's shoulder and the latter sprang up like a piece of machinery, snatching his hat with one hand and his cane with the other. (Baron Franz always carried a cane, as being the nearest approach to a sword allowable in a gentleman's toilet.)

We seated ourselves in a carriage that was waiting at the door. My valet took the reins, and with his impatient driving we were out of Berlin in a comparatively short time. Half-an-hour's rumbling along the rough country road brought us to the forest of Grünbogen, and under the shadow of its leaves we alighted. "Follow me, please," said My Victim.

He led the way to a place where some small but leafy laurels formed a natural bower that the most skilful art could but poorly imitate. "One thing more, gentlemen," he said when he had paused here; "let me put these around you. Beg your pardon, I'm sure, but I have to do it. That's it. Kismet, you know. Now! think as I think! wish as I wish!" While he was speaking he had blind-folded us with some bandages brought from the carriage, and in pronouncing the last words he placed his hands upon our foreheads. I do not pretend to know what Baron Franz felt; he has ever said that he felt very brave, allowed himself to be blind-folded of his own free-will and through curiosity, expected there was going to be some interesting fighting and

wanted to have a share in it, etc.; what I felt was complete subjection to a will mightier than mine. I was in a trance, during the whole of which, however, there were vague sensations of rushing air, higher blood-circulation, increased sensitiveness and other accompaniments of rapid motion; and I did not recover my consciousness until the bandages were removed.

The scene had changed, but it was still sylvan. The trees seemed larger, the air cooler, the shadows gloomier. Was it possible, then, that by some mysterious power we had been moved bodily from one place to another? Transported through the air, perhaps, like Salem witches minus their broomsticks, or like the magician-heroes of Oriental imagery? I turned to Baron Franz for a solution of the mystery; but his ideas on the subject were evidently as confused as my own; he was gazing around him with an air of most complete astonishment. At last I caught "My Victim's" eye, and ventured to remark that the trees had not seemed so large before he blind-folded us.

"You are in another forest," he said simply, "and some hundreds of leagues removed from Berlin. You are in Russia, in fact." He handed me a visiting-card, and added: "If I should not be able to go back with you, My Murderer-To-Be, this card will enable you to find Dr. Litzki, a friend of mine who speaks French. His house is in a town on the forest's outskirts, two miles from where we stand."

"And who might those men be?" I asked, for not far from us among the trees there were several persons whom I had not before noticed.

"Those are the other members of our society," he replied. "You have so often asked me to repose my confidence in you, that I have at last decided to do so. It is to attend one of our meetings that I have brought you here. You will enjoy it very much, and will meet among us some of the most distinguished men in Europe."

"Is it a duelling-society?" asked Baron Franz with much interest.

"No," said My Victim with a strange smile; "but one of our ends is to uphold the knightly practices of our forefathers."

"Ah! then I am with you," said Baron Franz.

"Do you see that gentleman with the long gray beard?" my valet continued; "he is deep in the counsels of the German Kaiser. The man talking to him is the Italian premier. The stout gentleman with his arms folded is a Vienna composer of popular waltzes. The sandy-haired man behind him is making his mark in French politics; they say he will be great some day."

"And what in the world is that?" interrupted Baron Franz; for scarcely ten yards from the group we were discussing, in a spot which had been empty a moment before, there suddenly appeared a huge, black bull.

"Ah, that is our president," "My Victim" answered reverently, as he made a low bow to the beast; "we will see more of him anon."

Now I must admit that there is nothing in a fiery-eyed, savage-looking bull dignified enough to become the fit object for either love or hatred; and yet on this occasion the latter passion completely overpowered me. The spontaneous, unreasoning hatred which thrilled me

at that moment, I have never experienced since or before, with the solitary exception of the day when I met my valet's strange friend on the Hofstrasse. I felt for my pistol and was glad to find that I had it with me. The big brute was standing with his side to us, as if unconscious of our presence. "Shall I kill him?" I whispered.

"Kill our President?" laughed my valet. "That *is* good! The man who kills him will be mightier than Samson. And you are weak, poor fellow!" for he saw that I was trembling and faint with passion. "I should not have brought you here at all. But I had no choice."

"You had no choice! who compels you?"

"Kismet, My Murderer-To-Be, Kismet."

There was no time for further questioning, for the men assembled had begun to move towards the beast, and my valet joined them, beckoning us to follow. Once more I had no will of my own, and I obeyed. We were passing before the bull in a crescent-shaped procession, each man halting in turn, bowing low, and then making way for his successor. My valet did this and then it was my turn. I walked up to my place as if in a dream. I stood before the bull, so near that I could have easily counted the regular pulsations of his hot breath. I turned to bow as the rest had done. And then — some pitying angel broke the spell that bound me, and I felt, ebbing back into my heart and flooding every channel of my blood, the pride of freedom, the consciousness of power, the unbounded joy of glorious, self-willed manhood. *I* about to bow to that ugly brute? The mere possibility of such a thing made me laugh. It was wonderful how quickly my pistol found its way into my fingers. There was a chorus of shrieks from the assembly when I pressed its nozzle against the forehead of the beast; but I minded them no more than the mountain minds the howling of the winds. I felt within me the strength of a hundred Samsons, and I fired.

When the report had died away there was perfect silence, and all had vanished. No trace was left of that strange society; so suddenly did it disappear, that one might think its mysterious members and its ungainly president had transformed themselves into air. Not even a black hair remained to tell of the shot I had fired; but I heard a muffled moan behind me, and when I had turned, I saw "My Victim:" my victim now, indeed, for he was stretched upon the ground with a bullet in his breast.

"Ah!" he murmured, while a tender smile played over his pallid features; "it has come at last, My-Murderer-*That-Is;* it has come at last."

"Pray," I said earnestly. "There is no time to lose. Pray with all your heart."

"Pray? There was a time when I could pray, but it has gone forever; and through my own fault, through my own most grievous fault. No praying for me now. Nothing for me now,— nothing but my Kismet."

Those were his last words, and a moment afterwards Baron Franz, who had been trying as best he could to soothe that mortal agony, pronounced him dead. We brought his body, though with great incon-

venience to ourselves, back to Berlin. I told my story before the proper authorities; and, though at first sight seemingly absurd, it was rendered comparatively credible by the sworn testimony of German and Russian witnesses; these were able to prove that I had travelled from Berlin into Central Russia, in such a ridiculously short time, that the journey could not possibly have been accomplished by any mode of conveyance except a supernatural one. The story was corroborated, besides, by my pugnacious but highly respectable friend, the Baron Franz von Schmutzigstrümpfe.

We buried our unfortunate friend within one of the suburbs of Berlin in a plot of private ground; a small white stone which bears the simple words, "My Victim," is all that marks his grave. And yesterday, as I was saying, was an anniversary of his death.

Caspar Pischl.

Sorrowing Mothers.

The mother of the Machabees has, for over twenty centuries, been held as the type of heart-broken, childless, heroic mothers. There are hundreds of thousands of such mothers in Ireland. There is not to-day on the face of God's earth anything so pitiful as the lot of poor old fathers and mothers in Ireland. One who has not been there, and observed the manners of the people closely, can form no idea of the almost superhuman love that prevails between parents and children and brothers and sisters. "M'ainim as thee hu,"—"My soul is within thee,"—is an expression common in the mouths of the Gaelic Irish, and it is nothing more than the truth. Friendship is part of the essence of a true Celt; friendship one of the noblest qualities of human nature, is in Ireland only the cause of greater woe and loss. For a young man or woman, whose surroundings at home were comfortable, it is like having the members of the body torn asunder, to leave the old Eden of Erin. It gives a shock that frequently effects the person's whole moral and physical existence. Many young men become reckless afterwards, and take to drink to bother grief, and sometimes to worse vices to be revenged on fate; poor fellows! Super flumina Babylonis illic sedimus et flevimus; cum recordaremur Sion. In salicibus in midio ejus, suspendimus organa nostra—Quomodo cantabimus icanticum Domini in terra aliena? Si oblitus fuero Jerusalem, oblivion detur dextera mea; adhaereat lingua mea faucibus meis, si non meminero tui:—"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down and we wept, when we remembered Sion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

In all the inspired volume there is nothing that so well describes the hearts and feelings of the Exiles of Erin as that 136th Psalm. If the Jews so mourned their barren, rocky, arid country, with its lonesome

deserts and horrid pools, what must not be the sorrow of the Gael for their lovely Isle, with its eternal verdure, rich soil, beautiful valleys, crystal streams, diamond lakelets, noble bays, temperate climate and general grandeur and magnificence? It is a most terrible thing, this ages-long martyrdom of a noble and generous race. It is a terrible thing, this endless breaking of the dearest ties of family life, when these ties are the only consolation the poor people have. It is a terrible thing, to hang a whole people on a Calvary, not for three hours or three days, but for three centuries. It is moreover a shame and disgrace to Europe, considering what Ireland did for Europe in past ages, and Europe to-day repeats the cry, and the crime of the Jews of old; her cry is, "Crucify her! crucify her! release to us Barabbas, the landlords and despots, who will rob and murder the Irish, and come over and spend the spoil in our streets and slums and gaming houses." Yes! all Europe, with the exception of Russia and Spain, is unfriendly to Ireland — but Europe is not the world, nor the best part of it. As far as human worth and nobleness, justness and philanthropy are concerned, this American Republic is worth twenty Europes. Ireland is utterly regardless of Europe's good or bad opinion, and the day is near at hand when Ireland may have more to bestow on Europe, than Europe ever had to bestow on her. Ireland puts her trust in God,— who in the end has justice done even in this world, — in herself, and in America. We may assure ourselves they shall not fail her.

Western Watchman.

Southern Sketches.

XXI.

Homeward Bound.—Nassau, N. P.

It was a delightful treat to me to meet again with the witty and highly intelligent Dr. Shaw and his lady, from Memphis, Tennessee, the gentle and fascinating Mr. Tison of Savannah, Mr. Jube of New York and Mrs. Jarwood and daughter of Jersey City. The entire party were in the best of spirits as the trip to Nassau promised to be very agreeable. The officers of the *Corondolet*, whose acquaintance we formed, proved to be very entertaining gentlemen. As we moved towards the dock at the mouth of the San Juan River, we noticed the big steamer lying quietly beyond on the deep bay. The transparent, brilliantly-colored waters literally blazed under the influence of the glorious tropical sun. Our passports being duly revised nothing now remained previous to our going on board but to have our baggage inspected by the revenue officers. This formality was soon gone through. We all got on board a large boat rowed by two powerful Cubans, bade good-by to the crowd on the dock, and gradually receding from the city, soon reached the steamer. After the state-rooms

were allotted to the passengers, and other arrangements effected, a bounteous repast was served up in the grand saloon. When the boat started everything around us looked perfectly beautiful. The azure-hued sea was as smooth as glass, the palm-clad green hills behind the city were bathed in sunshine, the city itself, with its church spires and variously colored buildings, presented a pretty picture, while Fort San de Severino, with its lofty, gray battlements, frowned down on the glittering waters.

As night approached the stars came forth to decorate the sky, and the Southern cross shone brilliantly over the tranquil sea. The whole scene filled the soul with sweetest thoughts of peace and rest, and the heart with feelings of deepest gratitude to God for the glorious works which he had made for man's use and benefit. Though a time for exquisite meditation, for delightful dreams, still I slept soundly on that night, being somewhat fatigued after my numerous excursions in *volante* and on foot while in Matanzas.

Morning dawned and the breakfast gong sounded, but few came to table. The majority, especially among the ladies, remained in their rooms, pondering on the miseries of sea-sickness. By prudently partaking of a slight allowance, and carefully selecting the proper kind of food, I kept all right, and was enabled to contemplate all day, with the highest satisfaction, the indescribable beauty of those tropical skies and waters. The porpoises, flying fish, strange birds and occasional sailing vessels which we saw going to and returning from New York, were always interesting. The invalids of the morning grew better and all thoughts of sea-sickness soon disappeared, as laughter, cheerful conversation and songs mingled with the music of the breezes that played in the rigging. Another night passed away tranquilly amidst the brightest kind of weather, and early on the morning of the following day the passengers were treated to a view of Nassau, the queen city of the Bahamas. The low green reefs on either side of us were edged by soft white foam, while the waters through which our steamer cleaved were so transparent that we could almost see to the bottom. We anchored at the western end of Hog Island, a long, narrow coral islet, which served as a breakwater for Nassau. A crowd of boats containing negro rowers soon surrounded the ship. What a sleek, healthy-looking, courteous lot those darkies were! They seemed to be thoroughly familiar with the *blarney element.* Captain Sampson was the finest looking among them. He, too, received the most patronage. The row from the steamer to the dock cost each person fifty cents in gold.

While I was in the boat, I almost fancied I was riding through the air, since the element below me looked as clear as that above. The odor of tropical fruits and flowers stole over our senses. On our way to the dock we passed several schooners and sponge boats. In the vessels, on the wharfs, in every place, we saw, negroes abounded. White men were few and far between. The moment we got on shore we were welcomed most cordially by a group of darkies, of various ages and sizes, who bowed, scraped, smiled and offered for sale large bouquets of flowers.

After passing through one group we were confronted by another. At last we found a clear pathway; but our eyes were literally dazzled

by the sunlight falling on the white coral streets, garden walls and houses. A glance at some luscious green foliage gave us great relief. On crossing Bay Street, which runs parallel with the water, we ascended a gentle hill towards the Royal Victoria Hotel. The first building of importance that attracted our attention was the town library, a mosque-like edifice and formerly a prison. Not far from this grows the most remarkable ceiba or silk-cotton tree, in the island. Flowers, palms, bananas, pomegranates and the usual tropical blooms were seen on all sides. The entrance to the court yard of the hotel is through a large and magnificent archway. Here a number of guests were enjoying themselves reading, chatting, lounging in easy chairs, and negotiating with a miscellaneous crowd of negroes, who were offering for sale various products of the waters and island, such as curious corals, sponges, beads, rare palm baskets, canes made of precious woods, candies, fruits and sugar cane.

After registering our names at the office, Messrs. Tison, Jube and myself were shown to our rooms on the third floor. The one allotted to me faced the north, and from its windows I could plainly see the flowery town beneath, its white houses embowered in luxuriant tropical trees, the harbor with its blue-green waves, the neighboring islets, and the deep, dark azure ocean beyond. What a delicious spot for an invalid to take a rest! Everything around looked bright, pure and enchanting. As the steamer was to start early next morning, I resolved to see all that I possibly could of the town. Donning my linen duster and carrying my umbrella, two indispensible articles of comfort in Nassau, I sauntered along Bay Street towards the western side. On my way I noticed the low, wooden market, the sponge yards and numbers of plain, solid stores built of coraline stone. Now and then a little negro cabin appeared peeping out of a group of plantin, sapodilla, almonds and cocoa palms. The opening rosebuds were surpassed in sweetness by the negroes' smiles.

After a certain distance Bay Street widens into a broad park, which is used as a parade ground. Here are two barracks—one a long, yellow building, three stories high, with piazzas and pillars fronting the water. The other to the left fronting the green. The majority of the soldiers and police are colored, except the few officers in command. Some imposing black military men were parading up and down, and apparently glorying in their white shirts, blue loose trousers with yellow stripe, and turban with yellow tassel, white felt leggins and black boots. The police force of the town consists of one captain, one sergeant, two corporals and sixteen privates. Their uniform is of a dark blue. Their silver-plated buttons show the crown of England, and their trousers are ornamented with a white stripe. Bay Street, beyond its business section, affords a delightful walk, the road is so hard, clean and free from dust, the occasional negro cabins look so neat and picturesque amidst masses of flowers, and the palm trees wave so mournfully near the pure green waves, that are making endless music as they strike the coral rocks.

Passing a hilly, stubby field, actually swarming with jumping lizards, I came upon Fort Charlotte, which is an ancient-looking structure. A good view of the western and southern part of the island can be had

from its ramparts. Patches of jungle, lake and pine land spread away to the glittering sea. All in that direction had the look of the wilderness about it, no houses and few if any crops. It is the home of the wild bird, the asylum of solitude. On returning to the hotel I met an old negress dressed in white skirt, blue jacket and white turban. Her large, toothless mouth, dried-up face, little eyes and halting gait gave her a peculiar aspect. She was accompanied on her walk by a wooden legged old darky who wore a pair of spectacles. "Good day, massa," she cried; "oh, good day! Has massa anything to gib to de poor old colored creeter? If he be kind to de poor, de Lord will gib it back yet to massa." Who could resist such an appeal. A dime delivered threw a gleam of joy over her withered face. A donkey passed by dragging after him a queer-looking cart filled with palm leaves, cane blades and guinea corn. His dusky driver seemed to treat him very kindly. Both moved in a languid, tropical fashion. The negroes in the streets seemed to take life very easy; they smoked, laughed, courtesied, begged, lounged and ate sugar-cane, apparently as contented as if they owned all the pearls in the sea or all the palaces in the world. The Government House, at the top of George Street, is a very important establishment in Nassau. It is ornamented in front by a pretty stone wall, with iron gates and a statue of Columbus. The walls along the streets in its vicinity are too high to permit the rambler to see the treasures within, and are guarded on top by rows of broken glass bottles. I found time before dinner to visit the asylum, the prison and Fincastle. The front of the asylum is adorned by a handsome door yard which contains several beautiful flowering shrubs and trees. Dr. Duncombe, M. R. C. S. of Edinburgh, President, Surgeon and Superintendent of the N. P. Asylum, was seated in his office, and ready to receive, gruffly though obligingly, all respectable strangers who desired to see the Institution. The establishment consists for the most part of frame buildings, containing several wards for sick and disabled patients. I saw some repulsive cases of leprosy here. Little yards and gardens full of flowers and fruit trees gave the patients a nice chance for recreation. The insane department stood at the rear of the hospital, and was approached by a succession of rocky stair-cases. The doctor, a tall, gaunt, wiry man had more than one bout with some crack-brained negroes whom he pointed out to me marching up and down like wild beasts in their cells. The moment one particular madman saw him approach, he grinned at him, yelled, laughed and danced by turns, assuming, at the same time, facial expressions wild, wrathful and horrible enough to frighten a stout person. It was a relief to turn from such scenes of misery, and gaze upon the beautiful views that I saw from the top of this hill.

The city prison, a large stone building, can be reached from the asylum in a few minutes. Several negro cabins, devoid of chimneys and glass, stand in the neighborhood. A lofty, ponderous black gate opens into the prison yard, and behind it stands a colored sentry, who is ever ready to give information about the place to visitors. As I entered, a gang of culprits, dressed in white, escorted by a black guard, were just returning to their dinner after working all the morning on

the roads. The street passing the prison runs for a considerable distance through the interior, and is edged by negro huts, in and around which pickanninies, vermin, dogs and flowers flourish. Fort Castle is only a few steps from the prison. It is built of solid stone, and commands a lovely view of Nassau and its suburbs. By-paths here and there beside it lead to tropical thickets where wild flowers and vines of every description bloom. It was quite a luxury to sit on a mossy gray rock, inhale the fragrant air, and gaze languidly out on the enchanting prospect before me. Though the scene was tempting I did not tarry long, as it was now near dinner-time. The choicest meats, fruits and vegetables were served up to the guests at the tables of the Royal Victoria Hotel, and the meal was rendered more gratifying to me owing to the prospect of a charming afternoon sail to the famous sea gardens. Messrs. Tison, Jube and Bache, the courteous and popular purser of the *Corondolet*, Dr. Shaw, and Ex-Mayor Dayton, of Buffalo, together with myself, hired a large sail-boat and put ourselves under the guidance of the muscular, colored Captain Hemus. When we reached the dock we saw dozens of almost nude young darkies ready to dive any distance in the waters for pennies. Nothing could be more amusing than to see the rapid and comical manner in which they moved like snakes or monstrous spiders through the transparent depths, essaying to grasp the coins before they reached the bottom. Struggles for the capture of the money sometimes waxed hot and fierce between the sleek and slippery darkies; but it seldom or ever happened that one came again to the surface without exhibiting the dime, nickle or cent between his shiny teeth. How silently and smoothly we glided over the gorgeously colored-ribboned waters. Down below one could see the lovely water plants waving in shapes and colors wonderful to behold.

After half an hour's sailing Captain Hemus cast anchor, and each of us took a water glass through which we could readily survey the floral treasures below the waves. It was a gorgeous sight. The floor was white and shining, and out of it grew marvellously delicate sea fans, sponges, algæ, corals, coralines and gorgonias. The sun poured a soft, rich light among those submarine grottoes and bowers, while fish of various forms and brilliant colors passed and repassed each other, exulting in their water paradise. Conchs of rare beauty, some of them, perhaps, containing pearls of great value, clung to coral rocks, and hundreds of other queer and attractive shell fish pursued their respective recreations. Everything below looked peaceful, orderly and shining; but in an instant the marvellous water-plants waved violently, and fish swam timidly away, as our darky diver plunged beneath to bring up some relics from these sea gardens. After a few moments under water he came up to the surface with a splendid piece of brain coral. Down he went again and fetched up some star, face and finger fish; gorgonias, sponges and sea fans were obtained in this way, so that each of our party was provided with a memento of his visit to Nassau. As the sun was sinking, the waters gleamed with green and gold, the breeze came smoothly upon us, and our row to the dock was truly enchanting.

After supper the guests at the hotel sat in the court, and on the

verandas, enjoying the cool of the evening and the delightful views spread before them. My excursions during the day supplied a splendid sleep tonic. I got up early next morning and walked down to see the market. This was a spot worth visiting.

It was crowded with negro men and women, who sat and moved around little benches and tables laden with fish, fruit and vegetables. The fish newly caught were richly and variously colored. Stout, gaudily dressed negresses had their little stores of oranges, pineapples, cut sugar-cane, tomatoes, yams, bananas, Irish potatoes and other goods for sale. They chatted incessantly and though not plying a brisk trade, still they seemed full of contentment and good-humor. While admiring the beautiful fish, I met a very pleasing old gentleman named Arthur N. Coles, tall and thin, with retreating mouth, smooth, intelligent face, and slightly bent shoulders. He carried a big fish under his left arm and a cane in his right hand. Seeing that I was a stranger, and noticing my curiosity, he at once introduced himself.

"Well, sir," said he, "I am over twenty-five years in this place. I hail from Nassau, as does every other man, no matter what rock or island he was born in 'round here. I've seen good many changes in my time. Nassau ain't as rich now as she was during war times. Oh, golly! how plenty the money was then. Every one was rich. The harbor was full of ships, the town of cotton and gold. The blockade runners drank, treated, gambled, sung and tossed bushels of dollars in the streets. But them times are gone. The cash was squandered and mores the pity. Terrible hurricanes came on us, and the people are poor enough now. Fruit and vegetables are raised in the islands. Lots of niggers have their little patches. They raise pineapples, bananas, go a fishing, a wrecking and collect sponges. We all have plenty to eat, nice weather, and that's enough." The old gentleman was very interesting, and would have given me a good deal of information; but I had to leave for breakfast, as the steamer would soon make a start. In the course of an hour our party proceeded in row boats to get on board the *Corondolet*, and we soon found ourselves steaming away from peaceful, sunny Nassau, its coral rocks and lovely sea gardens. The ocean spread before us like a vast plain, its ever rolling-waves reminding us of eternity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MRS. DELIA THOMSON, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Delia S. Parnell, died two years ago in Nice. She was very wealthy, and left a large amount of personal property, which, by her will, was to be divided among her relatives. Her property is in New York, and notice has been published in the Surrogate's court ordering the legatees to appear before Surrogate Rollins on May 6. Among the relatives mentioned in the notice are Mrs. Delia S. Parnell, Charles Stewart Parnell, John Parnell, Henry T. Parnell, and Alfred Macdermott. All the legatees but Mrs. Parnell and John Parnell live in Europe.

Canossa at Last!

The Catholic, Pittsburgh, Pa.: To the first Napoleon the saying is attributed that it might be an easy matter "to swallow the Pope, but that the after process of digestion was altogether impossible." Prince Bismarck, who, in many respects, bears a close, political resemblance to the Corsican tyrant, has found out, to his cost, that there is a good deal of solid truth in the saying. For the last fifteen years, the "man of blood and iron," thinking that he had accomplished the feat of swallowing the Pope, has been busily engaged in the digesting process; but like all his predecessors, who attempted the same thing, is forced to give it up in despair. Even Bismarck cannot digest the Pope! This is the news that reaches us from Berlin within the last few days. Prince Bismarck is preparing to capitulate to the prisoner of the Vatican. And we are not surprised to learn that there is great excitement stirred up in consequence, among those who did not understand the nature and history of the Papacy, and, who, a few years ago, were loud in their predictions that the great chancellor, the man who had humbled France, and since dictated terms to the whole of Europe, was just the person to crush the Pope.

The German Prime Minister, a short time after entering upon his warfare upon the Catholics of the Empire, boldly declared, and the declaration was received with plaudits by the enemies of Catholicity, both in Europe and America, that he would never submit his master, the Emperor, or himself, to the humiliation undergone by a famous representative of the Cæsars, Henry IV. To his way of thinking, there was not a greater distance between the eleventh and nineteenth centuries than the difference that was marked between Rome, the centre of Christianity, and the European Courts of to-day. Henry IV. may go to Canossa in the middle of the so-called Dark Ages; but Prince Bismarck would never make such a journey in this enlightened time. The thing was not to be thought of, and yet, strange, as it may appear to those who will not admit the Divinity of the Papacy, Bismarck is girding himself to undertake in a metaphorical, though not in a less real sense, the journey! He is preparing to go to Canossa at last.

We never, for a moment, doubted but that it should so happen. His diplomacy, his mighty battalions, the undoubted support given him by the non-Catholic world in his persecution of German-Catholics, could not save him. He held out as long as he could against submission to the Vicar of Christ, the earthly representative of the Prince of Peace, but he finds it necessary to conclude the warfare and sue for terms of peace. What a commentary this on the folly of those who wage war on Christianity? Why have the nations raged, and princes conspired against Christ and His Church, may we well exclaim?

Other nations of Europe might profit from the lesson that Bismarck's trip to Canossa teaches. That he is getting ready to go, there can hardly be a doubt.

Early Irish Settlers in Virginia.

SKETCH OF THE McDOWELL FAMILY.

An Evicted Tenant who Killed his Landlord.—Interesting Facts Concerning the Ancestor and his Descendants.—The First Marshal of Kentucky.

WANDERING along this sea-resounding shore, this beautiful autumn day, I came across a descendant of that illustrious family, descendants of Ephraim McDowell of Virginia. A sketch of this family, though briefly and hastily made up, must prove interesting to your readers.

In the original county of Augusta, in Virginia, a large number of hardy pioneers, mostly from Ireland, settled between the years 1730 and 1740. They generally came from Lancaster in Pennsylvania, where they made a temporary resting-place before penetrating the wilder regions of the south-west. Among them were three notable men, who left numerous descendants who rose to eminence and fame. Men of stalwart frame, large brain and commanding presence, and women of rare beauty and culture, whose influence has been felt in the better and brighter days of that metropolis. These three were John Lewis, Ephraim McDowell and John Preston. They were all men of wealth and education, and purchased large tracts of land, which they redeemed and cultivated and transmitted in bountiful wealth to their descendants.

Lewis was a victim of eviction in Ireland, and killed the landlord before leaving.

The McDowells are a historic family. They are scattered over many States of the Union. Emanating from Virginia they are to be found in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and the entire South. The original settler or founder of the family was Ephraim McDowell, who came from Ireland, leaving that country about the 20th of May, 1729, and arriving on the American coast in August of that year. He probably came in the ship George and Ann, in which the Clinton family of New York also came, as there are several McDowells named among the passengers of that vessel, ten of whom are reported as dying on her disastrous voyage. His wife's maiden name was Margaret Irvine, probably of the Inniskillen family of that name, so distinguished in our Revolutionary history. Several of that name with other Irvines, McElroys and Campbells, all from Ireland, and all settling for a brief period at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, which was then the great central place of Irish colonists, swarmed into Virginia, Kentucky and other States. His son John was married in Pennsylvania, and his grandson Samuel was born there. He was a relative of John Lewis, the Irish founder of that family in Virginia. Ephraim McDowell, with his son-in-law, James Greenlee, went from Pennsylvania in the fall of 1737, to join Mr. Lewis on the Midelle River, in the Shenendoah Valley of Virginia, near the present town of Staunton. On their way they met Benjamin Borden, who owned a large tract of five hundred thousand acres of land in the valley, known as "Borden's Grant," covering much of

Augusta and Rockbridge counties. It has been said that Borden obtained this grant from Governor Gosch, in exchange for a buffalo calf, while visiting and hunting with John Lewis, with the proviso that he would settle on the land one hundred families. They settled on the grant and soon drew around a large colony of Irish immigrants, including the McClungs, McCues, McElroys, McCampbells, McKees, Paxtons, Carruthers, Cowans, Campbells, Lyles, Irvines, Caldwells, Calhouns and Stuarts, with whose names Southern history has been illuminated as statesmen, soldiers, orators and patriots. Ephraim McDowell died shortly before the Revolutionary War, at the age of one hundred and four years. He built the first road across the Blue Mountains. He had four children grown up, two sons and two daughters His eldest daughter, Mary E., married James Greenlee, and was the first woman who settled on the grant, and lived to the age of over one hundred years. She was a fine horsewoman, and in her old age rode erect and rapidly over that mountainous country. Among the superstitious she was suspected of witchcraft, and was weighed against the Bible, but made it kick the beam. She had seven children, whose descendants are now numbered by the hundreds.

Ephraim's second daughter Margaretta married a Mr. Mitchell and moved to North Carolina. Four of her sons fought for liberty in the Revolution, one of them dying in the cause, and another suffering imprisonment. Her descendants were numerous and distinguished.

Ephraim's son John was born in Ireland and married Miss Magdelena Wood, whose mother was a Campbell. He was a man of note and courage, and was, with eight of his men, killed by the Indians on Christmas Day, 1742. His and his comrades' common graves are still pointed out near Lexington, in Virginia. He left three children — Samuel, James and Sarah. Sarah married Colonel Moffett, and had eleven children, the eldest of whom, Margaretta, married Colonel Joseph McDowell, of North Carolina, who, with his brother Charles, both afterward generals, fought in the battle of Kings Mountain, under the Irish General Campbell, against the Scotch Tories, under Ferguson. He was twice elected to Congress from North Carolina. Colonel Joseph J. McDowell, a member of Congress 1843-47, was, I presume, his son. One of his daughters, Sarah, was the mother of the Rev. Joseph McDowell Matthews, the celebrated teacher of Hillsboro, Ohio, and another daughter, Margaret, married Allen Trimble, of Ohio, who was born in Augusta County, Virginia, settled in Ohio, commanded a mounted regiment under Harrison in the second war with England, member of Senate and House of Ohio and Governor of the State. I presume Cary A. Trimble, member of the Thirty-Sixth Congress, was their son. Another daughter of Sarah and Colonel Moffett married Major Joe McDowell, of North Carolina, a cousin of the first-mentioned Colonel Joe, and their daughter Betsey married Caleb, the youngest son of Samuel McDowell, the progenitor of the Kentucky McDowells.

Major Joe McDowell was distinguished at the battle of the Cowpens, under that gallant Irish General, Morgan, and served with marked bravery from the beginning to the end of the Revolutionary War. The

other children of Sarah and Colonel Moffett, intermarried with the Kirks, Cochrans, and Millers, and left numerous descendants.

James, the second son of John McDowell and Magdelena Wood, married his relative, Elizabeth Cloyd, and had six children, one of whom, Sarah, married her cousin, Major John McDowell. Another, Elizabeth, married David McGavock, of Tennessee, and became the mother of a distinguished race. Another, James, a gallant Colonel in the war of 1812, married Sarah, daughter of Colonel William Preston, the only son of John Preston, of Ireland, the noted founder of that great American family which has given us a half dozen of Governors, over a dozen United States Senators, a score of members of Congress, and a hundred of the most gallant officers in the history of our country. They had three children, Susan, Elizabeth and James; Susan married William Taylor, a member of Congress from Virginia, and became the mother-in-law of a Governor of Ohio and an United States Senator from California (Mr. Weller). Elizabeth became the wife of United States Senator Benton, of Missouri, and the mother of Mrs. John C. Fremont, and James married his cousin, another Preston, and became member of Congress and Governor of Virginia. He married his first cousin, the daughter of General Francis Preston, who married Miss Sarah B. Campbell, daughter of General William Campbell, who commanded at King's Mountain. Her uncle was Patrick Henry, of Virginia, and her son was William C. Preston, the distinguished orator and senator from South Carolina. Her daughters married Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and John B. Floyd, Governor of Virginia and Secretary of War.

Governor James McDowell's daughters married Governor Francis Thomas, of Maryland; Colonel James Massie, of the Virginia Military Institute; Professor Charles Venable, of the University of Virginia; Rev. Mr. Ross, of Maryland; Charles S. Carrington, of Virginia, and Bernard Wolfe, of Virginia.

Samuel McDowell, the eldest son of Captain John McDowell and grandson of Ephraim, the original settler, and the progenitor of the Kentucky McDowells, was born in 1735, probably in Pennsylvania. When but little over eighteen he married Mary McClung, sister of John McClung, who married an aunt of Dr. Archibald Alexander, and who was the father of William McClung and the grandfather of John A. and A. K. McClung, distinguished lawyers, orators, divines and duelists of Kentucky and Mississippi. He (Samuel McDowell) was a prominent early settler in Kentucky and died at the age of 82. His son Samuel was appointed by Washington first marshal for Kentucky. His eldest son, John, held the rank of captain in the Revolutionary Army. In 1784 he settled in Fayette County, Kentucky, near Lexington. He had ten children. His son James married Susan, daughter of Governor Shelby, and his daughter Mary married a son of Governor Shelby. His second wife was a Miss Legrand and their second son was Dr. Nathaniel McDowell, a celebrated surgeon and lecturer and founder of the Medical College of St. Louis. Their youngest daughter was the mother of Governor Woodson, of Missouri.

After holding numerous positions of public trust in Virginia he

took a similar position in Kentucky. He was one of the presiding judges of the first court ever held in Kentucky, and was generally known as Judge McDowell. He was member of several conventions, and in 1790 was president of the convention that passed the first State constitution. He died in 1817, aged 82. His eldest son John served as a captain in the Revolution and was a member of the Kentucky Legislature, elected for six successive terms. In the war of 1812 he was a major. His second son Samuel's daughter was the wife of Dr. Alexander Keith Marshall, a noted man, and a member of Congress from Kentucky.

Colonel James McDowell, second son of "Judge" Samuel McDowell, served in both wars with England. His eldest daughter, Isabella, married Rev. Dr. John Page Campbell, the celebrated pulpit orator, whose mother was a lineal descendant of Samuel Rutherford, a member of the Westminster Assembly. Colonel James McDowell's third daughter, Juliet, married Doctor Dorsey, and her daughter married L. W. Andrews, a Kentucky member of Congress. The fourth daughter of Colonel James McDowell married John Andrews, a wealthy merchant and elder brother of Congressman Andrews. The second son of Colonel James McDowell was John Lyle McDowell, a brave soldier of the second war and also in the Confederate army. His youngest son, Ephraim McDowell, was the father of Dr. Lucius McDowell, who did hard fighting in the Confederate service. These sons of Colonel James McDowell were all brave and fine-looking men, and his daughters were celebrated for their beauty.

Samuel McDowell, third son of "Judge" Samuel McDowell, whom Washington appointed first Marshal of Kentucky, and who served twelve years under Washington and Adams, married a distant relative, Anna Irvin, and had a son named John Adair McDowell, who moved to Columbus, O., in 1815, and was a successful lawyer, a member of the Legislature and a judge. He married Miss Lucy Todd Starling and their daughter married John A. Smith, member of the Forty-First and Forty-Second Congresses from Ohio. Marshal Samuel's second son, Abram Irvin McDowell, also served in the second war and moved to Columbus, O., where he was for a long time clerk of the Supreme Court and was also Mayor of Columbus. He married Miss Eliza Seldon Lord, and their son was the distinguished General Irvin McDowell, of the United States army commanding at Bull Run, and who died in California, May 5, 1885. Another son of Abram I. McDowell was Colonel John McDowell, commanding an Iowa regiment in the war. Another son was Malcolm McDowell, also a Federal officer, and his daughter Eliza married Major Frank Bridgman, now an honorably retired officer of the army. The third son of Samuel and Anna Irvin McDowell was Wm. A. McDowell, of Louisville, father of Mrs. Judge Ballard, of that city, and of Henry C. McDowell, who was an officer in the Federal army, and who married Anna, daughter of Henry Clay, who fell at Buena Vista, and granddaughter of the illustrious statesman. She was descended from a Huguenot family from whom the celebrated scientist, Matthew F. Maury, traced his blood.

The fourth son of Judge Samuel McDowell, William McDowell,

was United States District Judge of Kentucky. He married Margaretta Madison, the sister of George Madison, Governor of Kentucky, and of Bishop Madison of Virginia, and a cousin of President Madison. They had six children. Their third daughter, Eliza, married James Gillespie, a wealthy citizen of Danville, and their only daughter, a very beautiful woman, married Dr. A. K. Marshall, son of Dr. Louis Marshall, and brother of the celebrated orator, Thomas F. Marshall, who was also of Irish descent. The fourth daughter of Judge William McDowell, Agatha, married James G. Birney, the celebrated Anti-Slavery statesman and first Free-Soil candidate for president of the United States. James Gillespie, Birney's father, was also an Irish gentleman, and his mother was one of the beautiful sisters of Thomas Reed, or Read, the brilliant United States Senator from Mississippi, who died at Lexington, Ky., in 1829, on his way to Washington. Senator Read was the son of John Read, an Irishman who left his country with a price on his head for being a rebel. He emigrated to Virginia, where he married a Miss Wilcox and subsequently became a pioneer of Kentucky, settling near Danville, called after him Read's Station. The only sister of James G. Birney was the wife of Judge J. J. Marshall and the mother of Humphrey Marshall, the distinguished Kentucky statesman, who was a graduate of West Point, a colonel of cavalry in the Mexican War, leading the charge under Zachary Taylor at Buena Vista; a member of Congress, commissioned to China, and a general in the Confederate Army. Mr. Birney, like most of these great Irish-Americans, was noted for his handsome person, scholarly attainments and brilliant talents. He sacrificed one of the largest estates in Kentucky, and emancipated and provided for his own slaves. His son James was, until recently, Minister Resident at the Hague. His son William was for some time Professor of English Literature in the University of Paris, but found it necessary to leave France on account of Louis Napoleon's dislike to his too pronounced Republican principles. During the war he was a general in the Union Army and is now a lawyer in Washington, an ornament to the bar of the Capital, from his high character and commanding presence. His (James G. Birney's) son, David Bell Birney, fought under Phil. Kearney and won the rank of general, and died in 1864 from exposure in the cause. His only daughter, Florence, a beautiful and accomplished woman, is the wife of Charles Jennison, of Bay City, Mich.

Another McDowell, and perhaps the greatest of this distinguished Irish family, remains to be noticed. He was the sixth son of Judge Samuel McDowell. He was educated at Edinburgh and married a daughter of Governor Shelby. This Governor, Isaac Shelby, so closely allied to the McDowells, was born near Hagerstown, Maryland, in December, 1750, became a surveyor in Western Virginia, was a lieutenant in his father's company at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774, where so many of the Irish families of Augusta County in Virginia distinguished themselves; he was captain in the Revolutionary army, and prominent in defeating Major Ferguson at King's Mountain; he was one of Marion's men; he was a member of the Legislature of Virginia and North Carolina, and Governor of Kentucky 1792–96; he

fought under Harrison at the victory of the Thames, for which Congress gave him a gold medal: he was appointed Secretary of War by Monroe, but declined. He died in 1826.

Doctor Ephraim McDowell stands in fame at the head of the medical profession in America. He first successfully performed the operation known as ovariotomy, and never lost a case but one. We must remember that he had not the aid of chloroform. A monument has been erected to him at Danville, at the unveiling of which the celebrated surgeon De Gross, of Philadelphia, delivered a splendid eulogy. The son, Wallace McDowell, was the father of the beautiful wife of Thomas H. Shelby.

The oldest daughter of Judge Samuel McDowell married Andrew Read, and her oldest daughter was the wife of General Andrew Moore, whose son Samuel McDowell Moore, was a member of Congress from Lexington, Virginia.

The second daughter of Judge Samuel McDowell, Martha, married Colonel Abraham Buford, whose regiment Tarleton cut to pieces at the Cowpens. Their son, Charles S. Buford of Rock Island, had two sons in the Union army. His first wife was a daughter of General John Adair, who commanded the Kentucky troops at the battle of New Orleans, under General Jackson, and was representative and Senator in Congress from Kentucky. His second wife was a daughter of Dr. Basil Duke, the first physician to use vaccination in Kentucky. William S. Buford, son of Abraham Buford, married a daughter of Chief Justice George Robertson, the friend of Henry Clay, who died at Lexington, Ky., in May, 1874, aged 84.

Another daughter of Judge Samuel McDowell was Mary, who married Alexander Keith Marshall, a younger brother of Chief Justice Marshall.

In looking over the history of illustrious American families, such as the Prestons, McDowells, Clintons, Lewises, Meades and others, I often wonder why the landing of the progenitors of these families is not made the occasion of annual celebrations. The Plymouth Rock people have made considerable noise over the landing of the passengers by the Mayflower on a certain 22d of December, while the date of the landing of John Preston or of Ephraim McDowell is not known and never was celebrated; and yet I doubt whether all the descendants of the Mayflower passengers have given to this country as many illustrious American names as were given to us by John Preston, the Irish emigrant of 1740. How many American school children there are who can tell you all about the domestic history of some worthless king or queen of England, who could not tell you the name of the ship on which John Preston arrived, or whence she sailed from Ireland, or on what day or at what port she arrived in this country; yet among his descendants were fifteen distinguished senators of the United States and a hundred other illustrious Americans. Our school children are taught to tell the names of Queen Victoria's numerous children, and could not tell you the name of Andrew Jackson's father, or inform you where he was born or where he died.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON, "*Richelieu.*"

Decrees of the Third Plenary Council.

DECREE OF PROMULGATION.

JAMES GIBBONS, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE AND DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

TO ALL THE METROPOLITANS, BISHOPS, VICARS-APOSTOLIC, ABBOTS AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SYNOD, WHO WERE PRESENT AT OR WHO WERE LAWFULLY ABSENT FROM THE THIRD PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE:

Health in the Lord: — The decrees of the Third Plenary Council, held at Baltimore in the months of November and December, 1884, as you know, we sent to Rome to be recognized by the authority of that See in which Peter, prince of the apostles, still lives and presides, and to be corrected if anything in them required correction. In doing this, we did what was neither novel nor unusual, nor merely what was the custom of your or our own loyalty; but we performed an act of obedience to the laws of the Church, which strictly prescribes it.

You remember, assuredly, how diligently, when assembled in that Council, how unitedly you decreed all those things which seemed adapted and useful for the safety, utility and increase of our Dioceses. Now, indeed, and it cannot be said without the greatest joy on the part of us all, it is permissible to make public that you have secured the most abundant fruit for the great solicitude, concord and prudence with which you consulted for the welfare of your diocese and flocks. For after the most eminent Fathers of the Congregation of the Propaganda accurately and diligently considered the Decrees of the Council, and added some emendations and modifications, they recognized them so that they shall be observed inviolably by all concerned. The decree on this subject, which His Holiness, upon the report of the Secretary of the Propaganda, ordered to be expedited, has reached us, and is preserved in the archives of our Metropolitan Church.

We therefore, by our authority as Delegate Apostolic, promulgate by these presents, and will to have held as duly promulgated, the Decrees enacted by the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and recognized by the Holy See, and we declare that they are to be inviolably observed by all whom they concern.

We declare, moreover, that all these decrees of the Council, have their force and strength immediately from this promulgation, and that their perfect and plenary effects begin, without the need of further promulgation, as is provided in the last title of the Council. We wish, however, according to the tenor of the same title, that in the provincial and Diocesan Synods to be held as soon as possible after this promulgation of ours, for greater caution and solemnity they be again promulgated, and that at the same time fitting means be provided by which may be better planned their more efficient execution.

Given at our residence, Baltimore, on the feast of the Epiphany, A. S., 1886.

JAMES GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore,
Delegate-Apostolic.

GEORGE G. DEVINE, *Chancellor.*

Three years ago this spring, the archbishops of the United States were invited to the Eternal City to confer with the authorities of the Propaganda and the Holy Father himself respecting the status and welfare of the Catholic Faith in this country. On their arrival at Rome, in the month of November, 1883, the distinguished prelates held several conferences with the secretary of the Propaganda and Pope Leo XIII., at which the prospects of the Church in this country were discussed and measures devised for its better government and discipline. The

result of these deliberations was the Third Plenary Council held in the city of Baltimore in the following November, presided over by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Gibbons, and embracing the prelates, heads of religious orders and theologians of the whole church in this country. To legislate for a church like the American, with all its unsettled and missionary characteristics, was a difficult matter; and as a consequence the sessions of the Council were necessarily prolonged. The fruit of the Council's labor has, however, at length appeared in a four hundred-page volume, called the "Acts and Decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore," approved by the Visible Head of the Church, and destined to be the guide and authority for years, for bishops, priests and people in ecclesiastical matters in the United States.

The Episcopate.

After professing their belief in the divine origin, nature and necessity of the Catholic Faith, as found in the acts of the previous Council, the fathers discourse on the exalted office and duties of the Episcopate, and decree that the manner of selecting a bishop to a vacant see shall in future be as follows: When names are about to be sent to Rome to fill the vacant See, the consultors and inamovable rectors of said diocese are called together. The archbishop shall preside, or in his absence, one of the suffragan bishops delegated by him. If the Metropolitan See is vacant, then the senior bishop, by reason of his ordination, presides; or, if he is not able, one delegated by him. It will be the part of these consultors and rectors to select three men whom they deem fit for the office. The names shall be sent to the bishops of the Province and to the Sacred Congregation in Rome. At the appointed time the bishops of the province shall meet to discuss these and any other names they may wish to select. They also send three names to the Holy See; but, if they see fit to reject the names proposed by the rectors and consultors, they must not omit to give their reasons to the Sacred Congregation.

The Council orders that since the condition of things will not at present admit of Chapters and Canons, there shall be in every diocese diocesan consultors, whose office it will be to assist the Ordinary by their advice in publishing synods, in planning new parishes, in selecting examiners, in expending any important amount of the funds of the diocese, and so forth. The number of the consultors should be six or at least four, but where the number of the clergy in a diocese is small, two will be sufficient. The consultors are selected by the bishop and the clergy in equal numbers, and hold their office for three years.

In every diocese, by the authority of the Ordinary and after deliberation with his consultors, certain missions or parishes shall be selected whose pastors or missionary rectors shall have the title of inamovability. Such missions shall have a good church, a school for both sexes, a suitable pastoral residence, with a congregation large enough to warrant the necessary support for all the needs of the parish. A rector with this title cannot be moved to another place against his will, nor deprived of his church except for canonical cause. The proportion of these rectors to the clergy of the diocese is to be for the present at the rate

of one to ten. They are required to stand an examination before the proper board. The bishops are required to establish these rectors within three years from the promulgation of the decrees, but can make the first appointments without the above-mentioned examination. A diocesan board of examiners is also to be established. This body of priests can be selected by the bishop, with the advice of his consultors, outside the synod, and can be called on to exercise their office in selecting rectors, in approving confessors, and in deciding on candidates for the seminary. Provision is made, also, if it appears advisable to the bishop, to select learned and venerable priests in distant parts of the diocese, that they may preside at local conferences, exercising a certain supervising care over their neighboring brothers, and now and again during the year report to the Ordinary the state of religion in the district. Priests having this office are to be called Vicars Forane.

On Societies for the Promotion of Temperance.

There is no doubt but that among the evils we especially deplore in this country the abuse of intoxicating drinks is to be numbered, for this excess is the constant source of sin and the fruitful origin of misery. Utter ruin has thereby come upon innumerable individuals and whole families, and it has dragged many souls headlong to eternal destruction. And since this vice has spread not a little even among Catholics, scandal is thus given to non-Catholics and a great obstacle is set up against the spread of religion. Both love of religion and of country therefore urges all Christians to use every effort to stamp out this pestiferous evil. Following in the footsteps of the Fathers, of the other councils of Baltimore, and supported by the teaching of the Angelic Doctor, we approve and heartily commend the praiseworthy custom of many who in our day abstain entirely from the use of intoxicating liquors, thus to overcome more certainly the vice of intemperance, either by removing from themselves the occasions thereof, or by presenting to others a splendid example of the virtue of temperance; whose zeal we willingly admit is according to knowledge, and has already brought forth abundant fruit and promises still greater in the future. We recognize the societies named "The Catholic Union for Promoting Total Abstinence," and "The Sacred Thirst," to be worthy of great praise, for they are directed by a truly Catholic spirit, and seek the necessary strength, not so much in the firmness of self-will, as in the power of prayer and of the sacraments. Moreover, it is known that the head of the whole Church and Christ's vicar on earth has more than once enriched them with his apostolic benediction and with the indulgences of the Church. Wherefore we also present to them the signs of our good-will, and we commend them to the paternal care of all our priests, that they may flourish more and more; that they may not only add souls to their ranks, but also show to them the Catholic path in which they should walk. Lastly, we warn our faithful people who sell intoxicating liquors to consider seriously by how many and how serious dangers and occasions of sin their business — although not unlawful in itself — is surrounded. If they can, let them choose a more honorable way of making a living. But if they cannot, let them

study by all means to remove from themselves and others the occasions of sin. Let them not sell drink to the young — that is, to those who are not of age, nor to those who they foresee will abuse drink. Let them keep their saloons closed on Sunday, and at no time let them allow blasphemy, cursing or obscene language within the walls of their taverns. If through their culpable neglect or co-operation religion is brought into contempt and souls ruined, they must know that in Heaven there is an Avenger who will exact the severest punishment from them.

Picnics, Excursions and Festivals.

The decrees about the collecting of money for pious purposes will doubtless surprise most people, for the decisions are explicitly condemnatory of many methods now in vogue. The Council directs the pastors to have in every church a free space, and admonishes them from humiliating people in public if they do not exactly keep within the limits of that space. The Council also ordered that no clergyman shall ever prosecute a layman for money due to the church, even for pew rent, unless he has asked leave from the Bishop. Another thing done by the Council is the prohibition of picnics and excursions by night, on Sunday or on other feast days or fasting days. This way of making money for church purposes will be hereafter forbidden and only allowed by the bishop, with necessary prudence and reserve. The sale of intoxicating liquors will not be allowed in any case. Fairs, also, are not to be held hereafter without a special permit from the bishop, and not on Sundays, and no intoxicating liquors can be sold by them. Suppers and dinners, social parties and balls given at night, for raising money, are prohibited.

Character of Church Music.

Special attention is to be paid to the music adopted in the churches to add solemnity to the sacred services. Worldly, irreligious and sensual strains are positively to be excluded from church exercises. Those productions also which mangle the words of the sacred liturgy and which, by indefinite repetitions, render the hymns and psalms meaningless, are not to be tolerated; but the music must be of such a stamp as to elevate the soul and aid it in its efforts to unite itself to the Creator.

Parochial Schools.

The decrees on the education of the clergy voice the sentiments so eloquently expressed in the masterly speech by Bishop Spalding on this subject during the Council. If we would avoid all intellectual paralysis in Catholic society, our clergy must be provided with every means of prosecuting elaborate courses of study, and preparing themselves to meet a false brilliant literature with an equally brilliant true one. Regarding the instruction of the laity, the Council decrees that since religion can never be divorced from our actions, there is a need of erecting everywhere parish schools, which may so temper religion with science that the two may go hand in hand, so that the intellect be not developed to the prejudice of the moral qualities, but both,

equally developed, should result in the formation of true citizens and earnest Christians. To effect this, the Council orders that within two years from the promulgation of these decrees, a parochial school must be erected and started near each church, unless the bishop, for grave reasons, should defer for a time the building of such a school. Should a priest by his own negligence prevent the successful carrying on of such schools, even after repeated warnings from his ecclesiastical superiors, he is to be judged worthy of removal from such a position. If, however, the delay or difficulty in having a parish school should arise on the part of the parish, then the bishop must admonish the flock of their bounden duty, and take vigorous measures to induce them to contribute the necessary means. All Catholic parents are bound to send their children to these parochial schools, unless they send them to other Catholic academies, or lawfully exempted by those who have charge of these affairs. Priests are to regard these schools as the great ornament of their parish, and to show their interest by frequently visiting them and by giving personally the instructions in church doctrine and sacred history, or appointing those to this office whom they know are fully competent to discharge well the duties connected with it. Instructions are also given for the laity who have means to contribute as liberally as possible, so as ultimately to found free schools throughout the country.

Divorce and Mixed Marriages.

One of the most important decrees is that concerning matrimony; for the strength and durability of the Christian Church depends, in a great measure, upon the Christian family, and there can be no Christian family without Christian marriage; that is, marriage entered into according to the teachings of religion and hallowed by God's benediction. Since marriage was raised in the new law to the dignity of a sacrament, it belongs solely to the Church, to whom the administration of the sacrament was entrusted, to pass judgment on the validity, rights and obligations of marriage. This being the case, and the marriage tie being indissoluble, it is obvious that there is no power on earth which can dissolve Christian marriage. Great, indeed, is the sin of those Catholics, who, infatuated with modern ideas and opinions, regard matrimony as a matter of business, and seek by legal divorce to have the marriage tie loosened, or even to contract a new union. Against such as infringe these laws severe penalties are to be enforced. No legal divorce has the slightest power before God to loose the bond of marriage and make a subsequent one valid. Even adultery, though it may justify "separation from bed and board," cannot loose the marriage tie so that either of the parties may marry again during the life of the other, nor is the legal separation to be obtained without first conferring with the ecclesiastical authorities. The clergy are frequently to praise those, who, following the custom of the Church, contract marriage with the blessing of the nuptial Mass. Though the Church sometimes permits the marriage of a Catholic with a non-Catholic, she never does so without the deepest regret, and with the explicit understanding that the children of those parties must be brought up in the Catholic faith.

On Secret Societies.

When the question arises, whether a certain association is to be reckoned among the mentioned class (forbidden by the Church) the bishops should first of all, either in person or by other experienced men, examine everything pertaining to it, and in such a manner, that the leading minds, supreme officers or principal members of the said organization should be heard by them. After that they should consider minutely the (intimated to them) single items and weigh them maturely, that they might draw a reliable conclusion from the above stated principles. If they meet some condemnable feature, they should search furthermore, whether this has its origin in the very nature of the said association, or whether it be the outcome of certain temporal, local or personal secondary cause. For we do oppose — as decreed before by us — that in future any dignitary of the Church, should condemn by name any association in this country, if it be not certain and beyond any doubt, that they belong to those included in the Constitution of the Popes or other documents of the Apostolic See. Should the circumstances be of such a nature as to require a further exposition of the traditional doctrine, in such a case, recourse is to be had to the Apostolic See, giving a clean exposition of all minor details, to whose prudent judgment we shall subject ourselves with whole heart and mind. To prevent furthermore, lest confusion arise in (ecclesiastical) discipline, that the self-same society — to the great scandal to the faithful and prejudice to ecclesiastical authority — be condemned in one diocese and tolerated in another, we decree, that no association be condemned by name as one falling in the above-mentioned (forbidden) classes before the Ordinary has submitted the matter to a commission, which we hereby appoint to adjudge matters of this kind, and which shall consist of all archbishops of the United States collectively. If the said association be not deemed deserving of condemnation by all (archbishops), recourse must be taken to the Holy See, that a definite sentence and a uniform discipline be retained by the whole country.

Temporalities of the Church.

In the chapters on the Temporalities of the Church the Fathers of the Council make laws for the guidance of bishops as well as priests. Some of these relate to wills, others to deeds, the manner of keeping books, how the priests' salaries and other expenses are met and paid, and so forth. The Bishops recommend (*Commendamus*) that in every parish, where the law of the land permits it, a number of Catholic men, called Board of Trustees, Councilmen, will be nominated by the Priest and sanctioned by the Ordinary to assist the Pastor in the several temporal duties of the Church.

In the chapter on collecting money for the needs of the Church the Council refers to the Instructions of Pope Pius IX., and says that the practice of requiring money at the church doors on Sundays and Holydays before Mass should be abolished wherever introduced.

They also enact that a free space shall be set apart in every church, that strangers, the poor, and those who cannot afford to pay

for seats, may have an opportunity of hearing Mass and listening to the Word of God.

Dignity of the Priesthood.

Some of these regulations are very eloquent in their expressions on the dignity of the priestly state. The clergy should remember, it says, that this sublime dedication of themselves to a cause which excludes thoughts of worldly advancement and power, making them advocates and champions of the doctrines of the Prince of Peace, is that which should save them from even a thought of wrong-doing. Sanctity and science are to be the objects of their labors, and this is to insure them a lasting influence over the flocks entrusted to their care. Since, however, human nature is weak, and may at times fail in the proper observance of the duties of one's state, it is earnestly recommended that a special house, in the charge of some religious order, should be erected for the reception of those priests who having been suspended from the exercise of their functions for serious faults, yet give hopes of correcting their vicious inclinations, that they may have an opportunity of regaining their lost privileges.

Advertising Masses.

We again and again declare that it is an intolerable abuse and a profanation of sacred things to publicly announce in newspapers or circulars Masses for all those who contribute alms for the purpose of building churches, convents, or for paying the debts of such institutions, or for any pious work whatever. We vehemently reprove and forbid such an abuse. We moreover urgently request that all prelates will stamp out this aforesaid abuse wherever it exists.

Colored Men and Indians.

The eight million of colored people in the country are the subject of a vigorous plea for help from all those who would place this important element of the future in its proper place to act for the weal of this republic.

The Indian tribes have also found eloquent defenders among the bishops, and arrangements have been made for a special yearly collection to be taken up in all churches throughout the country to help in promoting Catholicity among both the colored people and the Indian tribes.

Christian Burial.

Concerning Christian burial, there is very little change made. The late Plenary Council considerably modified the rigor of the old discipline. Under their dispensation a convert to the faith could be brought to the church for Mass and other services, and could be then taken to a secular or non-Catholic cemetery for interment. They also permitted the members of a Catholic family to enjoy the same privileges, provided they owned the lot in the secular cemetery before the year 1853, when the law was enacted. The Fathers of this Council renew the above, and assert that the ecclesiastical rites can be performed by the priest either in the house or church, unless the Ordinary

prohibits it for special reasons. With these exceptions, a clergyman can perform no religious service for the dead if the remains are to be taken to a non-Catholic cemetery.

Catholic Journals.

The Council specially commends the system of Diocesan Journals. The episcopal "approval" of any diocesan journal, which is necessary if the paper be the Official Organ of the diocese, is thus explained in the following words of the decree: "The approbation of the Ordinary, which is generally given to Catholic papers, signifies nothing more than the confidence of the Bishop, that the writers thereof will not maintain anything contrary to faith and good morals, and their hope that nothing of that kind will be published by them in the future; that, moreover, their editors be such men, whose writings can only but serve to edification. The bishop neither can nor should be held responsible for all brought forth in these papers. Only for that does he bear all responsibility, which he publishes by virtue of his office in doctrine, admonition, command or prohibition, and duly signs with his own signature."

Gladstone.

NEAR that dim threshold where death lurks in wait
To clutch the crown of seasons long delayed,
By weaklings' base desertion undismayed
He stands, majestic, by the load of State
Unbowed, undaunted, equal still to Fate.
Not rank, nor wealth, nor prejudice arrayed,
Nor hate, nor hope may make his soul afraid,
Whose fruit of aim is certain, ripe though late,
When the brave falter and the strong grow cold,
With hand unshaken by all palsying age
He writes the word of Justice on the page
Where Wrong for generations hath been scrolled.
O nation-shaking tongue! O voice of gold,
And heart that years nor seasons may make old!

Land of pure women and heroic men,
Whose sons through age-long darkness bravely grope
To pluck the flower of long too hopeless hope;
Dwellers in lonely huts by bog and fen,
Still fierce to drive the robbers from their den,
Still aiming straight at your immortal scope,
With old and newer foes still staunch to cope —
When dawns now near your day of triumph, then
When hymns are chanted and when thanks are said
To all who loved you in the darker days —
When the full glory of a people's praise
To light through lingering night and tempest led,
Shines like the front of heaven among the dead,
Weave then the immortal wreath for that white head!

New York Sun.

Rev. Father Scully's Gymnasium.

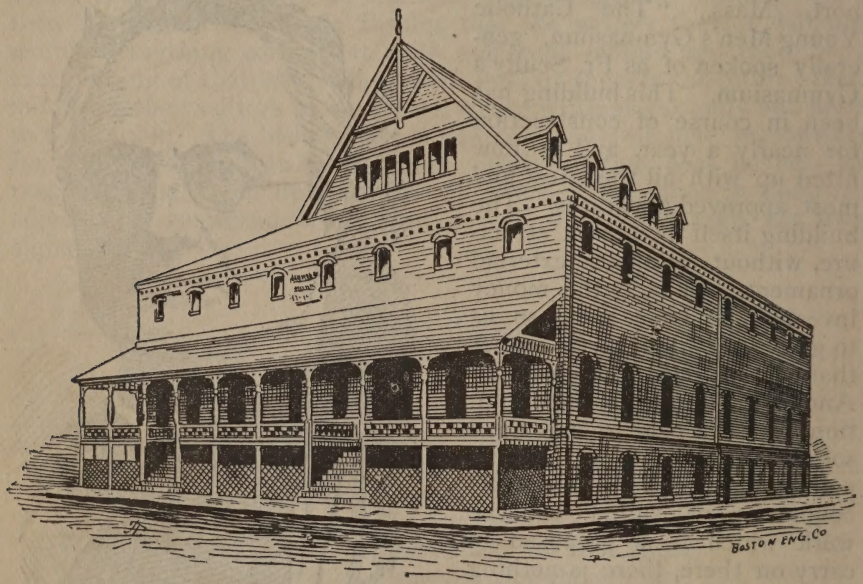
THE LATEST WORK OF THIS ENERGETIC PRIEST.

Thos Scully

On Thursday, April 1st, there was opened in Cambridgeport, Mass., "The Catholic Young Men's Gymnasium," generally spoken of as Fr. Scully's Gymnasium. This building has been in course of construction for nearly a year, and is now fitted up with all the latest and most approved apparatus. The building itself is a brick structure, without any special external ornament. In fact, the money invested has been spent so as to give something useful rather than particularly ornamental. And yet, though special attention has been paid to making a solid structure, and special pains taken to obtain inside accommodations suited to the work which it is proposed to carry on there, there is nothing unnecessarily heavy about the exterior. It is simply a plain brick building, business-like in appearance. In front, a pleasant portico runs the entire length of the building, and from this the main entrance leads. Over this, in a stone sunk into the brick wall, is cut the following inscription: "Catholic Young Men's Gymnasium, 1885." The building is one hundred and five feet long and ninety-three feet wide.

There are two entrances from the portico in front of the building, one a little to the right of the centre, and the other a little to the left of it. In the interior, between these two, is an office where a register is kept, and from which there will be a general oversight of the main hall. Just in front of this is the main hall, which will be used for exercising. The floor extends nearly the entire length of the building and is fifty-six feet in width. It is finished in ash, and presents a neat and attractive appearance, besides giving plenty of room for athletes. The floor in this part of the building is of birch. In height the hall is

sixty-six feet from the floor to the ridge pole. This height gives an especially good opportunity for light and ventilation, the hall being both bright and airy. In the evening it is lighted by chandeliers. It is furnished with first-class apparatus, which was put in under the direction of Dr. Sargent of Harvard College. The hanging apparatus is suspended from a large iron frame, which hangs at some distance below the roof of the building, just as is done in the Harvard gymnasium for the same class of apparatus.

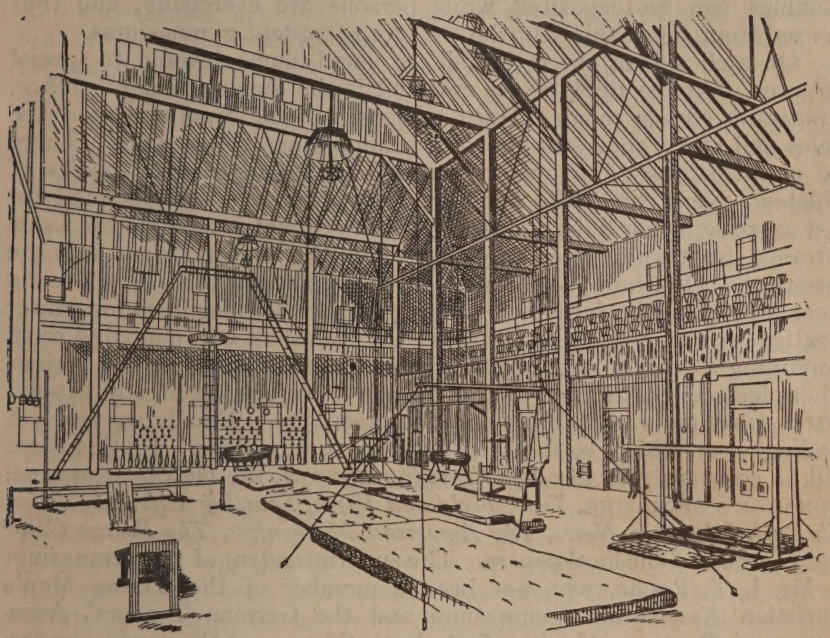


EXTERIOR OF GYMNASIUM.

Athletes will find a good horizontal bar, a set of eight roving rings, flying rings, a double and single trapeze, ropes and a pole for climbing, a rope ladder, also climbing ladders, two pairs of parallel bars, a German horse and buck, a spring board, apparatus for a tug-of-war, all kinds of pulling machines, a home trainer, chest weights, rowing weights, chest bars, floor parallel bars, a wrist machine, wall and travelling parallel bars, a health lift, an inclined plane and quarter circle, a chest expander, suspended parallel bars, a leg machine, a stand for jumping and pole vaulting, apparatus for practicing high kick, Indian clubs, dumb-bells, and various other pieces of apparatus, such as one always finds in a well-appointed gymnasium.

On each side of the main hall, and extending nearly its entire length, are galleries for spectators, affording accommodations for witnessing exercises such as are rarely seen in any building of this sort. Each gallery will seat two hundred, giving a total seating capacity of four hundred without encroaching upon the floor. There is also a small gallery at one end of the main hall, from which runners on the

track can be timed, or games viewed by a small number of spectators. Outside of the galleries is the running and bicycle track. This is especially fine. It has a hard pine floor, is eight feet wide, and only sixteen laps to the mile. At the corners the floor is raised nine inches to assist runners or walkers in turning them. The track is somewhat longer than that in the Hemenway Gymnasium, at Harvard College, which is 18 7-10 laps to the mile.



INTERIOR OF GYMNASIUM.

Descending to the basement, at the foot of the stairs we find a cloak-room, and just in front of this four fine bowling alleys seventy feet in length. In a corner just beyond the bowling alleys are billiard and pool tables. Along one side of the bowling alleys extends a cemented surface 64 feet long and 33 feet wide. This was intended to be a swimming bath, but it was decided later that it was best to make a base-ball cage of it, and netting will be put up around it for that purpose, giving a first-class chance for base-ballists to keep themselves in trim for spring work during the winter months. At one end of the base-ball room there is a solid brick wall which gives a first-rate chance for hand-ball playing. In this part of the building, too, are the lockers, of which there are 613, and next come the bath rooms. There are sixteen sponge baths at the end of the base-ball court, and besides these there is a large room for shower baths. This contains four showers with warm and cold water, or warm and cold mixed, so as to regulate the temperature, five tub baths and one seat bath. The

entire building is heated by steam, and the boilers and heating apparatus are in the basement. Water for the building is furnished by a well which is under one corner, and which many a person who has attended school in the vicinity will remember as the well in the old corner lot from which the scholars used to drink. From this well the water is pumped into an immense tank, which is under the running track, and it is from that carried over the building wherever it is wanted. In the office upstairs there will be a large safe in which valuables can be deposited while persons are exercising, and thus secured from sneak thieves, who too often frequent gymnasiums.

On each side of the main hall are small rooms devoted to special purposes. At the right of the entrance is the superintendent's office, a pleasant corner room. Here persons will be examined, and the scales and other apparatus for such examinations will be kept. There are also castings of figures representing the muscles of bodies of athletes. Next comes the sparring room, which is well adapted for that exercise, being light and of good size. There is next to this a side entrance, from which one can go both onto the main floor and into the basement. On the opposite side of this entrance there is a rowing room, which will be furnished with four hydraulic machines for winter practice by oarsmen. Going across the main hall we come to a room containing a striking bag, health lifts, abdominal machines, and various other pieces of apparatus. There is then a dressing-room, and beyond that a room for games, checkers, dominoes, etc. Finally we reach a reading-room, which is the largest of all these rooms. In this there will be constantly on file *The Century* magazine, the *Outing* magazine, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, *Turf, Field and Farm, Sporting Life, The Pilot, Illustrated London News, The American Machinists, The Boston Globe* and *Herald* and the local papers. The superintendent of the gymnasium is Mr. J. P. Roche, who has been a member of the Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium and the German Turners' Association of Boston. He is a first-class athlete, and thoroughly understands floor and track athletics, and out-door sports, in which he has won many medals. At the Institute of Technology games, on the 27th of February last, he won the prize in the middle-weight sparring. He will be assisted by Mr. Charles G. Smith of the Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium of Boston. He is a fine all round gymnast. Mr. Roche proposes to introduce regular class work into the gymnasium, on much the same principle that Dr. Sargent has at Harvard. He will have classes both in the daytime and in the evening. One of the features of the exercises given will be the dumb-bell drill as taught by Professor Roberts of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association Gymnasium. Besides this, special exercises will be assigned to various members after examination, when it has been found that they need to develop particular muscles. The object will be to give a symmetrical development to all parts of the body. Persons giving attention to specialties will also have access to the floor and the apparatus for practice. The terms for membership are ten dollars per year, and five dollars for three months, and one who has paid five dollars for three months will have the privilege of continuing his mem-

bership for the other nine months of the year, on payment of five dollars more. School boys are admitted on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and the fee for them is five dollars per year. Although called the Catholic Young Men's Gymnasium, it will be conducted on non-sectarian principles, and its benefits confined to no sect, nor race, nor class. One of the first rules laid down in its printed regulations is that all whose conduct is that of gentlemen can become members.

On the first day thirty-five membership tickets were sold, a remarkably encouraging beginning. In the evening an audience assembled that crowded the spacious galleries and filled the running track and the space at the Prospect Street end of the building reserved for spectators. Visitors were excluded from the floor. The apparatus was tried by the Milo brothers and Messrs. Eartle, Stodder, Statz, Rose and Puchenor of the German Turners' Association of Boston, who gave an interesting exhibition of tumbling and work on the bars. It was estimated that twelve hundred or fifteen hundred persons witnessed these exercises. On the 1st of May there were two hundred members belonging to the gymnasium, and every day increases the number.

The church enterprise, of which this is one of the results, owes its growth and success to the hard work, untiring zeal and indomitable energy of one man — Rev. Thomas Scully, pastor of the Church of St. Mary of the Annunciation. Father Scully was born in Ireland, and obtained his education in England, Ireland and Italy, having studied the classics in England and theology in Italy. He is now about fifty years of age, and has become famous for the church and parochial work which he has carried on so successfully at Cambridgeport. After completing his studies he was ordained in Boston, and after his ordination he went into the army as chaplain of the famous Ninth Regiment of this State. He was in the army three years, at the end of which time his health broke down and he was forced to retire to private life. While in the army he was twice made prisoner, and he can tell many interesting stories of capture, prison and escape.

He then became pastor of a church in Malden, from which place he came to Cambridge to become the first pastor of St. Mary's. This was in 1867, and at that time all that existed of the present large and valuable property of the parish was the walls and roof of the church building. Since he became pastor the church has been completed, the school and college organized and the buildings in which they are carried on erected. In 1869 the first parochial school was formed. Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal came here to take charge of it. They remained till 1875, when they were recalled to Montreal, and sisters of Notre Dame of Boston took their places. In the same year the boys' school-house was built. The school was opened in September with an attendance of three hundred and fifty. Since they were first opened these schools have steadily grown, till, at present, the girls' department contains about seven hundred and fifty and the boys' from six hundred and fifty to seven hundred. No charge has ever been made for attendance, and books have also been furnished in cases where the parents were really unable to buy them. After a few years a classical course was added. First, Greek and Latin were introduced,

and later French and German. St. Thomas Aquinas College was founded in 1881, and has, like the parochial schools, grown and prospered. At the start there were connected with it about forty students, and the number has since been increased to seventy. The full course in the college is five years in length, and includes instruction in English, the classics and science. The officers of the college are: Rev. Thomas Scully, president; Rev. J. F. Mundy, prefect of studies; Rev. J. E. Hickey, professor of mental philosophy and metaphysics; Mr. Henry Glassmacher, professor of physics, classics and modern languages; Mr. P. J. Cody, professor of classics.

In June, 1885, there was opened in the parish a Kindergarten school and given to the Sisters of Mercy. This was the first introduction of the Sisters of Mercy into the Diocese of Boston. This institution enables mothers to leave their children in care of these sisters during the day; in addition to this work the sisters visit the sick of the parish, and once or twice during the week visit the Charlestown State Prison.

Heroism.

FRANCIS MAHEDY, a New York fireman, was killed the other day by an accident while on duty. The same brave hero went into a burning building in 1863 and saved the lives of several people, and in 1878 he took a woman and five children from the roof of a burning tenement house. Both these deeds involved very great risk of his own life, and the first was so remarkable that Mahedy was given the thanks of the city.

NICHOLAS O'CONNOR, a brakeman employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, probably sacrificed his life on St. Patrick's Day to save two children. Two little ones got on the tracks at the Warren Street crossing, in Jersey City, unnoticed by the flagman, and were playing there when a locomotive approached. The engineer, David Sheldon, sounded the whistle, and the flagman shouted, but the warning only paralyzed the children with fear. The engineer reversed the machinery, but the locomotive moved on with frightful momentum. Suddenly O'Connor darted on the tracks in the path of the engine. He lifted one child and passed it out of danger. Then he pushed the second child out of the way. Then it was too late for the brakeman to save himself. The engine struck him, hurling him from the tracks. His skull was fractured, and he received internal injuries, pronounced fatal. He was removed to St. Francis' Hospital. No hope is entertained of his recovery. O'Connor is forty-eight years old, and lives at No. 114 Railroad Avenue, Jersey City. He is married and has several children.

PATRICK LYNCH, the flagman at the River Street crossing on the Erie Railroad, in Paterson, N. J., has had both his arms amputated at

the elbow, but he nevertheless writes beautifully, holding the pen between his teeth, dresses himself without aid, and does all the work of his position faithfully and well. He is brave and quick-witted. Some time ago he "knocked out" a drunken man who had attacked him, and a fortnight ago he saved the life of a young girl by his courage and presence of mind. Several mill girls were walking down the track to the silk factory; a train passed, and the girls were just stepping on the tracks to cross them when all except one noticed a train coming the other way. The girl who did not notice the train stepped on the track directly in front of the approaching locomotive, which she did not heed because she confounded the noise it made with that made by the first train. The girl's companions and the flagman yelled for her to look out, but she could not hear them. The other girls were paralyzed with horror, and turned their heads so that they should not see her killed. The engineer of the train reversed his engine and put on the air brakes, but it was too late. In the meantime, however, Lynch was on his way, dead ahead of the locomotive, and running a losing race with it, making a bee-line for the girl. When he got down the track to where she was he was not ten feet ahead of the pilot. He had no hands to seize her, so he simply threw himself against her, and with such force as to knock her headlong down the bank at the side of the track. Then he jumped to save himself. The pilot grazed his side as he was in the air, but he came down safe beyond the reach of the train. The engineer and fireman on the locomotive cheered and gave a series of shrill whistles as applause for the brave act, and the cheers were taken up by the girls, and Lynch was led back to his shanty by the whole crowd like a hero.

Rabies (Hydrophobia).

HYDROPHOBIA is a misnomer. *Rabies* is the true name. There is not the least dread of water. The victim constantly tries to slake its dreadful thirst, and when it can no longer swallow, plunges its jaws into the water and gulps at it. A mad dog has a dry mouth. It rarely foams or froths.

At first the dog is very quiet. The danger now is not from biting, but from licking your face or hands. The dog next becomes fidgety, prowls about, smells and scratches. Then it snaps at everything, and presents a gloomy and ferocious aspect.

Up to this time it is obedient to its master. Indeed this wonderful creature continues in a majority of cases to obey its master to the very last hour.

EFFECT OF CLIMATE. — Climate has its influence. The malady is rare in extreme latitudes. It appears almost exclusively in the temperate zone, and principally during the cool season. About six times as many cases occur in the spring months and in the autumn months as

in the summer. During the winter season there are about three times as many cases as during the summer season. It is in the cold season that a rabid animal is most likely to bite. In those countries where dogs abound, and suffer most from hunger and thirst, as in Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and Africa, rabies is less frequent than in those countries where dogs are better cared for.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.—When the desire to bite is developed, it first attacks inert substances, such as wood, leather, its chain, carpet, hair, coal, earth, and accumulates in its stomach the remains of the substances it tears with its teeth.

The sensibility of the animal is curiously blunted. It emits no cry of pain when it is struck, wounded or burned. It will sometimes wound itself severely with its teeth, while the poor creature, still faithful in death, will carefully avoid wounding his master or other members of the family.

The voice of the dog is the most reliable sign of the malady. It is peculiar, and when once heard can never be mistaken. The tone is hoarse, altered in quality, indistinct and on a low key. A preliminary bark is made in a somewhat elevated tone. This is immediately followed by six or eight decreasing howls, which appear to come from the depths of the throat, the jaws not closing between the sounds as in the healthy bark.

Bouley gives an account of two veterinary students who were returning to the Alfort School one night and heard the peculiar howl of a rabid dog proceeding from a house in Charenton. They awakened the proprietor of the house, and warned him of his danger. He consented to have his watchdog chained for the remainder of the night, and that he should be removed to Alfort the next morning. Mr. Bouley certified that the dog was mad; and as soon as it was placed in the cage for sick dogs, the symptoms of the disease became painfully evident. Its master could hardly believe that the creature he held in his hand, docile and obedient could be laboring under the dreadful disease. The dog was very large and powerful, and but for the careful attention of the students, whose ears had become accustomed to the peculiar tone of the rabid voice in their veterinary hospital, the animal would in all probability have got loose and done great damage.

Another reliable sign is the strange excitement produced by the presence of another dog. Your pet, being in the first stage of the disease, may be perfectly quiet, and submit to the caresses of your children; but let another dog appear and Carlo will fly at him with the most determined fury.

When the ferocious stage gains the ascendency, it flees from home, and after two or three days' wandering, during which time it tries to gratify its mad fancies on all the living creatures it has met, it often in its last moments crawls back to its master to die. At other times it escapes in the night, and after doing much damage returns in the morning. The distance a mad dog will travel even in one night is often astonishing. The paroxysms of fury are followed by periods of calm, during which the appearance of the creature is liable to mislead the observer.

A mad dog attacks other creatures rather than man. When at length the poor creature is exhausted, it staggers along, its tail and head near the ground, its eyes wandering, and frequently squinting, its mouth open, with a bluish-colored tongue soiled with dirt protruding. But even in these last moments the terrible desire to bite continues. Although it may not have the strength to turn aside to attack, it will continue up to the moment of complete paralysis and suffocation to bite every living thing that comes in its way.

There are two other varieties known as "dumb madness" and "tranquil madness." Dumb madness takes it name from the inability of the dog to produce the characteristic howl. Its lower jaw falls and it cannot close its mouth. It cannot drink, but will continue to thrust its jaws into the water in a vain effort to obtain relief. You may think your pet has something in its throat, and thrust in your fingers to find it. Beware! In "tranquil madness" the dog lies doubled up, indifferent to movements and noises about him, but it is not well to rouse him.

DISEASES MISTAKEN FOR RABIES. — There are other diseases among dogs often mistaken for hydrophobia. Epilepsy, in which there are sudden fits, foaming at the mouth, short cries and struggling on the ground is perhaps most common. In hydrophobia there is *never anything like this.*

Another disease known as "*The Distemper*" is often confounded with hydrophobia. It commences with sneezing and cough, then comes a thin and watery discharge from the nose and eyes, which soon changes to pus. The disposition to rove, so characteristic of hydrophobia, is entirely absent, and there is no irritability nor desire to bite.

Spasmodic colic produces severe pain and such irritability as to give a disposition to bite; but the animal never barks or howls, as in rabies, and the symptoms are intermittent.

BITES NOT FATAL. — Only a small portion of those bitten by a rabid dog have the disease. John Hunter knew an instance where twenty-one were bitten and but one died. Watson says that of fifteen bitten by a mad dog, three succumbed. Vaughan relates an instance in which twenty or thirty persons were bitten and only one perished. Sully tells us of four persons and twelve dogs bitten by the same rabid dog. The dogs all died, the people all escaped.

I knew a case similar to this mentioned by Sully. In 1843, in Central New York, a rabid cur bit one horse and three dogs all of whom died from rabies. The dog bit likewise five persons, one of whom, a man much intoxicated at the time, was terribly lacerated in one arm. Not one of the persons suffered the dreaded malady.

The period between the bite and the appearance of the malady is, with the dog usually from four to ten weeks, in the cat from two to four weeks, in the horse from two to eight weeks, in the ox from one to twelve weeks. In man the period is from fifteen to two hundred and fifty days, though usually from four to seven weeks. Cases are given by high authorities in which the malady has been developed several years after the bite.

Professor Pillwax of Vienna reports that during 1862, when rabies

prevailed in Vienna as an epizooty, five hundred and fifty-two mad dogs were brought to the veterinary institute for examination, and it was found that of the whole number only thirty-two were really mad, though a large majority of them were queer and had bitten people.

It is easy to determine by a brief post-mortem examination whether the animal had been really mad. In the city of my residence we had a wild scare over mad dogs lasting several weeks. I made forty-two post-mortem examinations, and found that only the original case had been true rabies. Forty-one dogs had fallen victims to a senseless cry. It is a touching sight to see a frightened dog pursued through the streets by a rabble of boys and policemen. With the policemen's revolvers, and stones in the hands of a hundred boys, the poor fugitive is doomed, but it makes a great effort to escape.

Bessie Marsh had the prettiest little spaniel I ever saw. It got into the street, and the boys began to stone another mad dog. Just as I turned a corner, driving rapidly, I heard a pistol shot, and saw poor Charley, Bessie's pet, flying before a crowd of yelling boys and armed policemen. I handed the lines to my boy, sprang out of my carriage, squatted on the ground, cried to poor Charley, who, with his little mistress, had ridden with me a hundred times. He rushed into my arms, I leaped back into the carriage, and in a flash we were out of sight of the wild crowd.

How Cured. — If bitten by a mad dog, instantly press the part as hard as possible, and cry out for a red-hot iron. Push it into the puncture made by the tooth. This will destroy the virus. The next best thing is a sharp knife. Let the cutting be free.

If hydrophobia be developed, a hot air or hot vapor bath is the best treatment. Keep the patient in till all the symptoms disappear, if happily it be possible to cure the victim.

Dio Lewis.

The Providence Cathedral.

COMPLETION OF BISHOP HENDRICKEN'S GREAT WORK. — A MAGNIFICENT TEMPLE.

When the Right Rev. Dr. Hendricken, bishop of the diocese of Providence, R. I., announced his intention, nine years ago, of erecting the finest ecclesiastical edifice in New England, if not in the entire country, as his cathedral church, the community believed the undertaking to be a gigantic one. When it was stated that the cost of the magnificent structure would exceed $1,000,000 and the question was asked by the laity as well as the clergy, where is this great sum of money coming? The energetic prelate smiled confidently as he answered, "I will raise it from my people." Eight years ago the ground was first broken. To-day the cathedral is practically completed, and if it were necessary the consecration exercises could be held in a few weeks.

As there is no especial haste the date has been fixed for this month (June). Bishop Hendricken will then be justified in indulging in no little self-congratulation, for he will turn over to his diocese the most ornate cathedral in America, on which nearly $1,200,000 have been expended and on which there is not a dollar of indebtedness. Considering the size of the building and the intricate elaboration of much of the interior work, the time consumed in the completion is short, although many of the bishop's people, unmindful of the teachings of the history of cathedral building in the past, have become impatient for the end. But the bishop reminded them that the Cologne Cathedral was eight hundred years in the building, and that eight years is a very short time for so great a work as his.

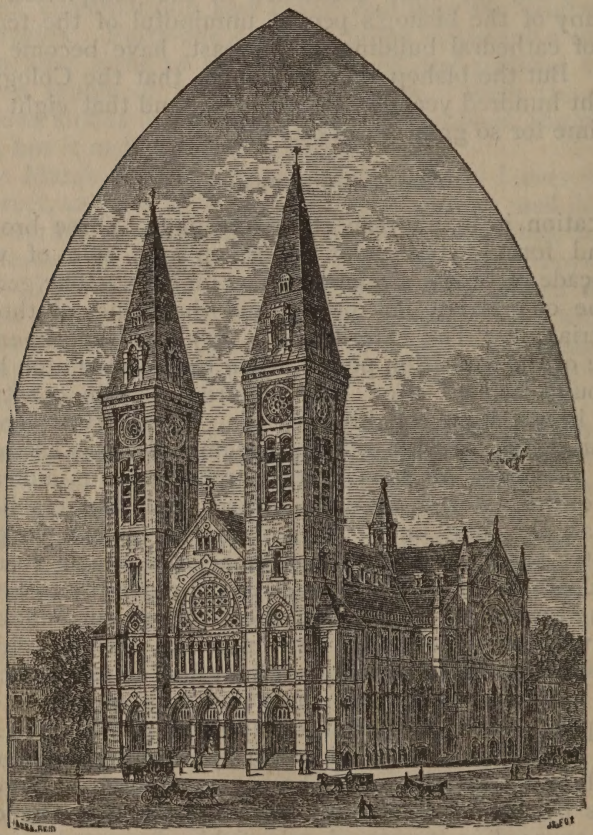
Architectural Features.

The location is in all respects a fine one. Three broad streets intersect and form a triangular space, on one side of which the enormous façade of brown sandstone rears on high. The geographical centre of the city is not far distant, and the principal thoroughfare enters the triangle. The exterior is a very good specimen of later Romanesque of the transition period, when the pointed arch had forced away the round headed one. The material used in construction is Connecticut brown stone roughly dressed. The doorways and window edges are hammered, and the exterior ornamentation is entirely of cut stone. The plainness of Romanesque architecture is adhered to as regards the entire exterior, small buttresses and pilasters being only used to break the long lines. Two immense towers, suggestive of those of Notre Dame, in Montreal, with a large centre rose window, cusped trefoil, are the principal features of the north front on Cathedral Square. The towers are square and the tops are surrounded by low battlements with heavy consoles. An immense clock will occupy one of the towers, while the other will contain a fine chime of bells. The general plan is that of a nave, two short transepts, an apsidal choir and two side chapels. A large crypt is occupied by the Sunday school of the parish. A vault will be provided for the future interment of the deceased bishops of the diocese. The entrance porch is large and the floor ascends by several long rows of marble steps. The ceiling is vaulted and encased in quartered oak, richly decorated, in mediæval style, in black, carmine and gold. The nave consists of six bays, with pointed arches. The roof is tunnel vaulted and is, like the porch, lined with light oak, with elaborate ornamentation in black, red and gold.

Ornate Sculpture Work.

The capitals are unique. The general effect is that of foliated Gothic, but the details are so extensive as almost to defy description. Each capital is composed of small groups of statuary representing Biblical subjects, and a mass of fruits, flowers and the foliage of familiar shrubs and trees. The pine, elm, oak, hickory, chestnut, cedar, walnut, hawthorn, ivy, palm, grape and laurel find representation there, and the fruits of the apple, strawberry, plum, gooseberry, currant,

walnut, hazel nut and the mulberry are all chiselled with great artistic fidelity and skill. The principal flowers represented are the lily, rose, geranium, passion flower, orange, sweet brier and shamrock. The groups of statuettes illustrate various points of sacred and ecclesiastical history from Adam in Paradise to that of a priest administering the last sacrament to the dying. The entablature above the capitals of the



PROVIDENCE CATHEDRAL.

columns is ornately decorated, and higher up comes the arched bays of the cloister-like galleries, which are timber vaulted and decorated like the roof of the nave. They are lighted by a second row of short lancet windows, and while not intended for use except on extraordinary occasions, these triforiums will, together with those over the side chapels of the transepts, accommodate seventeen hundred sittings. The side aisles are vaulted by richly decorated oak, and they are groined heavily with the same durable material. The windows of the nave aisles — six on each side — are large lancets, mullioned, and, as is every other window in the cathedral, filled with elaborate stained glass. The champers are deep and serrated, reaching down to the wainscot of

various colored marbles which to the height of five feet surrounds the entire exterior.

The Altar and Choir.

The choir or presbyterium is elevated above the marble tiled floor of the nave aisles and transepts, and it is covered with polished marble slabs, with small squares of pink marble at the corners of each slab. The walls are decorated similarly to those of the nave. Three small lancets open behind the grand altar, and above is an enormous wheel window, the centre of which depicts the crucifixion. The numerous panels between the cusps are of mediæval richness with their exquisite stained glass. The high altar is not yet erected. It will be constructed of rare and costly marbles and Mexican onyx. It is placed on an elevation, reached by three marble steps. It will be covered by a carved baldochino, and as the worthy bishop has set his heart on the work being of the highest degree of richness and artistic skill, it is reported that the cost will be not less than $30,000. The transepts on either side are separated by bays, with ophite columns, from a gallery, from which open recessed chapels, one on either side of the choir. These chapels will contain sub-altars, above each of which is a fine painting by Lamprecht, now in position.

The Episcopal Throne.

The platform of the bishop's throne is located on the left of the choir, and the stalls for the priests and presbyters, which will line the choir, will be of carved mahogany. The stained glass filling the windows is probably the most complete as regards the scope of the subjects depicted to be seen in the country. It was executed by the Pastals, of Innspruck, who painted the glass of Cologne Cathedral for the German government. A complete Biblical history is shown by a study of the stained glass. The figures of the windows of the aisles and transepts are of life size and the coloring is of rare excellence. The general effect is that of ancient specimens of glass decoration; the modern attempts at obtaining variety and richness by tricks and devices are studiously ignored. The cathedral of St. Mungo, in Glasgow, contains a similar and more extensive collection of painted glass; but the collection in the new cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul is worthy of a long journey to Providence to study by those who are interested in and can appreciate the rare excellence and the extensive scope of the work of the artists who put it together.

The wheel windows are probably the finest trio on the continent of North America. Between each of the bays of the nave are located framed cartoons painted by Professor Kleine of Munich, representing scriptural subjects. Beneath the windows of the transepts are placed four confessionals of mahogony. There are seats of mahogonized cherry in the nave and a portion of the transepts for three thousand sitters. The organ loft is above the entrance to the porch. It is a light, graceful gallery, supported by small columns and ceiled with decorated oak, the same as the vault of the nave. The organ now in course of fabrication, will cost over $10,000.

Before the Battle.

THE "SHAN VAN VOCHT" AND THE "GRAND OLD MAN" SING A DUET.

BE there on Thursday night,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Foremost in the fight,
Says the Shan Van Vocht:
I'll be there on Thursday night
To let in a little light
On Home Rule and Tenant Right,
Says the Grand Old Man.

Don't be such a fool,
Says the Shan Van Vocht:
Just grant us our Home Rule,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Let the landlords get the rint
From an Irish parliamint.
I think I'll take the hint,
Says the Grand Old Man.

Where is Scrupulous Joe?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
His spirits are very low,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
"Three Acres and a Cow"
Are both exploded now,
But brought forth a *calf*, I vow,
Says the Grand Old Man.

The *Pall Mall's* trimming too,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Helping the Orange crew,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Ah, don't mind poor old Stead,
He has quite lost his head
Through that horrible plank bed,
Says the Grand Old Man.

Then, there is Lord Randy,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Who thinks Home Rule unhandy,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

In his war paint he'll appear
To unsay his words last year,
But we'll smash him, never fear,
Says the Grand Old Man.

There's the I. L. P. U.,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
With bogus petitions — true,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Boycotted ghosts and ghouls,
Minus bodies, brains or sowls,
At night they shew like owls,
Says the Grand Old Man.

What will poor Ireland do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
What will poor Ireland do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
What would poor Ireland do,
But meet them firm and true,
As she did in Eighty-two,
Says the Grand Old Man.

We had our Grattan then,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
And other sterling men,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
To-day you have Parnell,
And hosts of friends as well,
Your harrowing tale to tell,
Says the Grand Old Man.

If they don't relish facts,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Take care to bring your axe,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
And when the tree you'll fell,
Just hand it to Parnell,
He'll want it here as well,
Says the Shan Van Vocht."

Cork Herald.

THE *Connecticut Catholic* states that, in accordance with the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, the ten-cent door collection has been abolished at the Hartford Cathedral. A space is set apart for those unable to hire seats. Others, not pew holders, who attend services, will be expected to pay the customary amount in their seats.

Three Decisions.

THE civil courts have recently rendered three decisions affecting the Catholic Church which seem worthy of more than passing notice, not because they furnish the members of the Catholic faith with any enlightenment on the matters in dispute, but for the reason that they show how fairly the American courts, which in times past were not altogether free from bias in such trials, are now disposed to deal with Catholic dignitaries, who, against their will, are brought before them, or compelled to invoke their jurisdiction.

The first of these three cases is the suit that was instituted some time ago against the worthy archbishop of this city, when one of the depositors in the Augustinian Society of Lawrence, which encountered financial embarrassments, from which, however, it is happily emerging now, sought to hold liable for the deposits she made in that institution. The suit in question was, of course, simply a test case, and, had it proven successful, it would have been speedily followed by others. Judge William Allen of the Supreme Court, however, decided that the plaintiff in the suit had no claim upon the archbishop, and his decision will meet with the approval of all who have followed the arguments of the case.

Out in Detroit the rebellious Father Kolasinski, whose litigations with Bishop Borgess compelled that prelate to appeal to the courts in order to gain possession of certain church property, has been beaten, despite all his dishonest artifices, and he is no longer a resident of the city in which his priestly insubordination caused so much trouble and scandal. There never was any hesitancy in public opinion in this case, and, in deciding against Father Kolasinski, the courts have simply done what everybody long since acknowledged right and proper.

Finally, the county court of common pleas, in the State of Pennsylvania, rendered another decision in the old litigation into which Bishop O'Hara of Scranton was driven by Rev. M. P. Stack, a clergyman whom he was compelled some years ago to depose for misconduct. The latest phase of this litigation, and the one in which a decision was reached last week, was a suit on the part of the deposed priest to compel the bishop to assign him to duty again. Such a demand was, of course, ridiculous, and the judge of the court very promptly dismissed it, saying that the bishop certainly had a right, in the exercise of a purely ecclesiastical function, to exercise his own discretion, and was answerable for that use only to the church itself.

These three decisions, it is true, contain nothing that is new or uncommon, and the courts that rendered them could not, without perverting justice, have arrived at any other solutions. Nevertheless, they are worth putting on record here, if only to show that, despite all the clamor of fanatics and bigots, the time has come when no litigant can hope to secure an unjust verdict against the Catholic Church in this country by dragging its dignitaries into the civil courts.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

DOLLY.

We were schoolfellows, Dolly and I,
At a little dame school in the town close by:
I carried her books, and she held my hand—
Two innocent children of God's own band.
We would marry when we grew up, we said,
Grave plans for the time to come we laid—
A small boy I, and a wee girl she,
In those bygone days—ah me, ah me,

We grew—we were married—Dolly and I,
At the quaint old church in the town close by;
The farm was purchased, the fees were paid—
"What a blithe young couple!" the neighbors said.
And so we were till the winds blew bleak,
And chilled the roses on Dolly's cheek,
Like the waning tide of a waveless sea,
Her life ebbed gently—ah me, ah me.

If you want to know why I ofttimes sigh,
You must come with me to the town close by;
You must see the church where our vows were said,
And the mound that covers the restful dead.
For my love is sleeping the quiet sleep
That the Shepherd gives to his wearied sheep;
And the world is not what it used to be,
Ere its sunlight faded for her and me.

Whoever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of theives, criminals and paupers have come to what they are, by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community, those who make our great and noble men, were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

JUNE ROSES.

"Now the roses bloom in June,
Now the birds sing all in tune,
Lullaby, the breezes sigh,
And the bee goes humming on,
And the cuckoo's work is done.
And the sea is pacified,
Like an angry child that cried,
And the trees have Sunday gowns,
And the sky now pouts and frowns,
But to shine more brightly still
On the purple-mantled hill.
Month of roses bright and red,
Month when ev'ry grace is shed,
Blest calm upon life's troubl'd sea,
Breathing, O SACRED HEART, of thee."

THE boy and girl of whom I write, were neither better nor worse than those for whom I write.

They had the same thoughts about many things, the same temptations, the same petty jealousies, the same capabilities, and what is seldom wanting, the same opportunities for doing good or evil. And then, their daily life was somewhat the same, the constant routine of weary labor, the same motives to actuate their progress, or retard it, for boys and girls take their own views of life, exactly as men and women do, and sometimes their views are just as crooked and quite as unreasonable. But for all that, I must confess that I have much sympathy for the younger portion of life's family, and very much more indulgence for the mistakes into which they sometimes fall.

Life is so new to them, the liberty of will, and the power of understanding feel so strange and provoking, as it were, and then they have no life-experience to guide them, as the elder blunderers have, but they go on doing the best they can, poor things! with what they have got, and if they do get into a difficulty, is it not like a man travelling a strange road, which may be all pitfalls covered over with white dust and small stones, for all he knows? And if it is so, and that he happens to fall into one of the holes, one cannot help pitying him that he should have been so deceived; but if he comes the same road next day and again dives into the pit, with his eyes open, we are tempted to pass him by, without rendering assistance, for we cannot help arguing, he has experience *now*, and should have avoided the pitfall, when he knew it was in the road.

Now, boys and girls, can you see my meaning? The traveller who is a man to-day, was but a child yesterday, without previous knowledge, without experience. And yet I fear that the boys and girls nowadays cannot so well plead ignorance and inexperience as those of former times. How many who write for you now have not felt the want of a magazine like yours in their unassisted youth, when there was no monthly *Monitor* to warn them, no monthly *Friend* to counsel them,

and no heart to sympathize with the little wrong-doings, which made up the sum of their youth? Ah! boys and girls, I fear me, you do not sufficiently appreciate the good which God has placed within your reach, and which may be only estimated at its proper value when it is too late.

But this looks like preaching, does it not? though it is merely moralizing; but I must hurry through my story.

Jeannie Morgan and John Willis were the respective names of my hero and heroine, and here comes a strange fact: *they did not know one another at all.* They had never seen each other, yet they knew each other's names. One, Jeannie Morgan, lived in a manufacturing village in England, and John Willis was the son of a peasant farmer in Ireland. But you see the same sun shines over all, and, though at present, people seem likely to forget the fact, the Almighty Creator is Father of all, therefore we are all brothers and sisters, members of One Head, and this far-away brother and sister were present together in the mind of God, and associated and united in the same way, for a great and wise purpose.

It was the famine year in Ireland. Devotion to the Sacred Heart had not become as general, or as widely practised as it is at the present time, though most people cherished a most tender respect for the practice, and observed it in private. Michael Willis, John's father, like most of the peasant farmers, had pinched and spared in his little household until the pinching and the sparing amounted to stinginess and half-allowance, and then, the boy John, who was about fourteen, could stand the state of affairs no longer, and he begged his father to allow him to go up to the "Big House," and ask for work.

"Work, indeed," was his father's bitter reply; "there isn't work for the old hands, of whom three were discharged yesterday. And do you think they'd take in new ones? there's nothing to do on the farm."

"But there may be in the house," John urged. "I'd make beds, and wash saucepans, sooner than starve here." The poor lad was desperate, and seeing it, his father said no more, though the old man's pride was sorely wounded, and he could have wept for very shame and sorrow.

"We have beggars enough already," was the response of the haughty housekeeper, to John's persistent appeal for employment, and at length the boy was stung into retaliation, and he spoke bitterly of the days when this very dame had tasted of the prosperity which had but recently forsaken the house of his father, and with a foolish boyish threat, he turned away, ere Madame Weir had time to do what she threatened, namely, let the house dog, the fierce blood-hound, Wassail, on his track.

John Willis went back to his daily school life, and endeavoured hard to master "the three R's," on an empty stomach and sinking heart; but poor John having had no previous experience of hunger and want to fortify him for the present, began after a time to lounge off in the middle of the day, and seek the shelter of a neighboring wood, where after refreshing himself with some nuts and honey-suckles, he

would sleep away the intervening time between that and night, when he made home for his frugal potato supper.

John, usually the sharpest boy in school, might indeed have continued so without much trouble, but for his interview with the housekeeper, at the big house, for John's companions were all just as hungry and just as emaciated as John himself; but being better accustomed to that state of things, they did not feel as much cast down, for Madame Weir's arrogance had almost utterly broken his strong, brave spirit. He did not now pay much attention to his school companions, indeed he hardly knew whether or not Jack Ross, who used to beat him at the sums, ever recovered from the fever, or whether Jem Maher still continued at the foot of the class, a place Jem had taken when he first came to Mr. Dodd's Seminary, in the Widow Walsh's barn, and which he held manfully, for three years at least, to John's personal knowledge. All the items and interest of school life were gradually fading from the boy's notice, when one day, on seeking his favorite resting-place in Ballybough Wood, he saw it no longer vacant, and a wee lad, with a thin delicate face, and startingly bright blue eyes, looked up with a smile, as John advanced, slowly closing, however, the book which he held in his hand, the thumb of his left hand carefully marking the page last read.

"This is a real cosy spot," he remarked, as if the latest comer were an old acquaintance. "I intend to read here for the future, I am so anxious to get well up in this 'rithmetic."

"You can't read here then," said John, alarmed for his future privacy; "this is my place, and I won't give it to anybody."

"Oh, that's a horse of another color," said the boy laughing faintly; "you have the best right to it, if you knew it first," and he immediately got up, and moving off to a little distance, again seated himself, as if about to open a conversation. But John did not come here for conversation, but for his usual luncheon of nuts, and he felt annoyed at the unwelcome intrusion, and stood irresolutely for some time, until something in the stranger's brilliant eye attracted him, and he asked his name.

"Why, do you not know me? I am Art Morgan. I am coming to school since the beginning of spring, when my uncle came to Squire Anderdon's, yonder."

"What does your uncle do there?" John asked.

"He is a herd, David Morgan, oh, you must know him."

John had a faint recollection of the man. "Do you know if they require a boy for anything indoor or outdoor, it doesn't matter which?"

"I don't know, but I rather think not, or uncle would try and get me into it," said the boy thoughtfully. "Work is very scarce now, and uncle tries to keep me at school for a bit, the way I'd have a chance in the works — at home in England, I mean," he finished, as he saw his auditor's sudden start.

John began to like the stranger, and they soon met evening after evening in the same place, and John began not to mind eating his nuts before the new boy, and from that time out he began to talk to him of his hopes and fears and wishes, and going on from one thing to another

they became fast friends, and enjoyed frequently the pleasures of a mutual interchange of ideas on some interesting topics.

The month of June was approaching, and the boys met oftener, for now in the bright, dewy mornings, they sought the shelter of the soft, leafy wood, and enjoyed the early freshness of nature, and as the boys grew more intimate with each other, they gave free expression to the feelings of their souls, and all the fears, and strange, puzzling thoughts, that are so often hidden away and unspoken, were unrestrainedly discussed, as they endeavored to assist each other, in unravelling those mind puzzles, which boys generally brood over in silence.

"I fear I shall soon be leaving here," John's companion abruptly told him, one soft, sweet summer day, as they basked in the chequered shade of the luxuriant foliage.

John started apprehensively, then controlling his real feelings, he said banteringly, "Afraid? I only wish I were leaving here, and I would not fear."

"I am also glad, as far as the employment goes," said Art; "but then I shall feel very lonely for you, John, and I shall miss those restful chats, and—and—I am sorry," he finished abruptly. John did not reply.

"But there is another thing, also," said Art, "that makes me glad and sorry. You have heard me speak of Jeannie?"

"Your cousin?—who writes you all the nice letters?—yes, I know. Is she glad for you to go back?" said John.

"Oh, yes, of course. The manager and his wife would do anything for Jeannie, and she has been ever trying to get a light job for me, because—" Art ceased suddenly, and laughed aloud. "Well, it does sound ridiculous; but Jeannie uses very big words, and she used to say, 'You know, Art, I am ambitious, and I want you to get something that will raise you.' This is why she kept asking the manager, and reminding him of me. If I can hold that for a year, I shall advance higher, and my salary will be considerably raised. Jeannie knows that."

"You should see Jeannie praying," Art continued; "she prays for everything she wants, and she gets most things too. That is how she has got the work for me, I dare say. She dresses the altar in the little Church; it is such a shabby little one; but, oh, Jeannie does make the altar nice. And then she has such funny notions about flowers, she must have special kinds for every month. Now, in May for instance, you can hardly keep her in white flowers for Mary's altar, and now this month, I am sure she has the whole country scoured for scarlet flowers. She will accept any red ones; but if you want to make her really happy give her roses; June roses, as she says, will get everything for us from our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. But these are not all Jeannie's curious fancies. She says that nature's roses are not enough, but we must make garlands and bouquets of good acts, to offer to the Sacred Heart, and then she counts up everything disagreeable that occurs, and the more she feels the wrong, the brighter she says her rose will be, and the dearer to the Sacred Heart, and if something very mortifying happens, she will try to look glad, and whisper to me, 'another

June rose, Art.' Some call her 'little saint,' others 'little fool,' but no matter what they call her, she is pleased all the same."

"It's well for her," John drily remarked, for he thought bitterly of his grudge against the housekeeper of "the big house," and how often he had wished for an opportunity of "paying her back;" "but I suppose she can't feel things as we would, Art."

"Can't feel as we do, that she can't, but a thousand times more intensely," was Art's half indignant reply. "Oh, John," he continued earnestly, "Jeannie could see, and feel, and understand the lifting of your eye-brow, if you did it in derision, and if she had her eyes shut. Did I never tell you," he said more slowly, "that she is a hunchback, and is very sore and sad about it too? That is how she suffers so much annoyance, for youngsters and others twit her about it, and then she is ashamed to go out at all; but for that very reason she does go, especially to the Church." John bowed his head, he was partly ashamed of his remark, and was silent.

But now in a still more subdued voice, Art went on: "But there is something also about Jeannie, that nobody but myself knows, that is myself and her." John raised his head and listened with much attention.

"Jeannie is nothing to us at all; she was stolen from her mother by some gipsy people. She came from Ireland too, and my grandmother got so fond of her that she told my uncle she was her daughter's child. My uncle was in America at the time that his sister and her baby both died, and that was about the time that my grandmother befriended the dying gipsy, and took the little child. Granny told both Jeannie and me before she died, but she bade us not to mention it to uncle, unless Jeannie's own mother was found or came forward to claim her." About this juncture the boys were interrupted by the arrival of Art's uncle, who informed the boy that he had a message for him, and both turned off together, leaving John alone.

All that night John's thoughts were very troubled ones. He lay awake tossing and restless, or, if he slept, the vision of a deformed hunchbacked child, laden with crimson roses, roused him suddenly, and anon he saw Art holding a floral garland, the words, good actions, shining through them like gold, and then the crippled little girl came forward to hand another to a bright and radiant being who awaited them, and who stretched his hand to John, but alas! John had nought to offer, and he felt grieved and sad.

The next day was a lonely one for John. Art was not at school, and at noontime he lay basking alone in the golden wood and thinking of Art's strange romance about June roses and May snowdrops, until suddenly the Angelus bell rang out distinctly on the calm, sweet summer air. John jumped to his feet. "I'll go to the chapel," he said to himself; "but first let me see if I can find some red flowers, June roses," the boy repeated softly, and as if the fanciful idea had peculiar charm for him he kept repeating, "June roses, May snowdrops; pity June is too late for snowdrops; I think they're just the thing."

Almost at John's feet he found a wild, beautiful scarlet flower that drooped its petals so coaxingly, and hung its leaves so prettily, that

almost before he knew what he was doing, he was in the little chapel, kneeling before the altar, and a fresh, scarlet garland lay at the very door of the tabernacle, for there was no statue of the Sacred Heart in the poor mountain chapel.

It was almost dusk that evening when John's loneliness urged him to go to the house of Art's uncle, the herd, and make enquiries for the boy. It had been a very hot day, and the very trellis work round the great man's lodge, seemed luxuriating in the refreshing cool of the summer evening. The boy passed through the formidable iron gates unquestioned, and bent his steps to the marshy bog ground, where the herd's cabin lay. The door was open, and John entered, and finding the place unoccupied, he sat down to await the coming of either uncle or nephew. The boy's sleepless night rendered his head heavy, and leaning his forehead against the sill, he fell asleep.

The murmur of voices awakened but did not rouse him, and when the female voice grew louder and more shrill, John heard her say, —

"Can you tell me nothing, then? One of the gypsy band sought me out before he died, he was the only one knew the truth, after the death of the woman. He told me the child, my little stolen one, was left in the village of Raem, in a manufacturing district in England. The name he gave me was yours, Morgan."

"I know nothing about it at all," Art's uncle replied; "the man must have been deceiving you; there are no people of the name in that place but ourselves, and I have but my niece and my nephew, children, one of my brother and one of my sister. So you see there is nothing in that information."

The woman gave a wild, despairing sob. "My child, oh, my one little lamb," she repeated in deep tones of anguish; "when she was stolen from me, I was pretty well off; but since then I have amassed a good sum of money, and if I could now find her, she would have every luxury. The man told me that she was deformed; the doctors feared that when she was an infant; but for that reason she would require all the greater care, and the riches I now possess, I could spend on getting her cured."

"Yes," Art's uncle said, absently, for he had begun to read, after his speech, John knew by the rustling of the paper; "but you see, Ma'am Weir, she is hardly likely to be found now."

"Weir" — John started to his feet and gazed through the open window, at the pair seated on the bench outside.

Truly, it was she, the housekeeper at the Squire's, she who had treated him so rudely and haughtily, when he merely asked for employment. No, John was not going to serve *her*. Here was the great opportunity for which he had longed for months. John pressed his face against the window pane, and saw her white, set look of despair, as she walked slowly away, holding her left hand pressed against her side.

"I was waiting for you, Mr. Morgan," John said, coming out of the house. "I wanted to know about Art, he was not at school to-day."

"At school, my boy, oh, no. He is gone back to England this morning. We have a funny little fairy, or angel, or something of that

sort at home. I daresay Art has been telling you of her, and although she is obliged to work very hard in the factory herself, poor child, the manager and his wife both love her, so she has got from them a nice position for Art, and he was obliged to go back at once. Poor Jeannie," he said, meditatively, "I wish she could get something easy for herself, she is so very delicate for such hard labor; but what can poor folks do? This job of Art's, though, may give us a lift."

John opened his lips to speak; he felt sorry for the little girl; but then, Madam Weir, and his revenge. Ah, no, he was not going to serve her; it was his turn now, so he bade the man good evening and turned sadly away. "Good evening, my lad, you're sorry for Art, I'll be bound. You two were such close companions."

"Yes," was all John said; his heart was heavy and sad. Art's sudden departure almost overcame him; then he remembered Jeannie's June roses, Madam Weir's white, suffering face, Jeannie's delicate, deformed body, and her laborious factory work, and somehow his revenge did not give him all the pleasure he anticipated.

Another sleepless night for John. Towards morning he dozed and dreamed that the same bright being of the previous night held his garland black and withered in its hand, and looking reproachfully at John, showed him the words, good actions, over his own name, John Willis, and then there was a line drawn through them, as if to blot them out of the book of life. The morning dawn was fresh on field and flower when John Willis stood at the door of the Squire's mansion.

There was no stir of life, and the boy waited patiently for hours, when at last he ventured to knock again. Then there was a window raised above his head, and the voice of Madam Weir herself demanded, "Who is there?"

John replied as politely as possible, then the window was lowered hastily, and the same shrill voice ordered him to be off. "That's you again, is it, disturbing the place at such an unseasonable hour? Be off at once or I will call the dog out on you."

John closed his lips firmly and took his departure, and Madam Weir closed her window with a bang, and John went slowly on his way, professing himself pleased that she would not listen to him, "For now it is not my fault, and I need not further disturb myself," he argued.

On passing the open church door, John turned in. Mass was just beginning, and John saw the old priest move his garland aside almost reverently, and replace it, before he descended the altar steps when Mass was over. That day John wove another scarlet garland to replace the withered one of yesterday, and when he knelt before the tabernacle after making his simple offering, a strange, sweet sweetness stole over his boyish heart, and the tears almost came to his eyes, at the thought of how little he could do in return for all the Sacred Heart had done for him; how little he could love in return for all the wonderful love of the Sacred Heart.

That evening John Willis wrote his first letter, it ran thus:—"Please, Madam Weir, come this evening to the cottage of Mr. Morgan, the herd, I know about your little girl, and I can tell you where she is.

I went to tell you this morning, but you did not understand and would not listen to me. Your obedient servant, JOHN WILLIS."

That very evening all was explained. Art's uncle was delighted "at Jeannie's fine prospects, for I was never anxious for the work; but what could we do?" he said.

Madam Weir set off for Raem, that very night, to bring back her daughter with her, but John did not see either of them any more. Mrs. Weir and Jeannie were on their way home when John Willis and Art's uncle were speeding away, in response to an invitation from Art to hurry to Raem, as he had got two suitable jobs for them, permanent, and with good wages.

John was afterwards heard to say, when he was a rich and prosperous man, that he owed everything to the *June roses.*

A SMALL American of Irish descent is living in a New Jersey village. He is but four years old, and, misunderstanding his mother's order to buy a loaf of bread at a certain store near at hand, walked across fields, ditches and hedgerows to another village three miles away, bought the loaf, and started homeward. He was sent out at breakfast time, reached the bread shop at 3 P.M., and was disentangled from a barbed wire fence two miles from home at 7 o'clock that evening. His clothes were in ribbons, his flesh torn by briers and the cruel wires; he had lost his cap and one shoe, and gone fasting since 9 o'clock A.M. But he still hugged the loaf of bread which his mother had charged him to "bring safe home." If the urchin's fidelity and pluck grow with his stature and strengthen with robust manhood, he will be an honor to the land that gave him birth and to the world.

GYMNASTIC exercises, with more or less system, have been common from the earliest ages, but more especially among the ancients; and of these, the Greeks seem to have been the most thoroughly convinced of the importance of this feature of education, and developed a more complete and scientific system than has ever existed, either before or since. Their gymnasia were well-ordered establishments, combining a great variety of atheletic performances, many of which are the favorite pastimes of the present day, — running, jumping, wrestling, boxing, quoit-pitching, top-spinning, etc. Over the various departments of these institutions were placed supervisors of experience, — some whose duty it was to anoint and prepare the performers for the exercise; and others, to study the hygienic effects of the various gymnastics, and assign the beginners to those most suitable for them; and others still, who had in charge the moral welfare of the youth.

Terrence V. Powderly.

THE head of the Knights of Labor is Terrence V. Powderly. He was born in Carbondale, Pa., January 24, 1849. He learned the machinist's trade and at the age of nineteen joined the Machinists and Blacksmiths' Union of Scranton, Pa., and became its presiding officer. Ten years ago he became secretary of District Assembly No. 16. He was active in forming the first General Assembly in 1878. In the labor movement of 1877 he was made mayor of Scranton. He was re-elected to the same office by the Democrats and again on the people's ticket. He has been re-elected six times to his present position. His ancestors were Irish.

An Interesting Sketch of Mr. T. V. Powderly Given by Himself.

"I was born in Carbondale, Pa., in January, 1849, of Irish parents, who came to this country in 1826. They were Catholics. I was their eleventh child, there being four girls, and eight boys in the family. My father was a day laborer. I was sent to school at seven years of age, and continued at school until I was about thirteen, when I went to work for the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, having the care of a switch on one of their railroad branches. I worked at this for several years, and then was employed in the machine shops of the company. I left Carbondale in 1869, and went to Scranton, and found work in the shops of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company. At night I studied drawing and mechanical engineering, my ambition then being to become a master mechanic. I was married in 1872. I joined the Machinists and Blacksmiths' Union in 1870, and was soon elected president.

"My interest in trades unions began in 1870. My idea was that men who worked at the machinists' trade should understand one another throughout the country, so that they might be of assistance to each other. One of the aims in view was to make the subordinate unions schools in which should be taught the arts and mysteries of the craft. You may know that in the papers which bound me as an apprentice those words were used. I discovered after being a member of the union for a while, that it did not fill my ideal of what such an organization should be, and as a remedy for grievances it would not do much for the members. It was very narrow in view, too narrow, only recognizing and enrolling machinists and blacksmiths. I saw the poor laborers, carpenters, painters and other trades in the employ of the company without any organization. I felt that the union should include all. I tried to induce the union to open its arms to all workingmen, but was defeated.

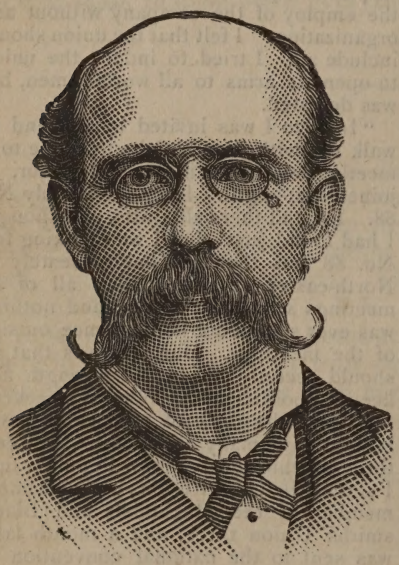
"In 1870 I was invited by a friend to walk out with him, and he took me to a meeting of the Knights of Labor. I joined that night. It was Assembly No. 88. I found there all crafts, and thought I had found just what I was looking for. No. 88 was then the only assembly in North-eastern Pennsylvania; all of its meetings were very secret, and nothing was ever said about its existence outside of the meetings. Our idea was that we should secretly add to our strength and keep out politicians and other self-seekers.

"When the panic of 1873 came I was laid off with many others. I went West through Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. I settled in Oil City, Pa., and became a member of the Machinists and Blacksmiths' Union there, and a month later was sent to the national convention of the union, at Louisville, Ky., in September, 1874. Shortly after I returned to Scranton and was employed at my trade by the Dickson Manufacturing Company. I did not work for them very long, because I was sent out to do many outdoor jobs, and as I have always been troubled with quinsy sore throat, I could not bear the exposure.

"I went back to Carbondale and worked at my trade. I tried to induce the Machinists and Blacksmiths' Union to join the Knights of Labor, but for a long time was unsuccessful. Of course, I worked secretly, having to take each man alone and sound him and convince him. The great obstacle was, as I said, the contempt with which the machinists and blacksmiths looked upon other workers. At last my efforts were successful, and the union was disbanded and the members became Assembly No. 222 of the Knights

of Labor. During this time I had worked around the surrounding towns, so that when the Carbondale Union joined the Knights there were several assemblies in the neighborhood. I had thus worked to win them to the Knights of Labor, because I saw that in the union all of their legislation about apprentices and shop rules would amount to nothing.

"With the introduction of labor-saving machinery, the trade was all cut up, so that a man who had served an apprenticeship of five years might be brought in competition with a machine run by a boy,



TERRENCE V. POWDERLY.

and the boy would do the most and the best. I saw that labor-saving machinery was bringing the machinist down to the level of a day laborer, and soon they would be on a level. My aim was to dignify the laborer. In the Knights of Labor I saw a good field for operation. In 1876 we organized a district assembly of five or six assemblies in Lackawanna County, and I was elected district secretary, an office which I have held ever since from choice. In 1877, when the strikes on the railroads swept over the country, many of our men, with others not of the Knights of Labor, numbering in all about five thousand, were discharged and went West, settling in the Western States and Territories. Wherever our knights went, new assemblies sprung up. Up to that time there had been no national head to the Knights of Labor. So Frederick Turner of Philadelphia, Richard Griffiths of Chicago, Charles Litchman of Marblehead, Mass., Thomas King of Reading, Pa., and I met and held the first general assembly of the Knights of Labor at Reading, Pa., in January, 1878. We had then seven districts, representing Philadelphia, Reading, Pittsburgh, Charleston, West Va:, Scranton and Shawnee, O., and several local associations which I cannot now recall. Mr. Uriah Stephens, of Philadelphia, was elected the first general master workman and I was elected to the next office, which was called grand worthy foreman. We there changed the date of meeting from January to September. We next met in St. Louis. Mr. Stephens did not attend this convention, but wrote a letter, recommending me for general master workman. In April, 1878, I was elected mayor of Scranton. After that I gave my entire time to the work of my office, this being the first time that I had worked at any business other than my trade.

The strikes of 1877 were caused by the men not understanding one another. At that time I began to study the causes of that strike and of the distress of the workmen. I concluded that an organization should be perfected which would be a grand industrial school. I had no hobby. Others were for greenbacks, tariff revision and a dozen other things. I had not read the writings of any theorist. I had never met a theorist. I was re-elected mayor two or three times. When first elected I was not known outside of the laboring classes. It was said by my opponents that all sorts of trouble would come if I was elected. However, I was elected, and among other acts I discharged the entire police force of the city, because I found that I must have men on whom I could rely. Then, during my administration, the debt of the city was reduced about $20,000. Previously, the debt had annually increased. In 1884 the Knights of Labor had grown so large that the business of the order took all of my time, so I had to decline renomination for mayor. We now have assemblies in England and Belgium.

"I have read Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty,' Spencer's 'Social Statics,' and Thornton on 'Labor.' I am not sure what my plans will be for the future. A syndicate of newspapers has offered to send me to Europe to write up the labor question as it is there. I do not believe in strikes, because I do not

think there is any necessity for them. I believe that these troubles can be settled without strikes. The order has materially changed in a few years, is broader and more liberal than at first, less secrecy now, the oath has been abolished in the initiation, and only the word of honor is now required. The whole matter of the wage system is wrong. So long as one finds it to his advantage to buy labor at the cheapest price and the other demands the highest price for it, trouble will come. Profit-sharing is the remedy. The Knights of Labor will not allow a liquor distiller or brewer, or a liquor seller, or one whose wife is a liquor seller, to become a member of the order, and I am now striving to prevent liquor drinkers from joining."

Powderly on Temperance.

Master Workman Powderly, speaking at Providence, R. I., recently on the proposed eight-hour law, incidently made this reference to the Temperance question in its relations to the working classes:

"Now, how will a workingman spend his time if working eight hours a day? I have been answered with only one argument; it is this: 'If you give these workingmen eight hours a day, they will spend their extra three hours in a saloon.' Will they? If there is a man here that will do it, I hope you will put him out. [Laughter.] Suppose now, that two or three workingmen upon leaving their shop to-morrow evening, sit down by the table — (they always keep tables in saloons nailed fast to the floor) — suppose they sit down to drink. I don't know what the habit is here in this State, — I have not been here long enough to ascertain, — but they ask for a glass of beer. I don't know what the price of beer is here, but in Scranton it is the prevailing custom to charge five cents a glass, and I take it for granted it is the same at Providence. Our three friends, then, will sit down and if you do the same here as is done in Scranton — and I believe the habit is general all over the country — each man will treat once all round. After the first man has paid for a treat, then the second man will say, 'It is my turn now;' and the third man will say, 'Now, fellows, have something on me.' [Laughter]. Now watch them. They finish up their drinking, then walk out of the saloon drunk, every man of them. You may say that it is not true, but I say it is. For six years I held jurisdiction as a magistrate in Scranton. I had thousands of cases of drunkenness brought before me during that time for being 'drunk yesterday.' They were locked up until morning. I have asked the question of each one — I have the names of every man that came before me, and I could recognize the face of each and every one if they were before me now, and could, perhaps, recall the day he came before me — and I know that not one of these men ever said he had ever drank more than three glasses of beer at one time in his life. But they all got drunk just the same, so I made up my mind that 'three glasses of beer, yer honor,' would set a man drunk. [Laughter.] I don't speak from experience, for I never touched a drop of intoxicating liquor, and I propose to go on that way to the end of the chapter. [Applause.]

I say it because I have questioned every man. Suppose we follow our three friends. One goes in this direction, a second in that, and the third goes in that direction. Each one rolls through the streets in his own way, and in the way of every other man on the streets, fit objects for the fingers of scorn to be pointed at. Crawling serpents on the face of the earth, these are the men that stand in the way of labor reform. [Applause. Mr. Powderly, with an emphatic gesture said, never mind that, never mind that.] These are the men that are held up before my eyes when I ask that labor shall have its rights; these are the creatures, dust of the earth, that are thrown into our eyes, when we say that justice shall be done to the laborer. This man goes to his home, that one to his. His wife comes to the door with a smile upon her face; she sees his condition, and it dies away as the sunlight falls when the shadows of night fall across the sky. The little child comes to the door, with a smile upon its lips, and the joys of gladness in his little heart; but a look of his unworthy parent crushes it out. He confronts his wife, not as the husband, not as the man, who a few years before stood before the altar and vowed to love and cherish her to the end of life. No, but devoid of reason, lost to honor; the thing! he comes to destroy the happiness, the sanctity of home, that should be his first duty in life to look after. This man, no, he is no man and you will pardon me, my friends, if I call him a man; he is either a tiger or a hog, for they are the only two things which he is like when in that state. When a man

lies down in the street and wallows in the mud as a hog, or rolls through the streets as a tiger, you may choose which you please; but for me, I prefer to retain the form that God has given me, and keep it until the final summons shall come, and I ask every workingman to do the same. These are the men, only three out of the hundreds and thousands throughout the country. I thank God that he created the Knights of Labor, and through these and the temperance societies drunkenness is dying out, and the man who stands and occupies the unenviable distinction of being a drunkard is fast becoming ashamed of himself. I sincerely hope he may soon die out altogether, wherever the Knights of Labor are found. We are not temperance societies, but we have said, and do say that the man who sells, by himself or for others, whether by the barrel, gallon, quart, pint or gill, whether he does this for himself or others — by proxy — or whether he derives one cent's worth of profit from its sale, that man shall not come into our organization. And if the man's wife shall begin to sell it herself, he must obtain a divorce from our organization. We say it is wrong to sell, and each member is allowed to draw his own conclusion, and that conclusion teaches him that it is wrong to drink. And that is the right conclusion, and I am happy to say that we in our organization have thoroughly comprehended this truth."

Boston Herald: Advice to Knights of Labor: Trust in God and keep your Powderly.

The Keegan Challenge Fund.

THE Rev. James Keegan, St. Malachy's Church, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., having learned that the *Gaelic Journal* is encumbered with debt, owing to the want of a sufficient number of subscribers, and being anxious that the only Irish periodical in Ireland should continue in existence, has promised to subscribe one pound monthly towards a fund for paying the debts of the *Journal* and the Gaelic Union, and placing both on a stable footing. He wishes this to be generally known, so that others may join with him in this laudable object. We append extracts from two letters received from him.

"I am truly sorry to hear of the financial difficulties of a society having such a noble, patriotic, and useful end in view as the Gaelic Union. If the *Gaelic Journal* is allowed to collapse it will be a national disgrace, and, what is more, a most grievous national blunder. . . . Now, if ever the study and knowledge of its past history were necessary to any country, they are necessary to Ireland and the Irish of to-day. We are building up a new nation out of the ruins and *débris* of a once great and learned people; in this process the knowledge of our past greatness and glory, and wherein they consisted, and in what they were lacking, that brought on our subsequent terrible misfortunes, are all of greatest moment. To me it seems that the friends and apologists of Gaelic make a great mistake when they admit with the utilitarians that the study of the Irish language, literature, and music are of little or no value from a financial or business point of view. Anything that has a most potent tendency to keep men and women good, virtuous, and noble must be worth a great deal in gold to State or community. . . . From this it may be seen that the effort to preserve the ancient language of Ireland's saints and scholars is anything but a matter of sentiment. . . . Now, to come to the money part of the question, I believe the Irish people, if properly appealed to, can and will supply the funds for floating the Irish Language Revival, until a better day dawns for the nation and the literature. Now I make an offer and lay down a plan, with both of which I invite the coöperation of all who have the name and fame and welfare of Ireland at heart. I offer, during the twelve months of the year 1886, if God spare me and give me the means, to contribute to a fund for the purposes for which the Gaelic Union has been established, one pound each month, which is a considerable percentage of my salary. I also call on and challenge the Catholic clergy of Ireland, and the clergy of all denominations who claim Ireland for a motherland, and desire to participate in her glory, to do the same to the extent of their means. I also challenge the Irish lawyers, doctors, merchants, wealthy farmers, and profes-

sional men in general, to do the same, viz., contribute a part of their stipend monthly during 1886, for the aforesaid purpose. . . . I have very strong reasons for helping on the study of the Gaelic. I know Ireland pretty well — boys, girls. men and women, I know them all — what they were when they were *real* Irish and what they are now, when a good many of them are hybrid mongrels, at least in manners and morals. . . . May God do just judgment on those who were instrumental in destroying the Christian Gaelic civilization of Ireland. . . . I think it is still possible to gather up wonderful fragments of nigh forgotten lore in the Irish parts of Ireland. If it is to be done at all, it must be done quickly. I do not intend that the 'Challenge Fund' should be exclusively devoted to the publication of the *Gaelic Journal.* If it became sufficient for the purpose it could be used to publish the long-needed dictionary, as well as some of those great Gaelic books, now, as it were, in a limbo of oblivion. . . . Once more, I respectfully suggest to the Council of the Gaelic Union to have my challenge conveyed to those for whom it is intended."

We think the best way to carry out the wishes of the reverend gentleman is to get the above extracts from his communication printed, and to forward them to those, who, we think, are likely to take an interest in our native language, and in the efforts of the Gaelic Union to preserve and cultivate it. Contributions to the "Challenge Fund" may be forwarded to the Rev. M. H. Close, M.A., Treasurer, Gaelic Union, 40 Lower Baggot Street, Dublin. The contributions of one or two will be of little use unless a goodly number join together to place the *Journal* on a secure footing, by which it may begin to appear regularly every month. We may add that the Rev. Mr. Keegan's means being but limited, one pound a month is really more from him than ten times the sum from any other Irishman who might be expected to take some interest in an effort to preserve and cultivate their native language. — *Council of the Gaelic Union.*

Home Rule.

WHAT MR. GLADSTONE'S BILL WILL GIVE TO IRELAND.

THE House of Commons having voted permission to MR. GLADSTONE to introduce his bill for the better government of Ireland, the official text of the measure has been made public. It debars the proposed Irish Parliament from legislating concerning the status, dignity or succession of the crown, from passing laws affecting peace or war, the army or navy, the militia or volunteers, or the defence of the realm, and from taking any action concerning the foreign or colonial relations of the empire. Among the other subjects placed beyond the power of the Irish government to deal with are dignities, titles and honors, prizes and booties of war, offences against the law of nations, treason and alienage, naturalization, copyright, patents, mails, telegraphs, coinage and weights and measures. The bill further prohibits Ireland from doing anything to establish or endow any religion, or to disturb or confer any privileges on account of religious belief, and forbids it to impose customs or excise duties. The Queen is given the same prerogative to summon, prorogue and dissolve the Irish Legislature as she has with respect to the imperial Parliament. To her majesty is also reserved the power to erect forts, arsenals, magazines and dock yards. The Irish Legislature is permitted to impose taxes to be paid into the consolidated fund, to defray the expenses of the public service in Ireland, subject to the provisions of the Irish land purchase bill, but is not to either raise or appropriate revenues without the Queen's recommendation, made through the lord-lieutenant. The church property in Ireland is to belong to the Irish people, subject to existing charges. The executive government of Ireland is vested by the Queen in a lord lieutenant, who will govern with the aid of such officers and counsels as the Queen may appoint, and will give or withhold the Queen's assent to all bills.

Irish Land Bill.

In the House of Commons, April 16, Mr. GLADSTONE rose in his place at 5.25 o'clock, and was greeted with cheers. He said the aim of the present endeavors of the government was directed toward securing contentment among the people of Ireland and the permanent restoration of social order. The proposals would greatly benefit the tenants of Ireland, but the landlords were the principal object of the measure, although Mr. Gladstone thought that many of these landlords were most hostile to the government's policy. At the outset, Mr. Gladstone wished to make the most emphatic denial that it was his intention to ask the Scotch and English to run any pecuniary risk on account of the landlords of Ireland. The history of Ireland was one long indictment against its land owners. Agrarian crime had originated and increased under the absenteeism of landlords and the raising of rents as their expenses while away from Ireland increased. Oppression, married to misery, had a hideous progeny Crime had been endowed with vitality to perpetuate itself and hand down its miserable inheritance from generation to generation. England was not clear of responsibility, for the deeds of Irish landlords were English deeds. With the power in our hands, we had looked on and done nothing. After the union, absenteeism became general; national sentiment ceased to have a beneficial influence on the relations between landlord and tenant. The union itself was obtained against the sense and wish of every class by wholesale bribery and unblushing intimidation.

The land act was intended to go into effect on the same day on which the home rule bill would become operative. It could not go on without the operation of the other, which would provide a legislature in Ireland to appoint statutory authority to deal with the landed estates and act between vender and purchaser. The purchases would be made through the issue of one hundred and eighty million pounds of three per cent stock issued at par. These new Irish consols, might, with the consent of the treasury, be commuted for stock of a lower denomination. If the stock could not be issued forthwith, scrip of equal value would be issued for the same purpose. The act was to give the landlords the option to sell out under its terms. Its enactments were confined to agricultural holdings, and did not include mansions having demesnes and woods. The state authorities, acting between the peasant and landowner, would purchase the land from the latter, and put the peasant in possession as absolute proprietor, subject to an annual rent charge until the total payment equalled the purchase money. The state would not force the small occupiers to become proprietors. In districts where the population was congested, the state would have the power to decide whether expropriation of the too crowded land should be compulsory. Nobody except the immediate landlords would have the option to sell to the incumbrancer, and then he must sell by foreclosure, and not at an option for himself. Applications to sell would have to be made by all the tenants on an estate, and all these applications and sales would be registered. Applicants would be required to give security for costs in certain cases. The land commission would be empowered to refuse applications. The bases of prices would depend upon the rental for a fixed period. The judicial rental of 1845 would be the standard in all cases wherein the rent of the land to be sold was then fixed; in all other cases the land commission would have the power to arrive at a price by comparing the other judicial rentals with Griffith's valuation. The land commission would also be allowed to examine the state of the books concerning estates for ten years back. Twenty years' rental would be a nominal purchase. Applications for sale would not be received after March 31, 1890. Ten million pounds of the stock would be issued during 1887, twenty million pounds in 1888, twenty million pounds in 1889, and twenty million pounds in each of the two succeeding years. When the proposals were first placed before Mr. Gladstone's colleagues, he proposed to raise one hundred and thirty million pounds immediately.

Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan both objected to this as a wholesale issue, which would depreciate values. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, thanked both gentlemen for having given him occasion to reconsider that original proposition. He now thought it was an error to ask forthwith for anything like the outside estimate, and believed that by appointing a receiver for the general rents, armed with sufficient authority to collect them, but without coming into contact with the new proprietary, the repayment of the purchase money would be amply secured. The charge upon the Irish exchequer

would be £2,000,000 per annum to meet which it would be able to levy for rents amounting to £2,500,000 per annum, and this sum would be the first charge on the rents and taxes raised by the Irish government. Adding to this the imperial contribution, the sum paid to England by Ireland would be £6,242,000 per annum, secured on a revenue amounting to £10,850,000, no portion of which would be applied to any purpose until £6.000,000 was paid into the English exchequer. The present contribution of the Irish tax-payers to England was £6,980,000, of which England paid back in the Irish civil service, and in the service of collection, £4,840,000. The residue, which seemed to represent an imperial contribution for army, navy, national debt and imperial civil charges, was £2,085,000. What did England do with it? As an instance, she sent an army of twenty-six thousand men to Ireland, and kept them there at an annual cost of £3,000,000, £915,000 more than the balance mentioned. That was a specimen of the economy of the system Mr. Gladstone wanted to recuperate. Mr. Gladstone commended the scheme to the strict, jealous, careful, unbiassed examination of Englishmen. He was convinced it would be recognized as a fitting part of the great auspicious effort to sustain the plans of the British legislature for the welfare of what had long been, and, the speaker hoped, would ever be, under circumstances far happier than heretofore, an integral part of her majesty's dominion. Mr. Gladstone spoke for one hour and thirty-five minutes, and sat down amid great applause.

Mr. Gladstone's proposals do not imply a new issue of £180,000,900 in three per cents, but of only £50,000,000 from the £180,000,000 in new 3s already authorized.

MR. MORLEY announced that the bill would be in the members' hands on Monday. Permission was given to introduce the bill, and the second reading was fixed for May 13.

Justin McCarthy's Views.

MR. GLADSTONE'S speech introducing the land bill was not so long, impressive, eloquent or well delivered as his great speech on home rule the week before. His argument to show that England was bound to risk money and credit to relieve Ireland of landlordism because England had herself imposed and reimposed it on Ireland was clear, convincing and irresistible, but the details of the measure are very complex, and hardly admit any strain of really exalted eloquence. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was clever, but thin and narrow; too much personal explanation and reading of letters on a subject now relegated by common consent to the realms of ancient history; too much pettifogging about it. Mr. Chamberlain is still very jealous about his own little plan. Chamberlain made a desperate effort to draw the Irish members into a premature decision of their views on land schemes. The Irish members are not easily drawn out. Mr. Parnell spoke clearly, coldly, guardedly. He promised the bill the fullest and fairest consideration. He objected to some of its provisions, but declined to commit himself either way concerning the scheme. He said it could not be thoroughly understood until one had the printed bill in his hand, and could study all its details. The great debate is put off till after Easter.

What James O'Kelly Says.

Last week all was gloom and uncertainty; the Liberals and the Radicals were in the dumps; rumors of dissension were in the air; Gladstone's underfined scheme looked like a dark storm cloud over the political sky, and men foreboded dismal happenings. All that is now passed. The cloud is burst and the scheme revealed, and, instead of frightening all England out of her wits, it has calmed and reassured public opinion. The wizard of Hawarden has once more won the astonished admiration of his countrymen, and brought them under the influence of his marvellous power.

Preferable to Coercion.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre (Liberal), recently postmaster-general, addressed a meeting at Bradford. Speaking on Mr. Gladstone's Irish home rule and land purchase bills, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre said that the measures were not intended to effect the abrogation of the union, but even should this be the result of the adoption of the bills, it would be preferable to coercion.

Provisions of the Irish Land Purchase Bill Made Public.

The Irish Land Purchase Bill, which the House of Commons gave Mr. Gladstone permission to introduce, was issued on the 22d of April. It covers twenty-six pages. The bill is divided into five

parts. There are fifty-three clauses and four schedules. The bill provides that a landlord who is desirous to sell his property shall apply to the state authority. The latter shall refer the application thus made to a land commission, which, after making an inquiry, shall fix a price at which the property shall be sold, unless the landlord and the state authority have previously come to an agreement. If the landlord objects to the price fixed by the commission, he may withdraw his application on paying the costs. When a sale of property has been effected, the commission shall pay the creditors before making any other distribution of the purchase money. Certain rent charges may be bought outright by the state authority, or payment may be continued from the tenants' repayments. In cases of property whereon there is reasonable cause to suppose that valuable minerals exist, the commission shall add to the purchase money a fair sum therefor, and the minerals realized from said property shall be vested in the state authority, or such local body as the Irish legislature may provide. The Irish receiver general and deputies, who are to execute the financial part of the act, shall be appointed to hold office as permanent civil servants, subject to the authority of the treasury. They shall be paid from the imperial exchequer, but the Irish government shall appoint the actual collectors. If the receiver-general or any of his deputies shall be guilty of malfeasance, the culprit shall forfeit the sums so lost, and also shall be subjected to a fine of five hundred pounds. The measure empowers the treasury to create three classes of permanent annuities, bearing interest respectively at 3, 2¾ and 2½ per cent, and which shall be charged to the imperial consolidated fund. Strict rules are provided by the bill, which forbid the subdividing or subletting of a holding so long as it is subject to any state charge; but the state authority is empowered to relax these rules where he may think it advisable. The other points of the bill were fully covered by Mr. Gladstone's speech of Friday evening.

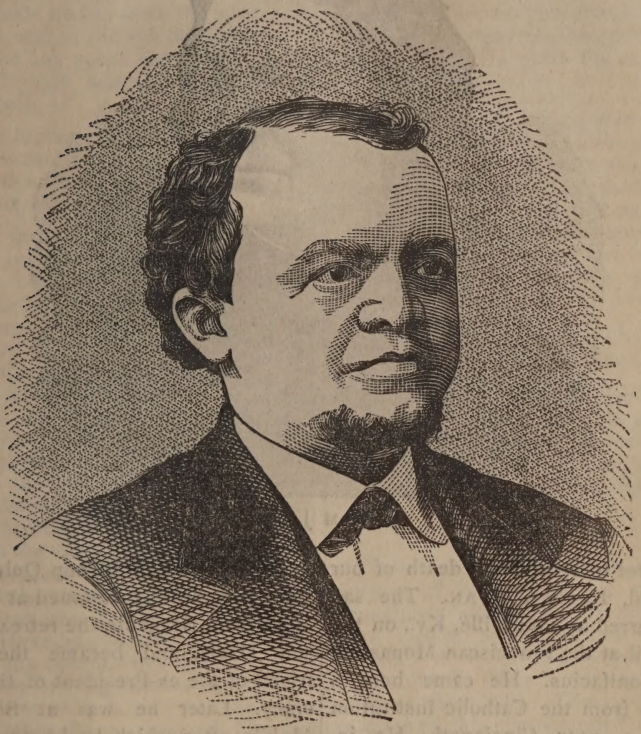
John C. Schayer.

AMONG the noted Boston numismatists, either as a coin dealer or collector, Mr. John C. Schayer, a well-known German-American Catholic, occupies a prominent position. Although engaged, like many of our American collectors, in mercantile pursuits, he has found time to accumulate a large variety of gold, silver, and copper coins, and has had in his possession some of the finest and rarest of American and foreign pieces. He has a national reputation in connection with coin collecting, and one great object in life with Mr. Schayer had been to collect every known American, colonial, or United States coin; and in this effort he early began to accumulate large quantities of duplicates, having vast numbers of the early gold eagles, half-eagles and quarter-eagles; also gathering together at one time in his numismatic career, thousands of the early United States silver dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, half-dimes, as well as copper cents and half-cents by the tens of thousands. Upon one occasion, Mr. Schayer sold to Mr. L. G. Parmelee upwards of three thousand United States half-cents, To show the extent of his accumulations, we would cite one purchase by Mason & Co., wherein the former sold to the latter firm two hundred proof-sets of United States coins bearing dates 1859 to 1884. On another occasion Mr. Schayer sold one dozen California gold "slugs" (fifty dollar pieces), and at least nine thousand dollars' worth of the early American gold coinages. Well does the writer remember Schayer's old-fashioned basement store on Devonshire Street near the site of the present Post Office, in the rear of which were cabinets upon cabinets of foreign and American copper coins; and here met upon many occasions the distinguished coin collectors from all parts of the country, seeking after rarities to complete their various coin sets of American issue.

In paper currency also, as well as postage stamps from every part of the known civilized world, Mr. Schayer is deeply concerned, and does a business which amounts annually to many thousands of dollars. His correspondence from all parts, as can readily be imagined, is im-

mense, and the letters which he receives in a year are fully equal to the number coming and going from a dozen country post offices. At one time he had accumulated such a vast hoard of the postal and fractional currency of the United States, that the amount in dollars became so great that he was compelled to sell, and engage in the cheaper sort, viz., the paper currency of the Confederate States; and at this day he has stored away over a million dollars of the C. S. A's promises to pay. During the temporary excitement of a couple of years ago, in Europe, that sent Confederate bonds up from twenty-five-cent *curiosities* to twelve or fifteen dollar bonds (of a thousand dollars each), Mr. Schayer reaped a golden harvest. The subject of our sketch has handled some of the largest cabinets of coins in the country, including those of Col. Adams, Colburn, Appleton, Freeman, Stetson and Abby.

Mr. Schayer comes from an old and respected German Catholic family which was well-known for its fidelity to the faith in the fatherland. He was born on Washington Street, Boston, in 1837 and received his education in the schools of Boston, and is proud of the fact that he is, as he says himself, "a Boston boy born and bred."



JOHN C. SCHAYER.

MOTTO FOR THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR: —"He that commits a crime gives strength to the enemy." —*Daniel O'Connell.*

Death of Rev. Father Ryan.

ABRAM J. RYAN.

WE regret to record the death of our dear friend, FATHER RYAN. The sad event occurred at Louisville, Ky., on the 22d of April, at the Franciscan Monastery of St. Bonifacius. He came here a month ago from the Catholic institution at Reading, near Cincinnati. He intended to make his retreat and then finish a "Life of Christ," which he had undertaken. He became ill with organic heart disease, and grew steadily worse. For several days his mind wandered, and he talked pitifully of his eventful life in the war days, and preached to imaginary audiences. Father Ryan was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1846. His family came to this country when he was a baby and located in Virginia. He was educated in Maryland for the priesthood. After the war he was located at Nashville, Clarksville, Tenn., and at Natchez. Later he went to Mobile, where he was the firm friend of Bishop Quinlan. For some time he was stationed at Biloxi, six miles from Beauvoir, the retreat of Jefferson Davis, and became the intimate friend of the ex-President of the Confederacy. Later he was at St. Mary's, Mobile, after which he began to lecture through the North in the interest of charitable institutions, and he was for a time at Boston College, where he did some of his best writing and preaching.

His verses, inspired by the war, full of energy, and a turbulent, striking imagery, were widely read in the South, and, with Paul Hamilton Hayne, he shares the honor of being a Southern poet known in the North. To Irishmen his writings have always been especially welcome, and he contributed to many Catholic periodicals, among them DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. While in Mobile, Harris Taylor, a young lawyer, persuaded him to collect his poems, which were published at Taylor's risk. The best known are

"Erin's Flag," "To the Sword of Lee," "The Conquered Flag," and one to the memory of his brother, who fell at Gettysburg. His religious poetry is full of beautiful thoughts and devotional spirit. From the *Mobile (Ala.) Register* we published some years ago the following eulogium of the deceased: — No man of genius ever shrank with greater dread from the glare of renown. From his early manhood he has worn the vestments of a priest, and in the solemn pursuits of his office he has spent the power of his life, and through many years of feebleness and pain,—

"To the higher shrine of love divine
His lowly feet have trod;
He wants no fame, no other name
Than this,— a priest of God."

But his fame is not his own, it is his country's, and his name fills a page in her history to be cherished by her people forever; for be it remembered that Father Ryan, though of Irish descent, is by birth a Virginian.

When the camp-fires of the war between the States began to cast their lurid glare upon the passions of a people for the first time profoundly stirred, Abram J. Ryan, then a frail and slender youth just upon the eve of manhood, entered the priesthood of the Catholic Church. His only brother, afterward Capt. David Ryan, was the first to enter the army of the Confederates, a hopeful young soldier; and in a little while the young priest was found among the Southern host, to administer where he could to the dead and the dying the consolations of religion.

From the stirring scenes of sacrifice and slaughter which a civil war can alone unfold, Father Ryan received his first profound impressions, the cradle of his poetic genius was rocked upon the stormy waves of the revolution. When the end came, his knightly, beloved brother slept among the slain, and his "people's hopes were dead." In that dark hour of lamentation, when the South was transformed into one vast cathedral, in which her whole people knelt in silence and in sorrow around the coffins of the slain, there came a voice so strangely sweet, so deeply grand, that every heart felt moved by its inspiration. The great hymn then uttered was at once echoed and reëchoed throughout the world; its strains were sung upon the banks of the Boyne, and upon the shores of the dark-flowing Danube: never had its like been heard since the days of the Marseillaise. No lyric poet, by virtue of one performance, ever lifted himself higher in the scale of that rare renown which the world accords to genius alone. "The Conquered Banner" has already taken its place among the greatest songs ever sung in the English tongue, and there it will no doubt remain as long as the capabilities of our language remain the same. But its peculiar fire and pathos, its moving rhyme and rhythm, are not its property alone. The following passage from the ode in memory of his brother is quite the equal of its strongest part: —

"When the battle songs were chanted
And war's stirring tocsin pealed,
By those songs thy heart was haunted,
And thy spirit proud, undaunted,
Clamored wildly — wildly panted;
Mother! let my wish be granted;
I will ne'er be mocked and taunted
That I feared to meet our vaunted
Foeman on the bloody field."

And this climax from "The Sword of Lee" is perfection of its kind: —

"Out of its scabbard — never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

The Funeral.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 24, 1886.—The remains of Fr. Ryan lay in state at the Franciscan monastery this morning, and were viewed by a constant stream of friends. At 10.30 they were removed to St. Boniface's Church, where the funeral services were held. The ex-confederate soldiers of this city attended the funeral in a body, and a committee of their number, among whom were many distinguished ex-confederate officers, judges of the United States and state courts, and prominent citizens, acted as pall-bearers and a funeral escort. They carried with them a floral cross and crown, to which was attached a card inscribed, "Love and sympathy of the ex-confederate soldiers of Louisville." The body was borne to the depot and shipped to Mobile, where it was interred. Before removing the remains from the monastery, the confederate veterans assembled at the bier, where Gen. Alpheus Baker read resolutions expressive of the deep sorrow occasioned by Fr. Ryan's death, and of the love and veneration in which he was held by his old comrades.

ERIN'S FLAG.

UNROLL Erin's flag, fling its folds to the breeze,
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!
Lift it out of the dust! Let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs, with their clans, stood around it and swore
That never, no, never, while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never, no, never, that banner would yield,
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield,
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.
Lift it up! Wave it high! 'Tis as bright as of old,
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and with tears.
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom,
Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.
'Tis the sunburst resplendent, far-flashing on high, —
Erin's dark night is waning, her daydawn is nigh!
Lift it up, lift it up, the old banner of green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen.
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop there forever? No, no! God is just!
Take it up, take it up, from the tyrant's foul tread!
Let him tear the Green Flag! We will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood that the Briton has shed,
And we'll swear by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands, who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches, wild howling for bread,
And we'll swear by the heroes whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed, —
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread,
That we'll cling to the cause that we glory to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said, —
That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red.
Lift up the Green Flag! Oh, it wants to go home!
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam.
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled.
Like a weary-winged bird, to the east and the west
It has flitted and fled; but it never shall rest,
Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of the old home again,
Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain and plain,
Will wave with a glory that never shall wane.
Take it up! take it up! Bear it back from afar!
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war.
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant, or die;
And shout to the clans, scattered far o'er the earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the exiles 'neath the heaven's broad dome
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam,
They'll march to the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

REV. A. J. RYAN.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Citizens' Committee of Fifty in aid of the Irish Parliamentary Fund of Philadelphia, closed its work on the 1st of April, having collected over $35,000.

LAETARE MEDAL.—*Catholic Universe:* The faculty of Notre Dame, Indiana, has of late years annually presented a testimonial medal to some Catholic "distinguished in letters, science or art." The medal is known as the "Laetare," from being presented on Laetare Sunday. In 1883, Dr. John Gilmary Shea received it; in 1884, Mr. P. C. Keely, the architect; in 1885, Miss Eliza Allen Starr. This year the "Laetare Medal" was conferred on General John Newton, of New York, who will be particularly remembered in connection with the Hell Gate explosions. The presentation with accompanying address in Latin was made in behalf of the University by Mr. Maurice F. Egan, associate editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY was marked in Charleston, S. C., by the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church, of which the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Quigley is pastor. Judge A. G. Magrath, a pupil and personal friend of Bishop England, Charleston's first bishop, took a leading part in the ceremonies. The judge is, with one exception, the only living link binding the past and present of the church of Charleston.

BROWNSON. — The *Catholic Universe*, Cleveland, Ohio, has opened a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the late Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, who died April 17, 1876. Already $270 have been subscribed. Those wishing to contribute may address, *Catholic Universe*, Cleveland, Ohio.

FIRST STRIKE.—The first labor strike in the United States was that of the shoemakers of New York City, in 1809. The champion of and counsel for the strikers was Thomas Addis Emmet, brother of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot.

EVICTIONS.—Thirty families have been recently evicted at Ballinamore, on the estate of Mrs. Ann King. The average amount of rent in arrears is a year and a half, including the hanging gale. The rent of some of the holdings is £10, the average not more than £6. A great many children and babies were among the evicted. Owing to the efforts made by the priests of the district, the people offered no resistance, and the evictions were carried out without any kind of disturbance. At Ballyconnell, in county Caven, some fifteen evictions have also taken place. About thirty-five cars conveyed the police to the spot, and with some difficulty, as the roads were found blocked with large stones, trees, and other obstructions. A large crowd followed the cars and cheered as the police had to get down from time to time and clear the road.

TWO M. P'S REMEMBERED. — The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Mr. Dillwyn does not strike the ordinary observer as being much like William Pitt the elder, nor does The O'Connor Don. But to both these legislators there has happened a thing which recalls the history of the Great Commoner. Pitt was placed beyond the reach of want by an opportune

legacy of £10,000 left him by the great Duchess of Marlborough, who had heard and admired his vigorous attacks on Ministers. A lady 'possessed of considerable wealth' recently departed this life in the village of Kensington, leaving behind her a will of a somewhat informal character. It was so informal that the deceased was declared to have died intestate, and the Crown got possession of the property. The Crown, however, has a conscience; and, on discovering that the lady really intended to leave £4,000 to Mr. Dillwyn and The O'Connor Don, has paid over to those gentlemen that sum from the estate. The lady was personally unknown to the two M.P's and it is supposed that her bequest is only meant as a testimony of her admiration for their public action. Many other honorable gentlemen consider this a perfectly valid and sufficient reason; but each of them thinks that he could name at least one politician who deserves to be so honored much more than the fortunate recipients of Mrs. Blake's bounty."

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SUGAR FROM COAL TAR.— Mr. Ivan Levinstein, the President of the Manchester Section of the Society of Chemical Industry, calls attention to a new substance which is extracted from coal tar, and possesses sweetening properties far stronger than the best cane or beet root sugar. This substance, he said, seemed likely to enter into daily consumption. According to Mr. Levinstein, one part of it will give a very sweet taste to ten thousand parts of water, for it is two hundred and thirty times sweeter than best sugar, and taken in the quantities added to food as sweetening material, has no injurious effects whatever on the human system. Patients suffering from diabetes have been treated for the last few months in one of the principal hospitals in Berlin with saccharin without feeling in the least inconvenienced by its use. The use of saccharin would, therefore, Mr. Levinstein said, be not merely a probable substitute for sugar, but it might even be applied to medicinal purposes where sugar was not permissible.

THE BENEDICTIUS. — On the feast of St. Benedict, the Bishop of Southwark paid his first visit to the good monks of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, who have so successfully labored for more than a quarter of a century in the Isle of Thanet, their monastery being almost within bowshot of the spot whereon the Benedictine Apostle of England, St. Augustine, landed nearly thirteen hundred years ago.

TWINS.—According to Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics," Ireland leads all the world in one department of political economy: there are more twins born in that than in any other country, viz., 17.6 to every 1,000 births. Iceland comes next with 14.2 per 1,000; then Bavaria with 14.1, Denmark with 13.7, Sweden with 13.6, Holland with 12.8, etc. England and Scotland show respectively 11.3 and 11.7, Prussia 12.6, France 10.1 and Russia 12.1. Spain is the lowest on the list with 8.4 per 1,000.

"WHAT God hath joined together let no man put asunder." *Dublin Freeman's Journal:* These are solemn words, and should not be lightly or irreverently used. It seems something akin to blasphemy to apply them to the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland. There was nothing very God-like about Castlereagh, and there was nothing specially divine in the manner in which the union was accomplished. It is a mere question of precedence in guilt — "the tempter or the tempted, who sinned most." The men who corrupted and the men who sold themselves so freely to corruption must run the gauntlet together through the pages of history, and all honest men will hoot the pitiful rogues. "What God has joined!" Did the "Eminent Loyalist" who used the words first realize their meaning? Did the Rev. Henry Rooke realize it when he quoted the words with approval at the Wicklow gathering of the faithful few? God had no hand, act, or part in the business of the Union. If ever there were a work which bore the devil's mark upon its forefront it was that. It was a tree planted by the devil himself in the festering dungheap of corruption; and the fruit has been what might have been expected from the planter and the soil.

AMERICAN MILLS AND LOOMS.—The cotton manufacture in 1885 shows the total number of mills in the United States as 826, containing 61,228 looms and 12,280,342 spindles, manufacturing 86,000,000 yards of print cloths per annum. Of these, New England has 481 mills, con-

taining 205,011 looms and 9,481,272 spindles, manufacturing 646,000,000 yards of print cloth. Fall River has 1,742,884 spindles and 40,908 looms. It has 55 mills, with an incorporated capital of $18,139,000, but a probable investment of $35,000,000. New England has made a large increase in spindles and looms within the past five years. Fall River has thus nearly one-seventh of the spindles in the country, and about one-fifth of those in New England.

LACK OF HEAT.—In the Superior Court of Massachusetts, in an action for rent against the tenant of rooms in an apartment house, it appeared that the steam heat which the landlord agreed to supply was inadequate; that additional heat became essential to a proper enjoyment of the premises; that the flues and chimneys were defective, or improperly constructed; that her apartments were often filled with dense smoke; and that the elevator service was inefficient. The court held that these grievances were an obstruction to the beneficial enjoyment of the premises constituting a constructive eviction, and justified the tenant's abandonment.

MONSTER SEA TURTLE IN KANSAS.—The discoverer of a gigantic extinct sea turtle found near Fort Wallace, in Western Kansas, first observed the large, bony shields projecting from a bluff near Butte Creek. They were carefully taken out and brought to Philadelphia, where the restoration was made. The fore flippers alone were nearly five feet long, while its expanse from the tip of one extended flipper to another was about seventeen feet. The question may arise, how did the sea turtle become buried in a bluff in the State of Kansas? A natural supposition would be that Kansas is the bed of a former ocean, and so it is. Ages ago, in what is called by geologists the Cretaceous Period, that part of the world was the bed of a great sea, in which the great turtle swam, together with other monsters of curious shape and appearance. Gradually the crust of the earth was raised, the water fell back or became inclosed, and left the inhabitants of the Cretaceous Sea high and dry, to be covered by the earth and preserved for us to study ages afterward. The shores of this ancient ocean are easily found and followed by geologists. Its extent has been traced on our Western plains by the bleaching and disintegrating remains that have been found, upon and beneath the surface.

THE QUEEN.—It might naturally be thought that Constitution Hill would be one of the safest places in London where the Queen might sojourn, observes the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. But, on the contrary, the place with the high-sounding name has been one of some danger to her Majesty. On Wednesday afternoon the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, was driving along Constitution Hill, when a man threw "a paper" into the royal carriage. He was promptly arrested. In 1848 the Queen was fired at by a man called Oxford, at the very same place, and he was committed to Bethlehem Hospital for life as a lunatic.

CAPT. O'SHEA, recently elected to Parliament from Galway, tells a good story against himself:—During last Parliament he visited Clare to give, as the cant goes, an account of his stewardship. Driving from one meeting-place to another, one day he met Jerry—a man of "light and leading" in his district; "Well, Jerry," said O'Shea, "Glad to see you."—"Thank you, Captain. How are you?"—"Well! thanks. We're having some tough work at Westminster."—"Well, you are, Captain. Some of you at all events; and and we're not disappointed *in you*."—"No," said O'Shea with dignity and impressiveness. "When I give you my word you may rely—"—"Oh! it's not that," interrupted Jerry. "Faith d—n little we expected of you, and be jabbers we've got it."

STRIKES IN NEW YORK STATE.—The report of the chief of the New York bureau of statistics of labor states that 222 strikes occurred in that State in the year which ended Nov. 1, 1885. Of these 97 were successful, 34 failed, 32 were compromised, and 59 were still pending. Nearly 27,000 persons were engaged in them, and they involved an expenditure of over $200,000, without reckoning the loss of wages and production. The commissioner reflects with much severity upon the "small bands of agitators" who subsist upon the prejudices of the workingmen, without ever working themselves. He declares that "only in very rare instances are strikes favored or encouraged

by the working people of the State." They prefer to see the difficulties settled by conciliation or arbitration. The commissioner concludes by saying: "It is the extreme of folly to engage in a protracted strike, and then return to work at the lowest possible rates. Another foolish policy is to strike for an advance on a falling market. The men who advise this are real enemies of their kind. It is criminal folly, and they are morally responsible for the misery and suffering which follow a strike brought about in this manner."

THE GREAT WEST.—Parties who contemplate visiting the Great West, for business, health or pleasure, should not fail to subscribe for *The Rocky Mountain Celt*. The paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada, for three months, for fifty cents in postage stamps. *The Celt* is the oldest weekly newspaper in Colorado's capital. Address, *Rocky Mountain Celt*, Nos. 378, 380 and 382 Larimer Street, Denver, Col.

MR. GLADSTONE made a very neat turn of the American precedent cited against him. It is true, he said, that the integrity of the nation was successfully defended. "But," he added, "when the North had the Southern States at its feet, what did it do? It gave every Southern State a measure of autonomy." And he might have added that peace and prosperity were not fully assured until home rule was restored to every State, observes the *Boston Herald*.

LENT derives its name from the Saxon word "Lencten" (lengthening days, or springtime), for it was the spring fast, just as we are indebted to the Saxon word "Fæsten" (to restrain) for the word fast.

GENERAL SHIELD'S SWORDS.—Representative Hale, of Missouri, introduced a few days ago a bill providing for the transfer to the government of the swords of the late Gen. James H. Shields. One of these is the famous sword presented by the citizens of South Carolina for distinguished services in the war with Mexico. The hilt and scabbard are set with costly stones. The sword is said to have cost not less than one thousand dollars, and to be the most expensive thing of the kind ever made in his country. Mr. Hale's bill recites that the swords are the property of Mrs. Shields and her children, who are in only moderate circumstances. The articles cannot be divided; they possess much historical as well as intrinsic value, and the proper place for them is in the possession of the government. It is provided that the sum to be paid for them shall not exceed one thousand dollars.

THE ABBE LISZT, on his arrival in Paris, was received at the Gare du Nord by the Hungarian colony *en masse*, who cheered him loudly as he alighted from the train. Madame Munkaczy, the wife of the great painter, who was himself present, handed the Abbe a garland of red roses, and afterwards took him home as their guest. A correspondent writes: — "The eyes remain expressive and bright, and his mouth is still finely modelled. He wore an ecclesiastical shovel-hat and a priest's robe made in the Italian style. Whenever a lady accosted him he pressed her hand to his lips. The Hungarians were quite excited on seeing him step out of the train, and cried 'Eljen, Eljen.' M. Emile Ollivier, whose first wife was a daughter of Liszt, called on him on Saturday night, and remained some time with him. Liszt will attend the musical festival on St. Cecilia's Day at the church of St. Eustache, but he will not play the piano or organ when here, his hands being almost crippled from rheumatic gout."

EXPLOSION AT BRATTLEBORO. — An eighteen-foot boiler, weighing forty-nine hundred pounds, in J. A. Church's sash and blind factory in Flat street, Brattleboro, Vt., exploded recently, completely demolishing the brick boiler house bricks from which were hurled through the side of the factory, barely missing a number of employés. The boiler was thrown into the air thirty feet, and landed two hundred and sixty feet away, in R. A. Brown's barn, killing a horse and barely missing a number of head of blooded stock. Roofs and windows of dwellings near the factory were broken by the débris. The boiler struck within a few feet of two men who saw it coming, but were spell-bound and unable to move from its track. The loss is estimated at $3,000. Cause of the explosion unknown.

IMITATION BUTTER. — The chairman of the Committee on Agriculture has

called upon Mr. T. L. Bunting, who is in Washington in behalf of the Erie County (N. Y.) farmers, for a suggestion concerning bogus butter, and Mr. Bunting submitted a clause which the committee believe will prove effective against retail swindlers. It compels the manufacturer of imitation butter to use regulation packages, the first class to be of suitable size to contain ten pounds net, or any multiple thereof and so branded, and to be sold in the original packages. The second class is to contain twenty pounds, or any multiple thereof, of rolls or nuggets, each roll or nugget to be stamped "imitation butter." This class is intended for retail trade.

The New Bishop of Belfast.

On a recent Sunday in the church of St. Patrick, Belfast, the accomplished and exemplary Rt. Rev. Dr. McAlister, was consecrated, in succession to the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Dorrian, bishop of the historic diocese of Down and Connor. The event was one of deep interest to the great Catholic population of Orange Ulster, and especially to those residing within the confines of the "modern Athens," where Catholicity has progressed, within a brief period, with rapid strides. Forty years ago, when the Rt. Rev. Dr. Croly was bishop of Belfast, the Catholics were so few that a miserably small building was sufficient to accommodate them. During Dr. Dorrian's episcopacy, churches, convents, schools and other religious edifices sprang up in every direction. To-day the Catholic population of the diocese numbers over 149,500. At the ceremony, the venerable Primate, Dr. McGettigan, was present, but too delicate to officiate. The consecrating prelate was Dr. Nulty, of Meath, who was assisted by Dr. Woodlock, of Ardagh, and Dr. Donnelly of Clogher. The sermon was preached by the eloquent Dr. Logue, Lord Bishop of Raphoe.

Terrible Deeds in Spain.

Assassination of a Bishop.—A dire deed for Palm Sunday! Mgr. Narcissus Martinez Isquierdo, the Bishop of Madrid, was alighting from his carriage in front of the Pro-Cathedral of San Isidore, where an immense concourse of palm-laden people waited for him to bless the branches. With one foot on the carriage step, he was ostensibly saluted by a recently unfrocked priest named Cayetano Galeote, who, while bowing low, drew a revolver, firing at the bishop rapidly three times. The latter fell back in the arms of his secretary bleeding profusely. The concourse of people instantly rushed at the assassin, who was being handled badly, when several of the civic guard adroitly pushed him into the carriage as it was driving off. The bishop was taken into the church, where it was found that the wounds were mortal, as one ball was embedded in the spinal chord. The Nuncio immediately administered the sacraments of the dying and absolution. Before the bishop died the Pope telegraphed a benediction. It seems the priest did not live a pure life, hence the bishop recently deposed him. On the way to prison the former admitted the deed, and said, "I feel tranquil. I have avenged my wrongs." The bishop once represented Salamanca in the Senate, and was a brilliant orator. Although a liberal he was made bishop by the conservatives because of his piety.

Attempt to Blow up a Church.—An attempt was made Good Friday morning to destroy the Church of San Luis in Madrid. An explosive was placed inside of one of the enormous hollow candles which stand on either side of the altar. The explosion, instead of taking place while the church was crowded, as probably intended, occurred before the people began to arrive for the Good Friday service. The edifice was badly wrecked. Two sextons were badly burned. The outrage has produced widespread excitement and indignation. No trace of the identity of the person or persons engaged in the conspiracy has yet been found. It has been ascertained that the candle in which was concealed the substance which caused the explosion, had been presented to the church by a stranger. It is supposed that the object of the donor was to rob the altar and sacristry of the sacred gold and silver during the confusion and panic that was expected to follow the explosion.

A Historical Magazine conveys the interesting intelligence that the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock one hundred and twenty-eight years after Columbus; fifty-five years after the Catholic settlement of St. Augustine, Florida, was established; one hundred years after the Catholic navigators Varragan and Gomez dedicated the Bay of New York to St. Anthony!

eighty years after De Sota had discovered the Mississippi; long after the Franciscan Fathers had converted the Indians on the Rio Grande; ten years after the Jesuits had established the mission of St. Saviour on Mt. Desert island in Maine.

THE Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* has been comparing the official record of that city with that of Portland, Me., in the matter of arrests for drunkenness, with the result that the latter shows 1,320 marks against 489 for Charleston. Portland is in a prohibition State, while Charleston is not.

THE HURLER on the ditch (the proverb tells us) sees most of the game, and Mr. Max O'Rell, the easy-going, sleepy-voiced Frenchman who has been lecturing in Dublin, seems to have been watching the exciting hurling match of English politics with very keen and appreciative eyes. There is an intelligent appreciation of the policy, which, if not inaugurated, has been carried to its full perfection, by Mr. Parnell in the following description of John Bull's character and procedure. "John Bull," Max O'Rell declares, "is an opportunist *par excellence*. Ask him for a reform or concession, and he will stare at you, astonished, and say all is for the best; but shake your fist at him and show him that you mean to have the reform or concession, and he will smile and say, "Oh, that's all right. I beg your pardon; I did not know you were in earnest."

FAVORITES OF THE WORLD.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster spoke of a class of persons whom he could call the favorites of the world. Who were they? Those whose life was like the world. A bad priest was a favorite of the world; the world ran after him. Worldly Catholics were the favorites of the world. There was another class made up of those, who, to use a common word, were fashionable—those who followed the fashions of the world. The world had three laws. One was that everybody must do what the majority of the world did—it set up a standard of right. The second was, that everybody must think what the majority of the world thought—it fixed a standard of truth. The third law was what was called modern thought; an accumulation of the intellectual doctrines and teachings of men, who, in the majority, were without faith. These were the three laws of the world, and the world would judge them severely if they did not do what it did, and if they thought what it did not think, if they did not follow the public opinion of the day. What was worldliness? Precisely conformity to the world and its ways. And how many there were who surrendered to the ways of the world. They said that society at least had a claim over them. What was society? If those men who said this were asked what they meant by society, what would be their answer? Would they say that they meant the whole human race? No. Would they say that they meant the people of England? No. Would they say that they meant the public opinion of London? No. They would find that society dwindled down to a few families of a few people with whom they came in contact.

DENMARK.—Some interesting statistics of the Catholic religion in Denmark have been collected by the *Monde*. Up to 1840 there were but a thousand Catholics in the kingdom; to-day there are four thousand, half the number being converts. The three priests of that time have grown to twenty-eight, nine being Danes. Ninety-five Sœurs de Chambéry (an active order devoted principally to hospital work and to teaching) are established on Danish soil, a hundred and fifty of their pupils being Protestants. Copenhagen has a weekly Catholic paper, and a Jesuit college frequented by students of all religions and in flourishing condition. These numbers are modest enough; but the growth is remarkable, and everywhere the little Catholic chapels are too narrow for their congregations.

AN IRISH ARTIST.—Few artists have reached the foremost ranks of their profession with such rapid strides as Mr. Thaddeus Jones, late of Cork. His splendid work, the "Wounded Poacher" first drew attention in the Dublin Exhibition to the genius and originality of Mr. Jones. He has since then executed other works of great merit, and his reputation has grown apace. He is now engaged in painting the likeness of Pope Leo XIII., who has already honored the artist with sittings. We need scarcely add that this is a very distinguished and exceptional honor to pay to an Irish artist. It is the first time on record that an Irishman has been called into requisi.

tion to paint the portrait of the reigning Pontiff and that Mr. Jones, or Thaddeus, as he now calls himself, should have been selected for so important a commission in Rome, the centre of art, and the school of artists, is a high tribute to his talents.

PROVIDENCE CATHEDRAL. — We give a description of this beautiful building, which it is thought will be consecrated on the anniversary of SS. Peter and Paul. The building is one of the most magnificent temples in America. and when completed will not have a dollar of debt upon it.

JOHN KELLY'S health does not improve as his friends could wish. In fact he is worse than he was some time ago. His appetite is poor, his old stomach complaint is again troubling him, and as a result he is again suffering from insomnia. While there is no immediate danger, his condition is such as to occasion his relatives grave apprehension. As soon as the weather is settled Mr. Kelly will probably be removed to the country, where he will have absolute rest and quiet.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE. — *Lake Shore Visitor:* Mr. R. Bacon, a near relative of President Cleveland, has become a Catholic. His betrothed, Miss Minnie Johnson, of Tiffin, Ohio, was visiting her brother in Vincennes. She is a very pious lady. During her stay, her lover came to Vincennes to make her his wife. As he had often declared to her that he believed in the Catholic Church, and sooner or later would be nothing but a Catholic, she urged him to be instructed in the faith and to marry her before the altar. Mr. Bacon freely consented. After due preparation he was baptized in the Cathedral of Vincennes on March 8th, and the next a nuptial Mass was celebrated for the happy couple. Bishop Chatard arranged everything with the Ordinary of Cleveland for the marriage at Vincennes.

THE EASTER FESTIVAL for the repairs and decoration of the chapel attached to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Mechanic's Hall, Monday evening, May 3, was largely attended, and was one of the finest parties ever assembled in that vast building.

SINCE the accession of Pope Leo XIII. forty-four Cardinals have died. Of the Cardinals created by Pope Pius IX. twenty-six are still living; the remaining thirty-four have been created by Pope Leo. XIII. There now ten vacancies in the Sacred College. Cardinal Newman is the oldest of the Cardinals. There are now 1,208 dignitaries in the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

Boston Herald: — If the Gladstone plan for home rule shall be rejected now, England will have to concede a more liberal and radical measure before two years have passed. It is a movement that will not go backward.

THE KETTLEDRUM in aid of the Working Boys Home, on the evening of the 28th of April, at Mechanics Hall, was a great success, realizing some three or four thousand dollars for that deserving institution.

REV. R. J. CASEY, President of the Waterford Branch of the Young Ireland Society, has received a letter from the widow of General Thomas F. Meagher, offering to present them with a dress and presentation sword belonging to her dead husband. The offer was thankfully received by the society who passed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Meagher for her kindly presentation of such a memento of Meagher to Waterford. Gen. Meagher's son is at present residing in San Francisco having obtained a position in one of the Custom's Departments.

THERE recently died at Berne, Switzerland, a lineal descendant, by his mother, of Martin Luther. The deceased was Dr. Franz Hirschwalder, Catholic professor of systematic theology in the Swiss university.

LOW NECKS.—*San Francisco Monitor:* The Eastern papers are denouncing the immodest dresses worn by female leaders of folly and fashion in ball-rooms and other public places of amusement. But this is only another sign that America is rapidly drifting into that sinful system which marked pagan Rome when women were worshipped far more for the charms they publicly displayed than for any interior virtue that adorned their characters.

MR. PARNELL, on the 16th of April sent the following to Rev. Dr. O'Reilly: "I thank you for your encouraging message, advising dispatch of the magnificent subscription of £12,000. We here attach no credence whatever to the statements recently cabled from America as to the existence of any ill feeling on the part of the National League of America or its leaders toward our movement. We have the utmost confidence in the leaders of the American league. We value their exertions and help most highly, and we trust that your organization may maintain and extend its influence and high efficiency until the victory of the Irish cause is secured."

ST. VINCENT'S ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL.—The Annual Festival will be held in the grand hall of the Mechanics' Charitable Association on Saturday, May 22, from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND FRANCISCAN friars have been killed by the Mussulmans since the Franciscan Order took charge of the mission of the Holy Land. As late as the year 1860 six Fathers and two lay brothers were killed in the Convent of Damascus. Their names are FF. Emanuel Ruiz, Carmelus Botta, Engelbertus Holland, Nicannor Mianio, Nicholas Alberga, Peter Soler, Bros., Francis Pinanzo and James Fernandez. Our Holy Father Leo XIII., by a decree of the 17th of December, 1885, has granted a commission to inquire into their martyrdom, in order to begin the process for their beatification.

AT THE METHODIST CONFERENCE, in Salem, Ill., the Rev. Mr. Ravenscroft related his experience on collections: so troubled was he on the question, that a new plan was revealed to him in his dreams by which delinquent members could be made to pay up. His brethren beseeched him to reveal it, but he thought he would first try it himself. We would much like to dream, too, of some new plan by which we could make delinquent subscribers pay up. Perhaps a touch of the nightmare might stir them up.

THAT robbed and disestablished and disendowed and starving "Irish Church!" The will of the late Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland, has been proved, the personality being sworn at upwards of £91,000 ($455,000). The property is left chiefly to the family.

FRESH massacres of Catholics have taken place at Annam, province of Quang-Binh, China. A native priest and four hundred and forty-two lay Christians have been put to death.

THE collections for the seminary in the diocese of Philadelphia amount this year to $35,609.57, an increase over those of last year of $2,396.15. This is very gratifying evidence of the living interest which the Catholics of Philadelphia take in the support of the institution to which they must chiefly look for a supply of secular clergymen in the future.

A BADLY built dam in a western town (East Lee) in Massachusetts, gave way a short time ago, and washed out of existence some eleven or twelve persons. The builders should be indicted for murder.

A NOTEWORTHY CHANGE.—*Boston Herald:* The statements made by the English chancellor of the exchequer that in the last ten years there has been a decrease in the imperial revenue derived from alcoholic liquors equal to $22,500,000, and that last year the receipts from this source were nearly $5,000,000 below the estimate, and more than $5,000,000 below the receipts derived from this source in the previous year, are facts of striking social importance. Sir William Harcourt said that this falling off was due to changes in the habits of the people, and had been concurrent with an enormous increase in revenue derived from tea, tobacco, fruits, and other comforts of life. This is tantamount to saying that the English in late years have become a much more temperate people than they were in the past, and that the amount of intoxicating fluids consumed is each year diminishing. We would call the attention of some of our well meaning, but unreasonable, temperance advocates to the fact that this change is being brought about, not by State legislation, but by the force of an aroused public opinion—a power infinitely greater than that of any statute, no matter by what machinery of government the statute may be enforced. If, in this country, the time and energy that have been wasted in attempts to

secure prohibitory legislation had been utilized in properly educating public opinion, the number of drinking places in our large cities, and the number of those who patronize them, would be very much less than statistics and experience now prove them to be.

Mr. Gladstone's Reply to the Message of the Mayor of Boston.

MR. GLADSTONE has sent the following reply to the congratulatory cablegram received by him from the Mayor of Boston:

I have received your telegram. I thank you for your courtesy in informing me of the proceedings of the mass meeting held in Boston to take action on the subject of the proposals of the government with regard to Ireland. I feel that American opinion, allied as it is with a regard and affection for the old country, affords her majesty's government a powerful moral support. I remain, dear worshipful mayor,

Faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Death of General de la Roche.

THE death of General Maze de la Roche, who was thrown from his horse on the 29th of March, in Turin, causes the disappearance from the scene of another of the chief actors at the breach of Porta Pia. Lanza, Sella, Arnim, Bixio have gone, and now Gustave Maze de la Roche, the most intelligent general of the Italian Army, and on whose ability, in case of war, people counted most securely, has met his death. He took part in nearly all the campaigns of the Piedmontese Army, and of those of the revolution in Italy. From a simple sub-lieutenant he rose to the position of lieutenant-general. The troops commanded by him in 1870 were the first to enter Rome. On the 12th of September of that year he passed the frontier of the Pontifical States at Ponts Felice, but shortly afterwards his march was arrested by the Fort of Civita-Castellana, which one hundred and fifty pontifical troops heroically defended for several hours. Rome being surrounded by the Italian troops, it was Maze de la Roche that was appointed to make the assault at the decisive moment. It was he, who, from the Villa Patrizi signalled the batteries to cease firing, and urged his division to the attack. After a brief engagement he entered the city by the Breach, without paying the least heed to the white flag which the Pontifical troops, by order of Pius IX. had raised. And he was thus the cause of the deplorable disorders which then happened. For his share in this disastrous event he was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Crown of Italy. The assault of Rome was his last military feat. On March 29th his skull was broken by a fall from his horse, and though a priest was called by his family, the last Sacraments were not administered to him. The State prepared a grand funeral for him.

BRAZILIAN SCHOOL SHIP.—His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans, returned the visit of the Commander of the Brazilian School Ship now in the harbor of New Orleans. He was well received by a crew entirely and practically Catholic. They say the *Angelus* three times a day; and at sunset the commander leads the prayers. By special invitation the officers and crew attend Mass in the Jesuit's Church. "We are glad," observes the *Morning Star*, "that men of such sterling principles are to remain in our midst until after Easter."

New York Herald: If Great Britain grants home rule, and makes the ownership of land possible, Ireland will be on her feet in a single generation. If not, God knows what may happen.

A TERRIBLE CYCLONE passed over Minnesota on the 17th of April. The accurate list of the killed and injured is as follows: At St. Cloud, killed, 21; injured, 80. At Sauk Rapids, killed, 37; injured, 100. At Rice's Station — killed, 12; injured, 21. Adjacent country — killed, 3; injured, 12. Total — killed, 73; injured, 215. Two having died since that list was made up, the list of killed is really 75.

WE are glad to learn that Miss Rosa Mulholland's book, "Vagrant Verses," is selling well. It can be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co., and all booksellers. Price $1.50.

IT is announced that Mr. Parnell has written a novel entitled "Drusilla" which will soon be issued by a London publisher. The very few who have been privileged

to read it in manuscript speak of the performance in terms of the highest admiration, and entertain great expectations of its success. It is a psychological study, and its distinguishing characteristic is reported to be a weird originality of which the passing generation of readers have had little or no experience. The plot and treatment are of the sensational order, but it is sensationalism tempered by discretion.

THE Christian Brothers have purchased a lot of land on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, on which they will build a new scholastic institution at a cost of $300,000.

IRELAND THE VIRTUOUS, a lecture by Rev. Charles Carroll, S. T. D.; professor of Mental Philosophy and Hebrew at St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa. This lecture was delivered at St. Patrick's Church, Dubuque, on the 17th of March. It was so highly prized that the clergy and laity asked for its publication. It is issued in a neat pamphlet of thirty-one pages and sold for 25 cents.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.—Messrs. McDonnell Bros., of 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., have published the lecture delivered by Mayor Grace of New York, in aid of the Carney Hospital of Boston, which realized nearly $1,500—the largest amount ever received for a lecture, except those delivered by Father Burke.

Enterprising and Successful House.

THE firm of Brine and Norcross, whose novel and instructive advertisement appears in this month's MAGAZINE, may well be classed as one of the leading and most enterprising houses in Boston. They succeeded John Harrington & Co. at Nos. 17 and 19 Tremont Row, and about six years ago opened a second large store at Nos. 70 and 72 Tremont Street. These two stores have almost from their commencement been great favorites with the ladies of Boston and vicinity, from the fact that in the lines of goods they handle their assortment has been larger and more varied than could be found at any other store, and that the public have invariably found their representations to be perfectly reliable. Within the past year their trade has so increased that it became absolutely necessary to have more room to comfortably accommodate their friends. As this could not be procured at either of their locations it was decided upon a third store, located farther up town for the benefit and convenience of the South End and South Boston, so they have leased and fitted up the spacious store at Nos. 560 and 562 Washington Street. Here they have put in an entire new stock of goods received direct from the manufacturers in this country and Europe, composed of the same class as is kept at their stores on Tremont Street and Tremont Row. The opening week at the new store has been very successful. The store is of fine proportions, has been elegantly fitted up, and the goods are arranged in a very neat and tasty manner. To inaugurate the opening of the new store they offer several special bargains, among which are fifteen hundred sample fans, comprising the assortment of Messrs. Traub & Co., of Vienna, and thereby giving their patrons an opportunity to secure a most elegant article at less than half what the same can be secured for elsewhere. Another special bargain is found in their manufacturer's sample of bags of which there is only one of a kind; these are sold at less than one half the regular price; a job lot of pocket books, of new styles less than ever before sold here or elsewhere. In gloves, either for ladies or gents, there is no larger nor better selection to be found in the city, and the same may be said of ladies' and gents' furnishing goods. Nearly a thousand and one different styles of buttons, with everything that is new and novel in dress trimmings, laces, fringes, etc. And so we might go on and fill a page of the MAGAZINE in trying to mention but a tithe of what can be found in these three stores, It is worthy of mention that this magnificent business is the growth of but a few years, and is a most emphatic illustration of how surely success will crown push and enterprise when backed up by a perfect knowledge of business and square dealing with the public.

Great Meeting in New York.

THE most important meeting yet held for Ireland in this country, took place in New York City on Friday evening, May 7. It was, indeed, a grand mass meeting. Gov. Hill presided, with Mayor Grace on his right and Eugene Kelly on his left. The governor of New Jersey was also present, with a large number of influential citizens, members of Congress,

etc. The following despatch was sent to Mr. Gladstone:

The citizens of New York, in mass meeting assembled, greet the premier of England, and wish him God speed in his work, long deferred, of justice to Ireland. The intelligence and patriotism of Gladstone and Parnell will solve the problem which has been so long a vexatious question between the peoples of England and Ireland.

DAVID B. HILL,
Governor of the State of New York.
LEON ABBETT,
Governor of the State of New Jersey.
WILLIAM R. GRACE,
Mayor of the City of New York.
EUGENE KELLY,
Chairman Parliamentary Fund.

DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER. — To those of our readers who want a thoroughly clean and reliable family daily newspaper we commend the *Boston Daily Traveller*. A well-known priest of this city said the other day that it was terrible to think of the baneful influence of the daily newspaper upon the minds of young readers. The sickening details of every crime given at full length, the reports of the divorce cases, highly colored, the sensational accounts of elopements, the records of the criminal courts, etc., made us feel the need of a paper to bring into the home giving the full news of the day without sensationalism, and a paper which would not cater to depraved tastes. The *Boston Daily Evening Traveller* fills the bill to a nicety. Clean and ably conducted, it is already to be found on the reading table of many a Catholic houshold in New England, and we wish it every success in extending its circulation. Buy a copy and see if you do not like its tone.

APRIL 24th was the feast of St. Dismas, the Good Thief, who was converted and forgiven on Calvary.

CHURCH METAL WORK. — Messrs. N. W. Turner & Co., 27 and 29 Bromfield Street, Boston, furnish all kinds of church metal work and gas and lamp fixtures of every description. To sodalities, confraternities and societies contemplating making gifts to the sanctuary in the shape of candlesticks, ostensoriums, censors, etc., we commend this firm. Ask for Mr. Nott, who has special charges of this branch of the business, and he will cheerfully furnish you with estimates and all other information.

HERBERT GLADSTONE, son of the Premier, in a recent speech, said that "The government would hold fast to its present Irish policy, and would secure victory whether it required six months or six years."

THE IRISH BENCHES.—Mr. T. C. Kennedy, of East Boston, who has recently returned from a pleasure trip to the motherland, brought back with him some excellent group photographs of the Irish members of Parliament in their places in the House of Commons, known as "the Irish benches." The familiar faces of Healy, Sexton, Redmund, O'Connor, Gill, Willie O'Brien and the other chosen representatives of our race are seen to good advantage, and standing in his place towering above the rest appears the "uncrowned king," Parnell, with that determined, resolute look, characteristic of the man. It is a handsome souvenir, and Mr. Kennedy will send a copy to any address upon receipt of fifty cents. His address is 6 Winthrop Block, East Boston, Mass. There never yet sat in any legislative halls a truer, nobler, or better-looking body of men than the present occupants of the Irish benches. May the next picture be taken from the gallery in College Green!

THE CATHOLIC UNION of Boston has elected the following officers: Honorary president, Most Rev. John J. Williams, D. D., archbishop of Boston; president, John C. Crowley; vice-presidents, Thomas F. Ring and P. J. Flatley; recording secretary and treasurer, John J. McCluskey; corresponding secretary, Samuel Tuckerman; executive committee, Thomas B. Fitz, T. F. Maguire, Henry McQuade, P. A. Dowd and Bernard Corr; nominating committee, P. A. Dowd, David A. Ring, J. J. Grace and John P. Manning.

FINE TAILORING. — Mr. James A. Hawkes, a respected member of the Irish Charitable Society and a well-known resident of the Peninsula District, whose card appears in another column, has recently opened a fine tailoring establishment at 669 Washington Street, room 9, (near Eliot Street), where he will be pleased to meet all friends, new as well as old ones. Brother Hawkes besides being an artist in his line of work is also an ardent Irish nationalist, and boycotts English goods.

MR. GLADSTONE says he has never lost a night's sleep on account of political excitement.

PERSONAL.

THE Hon. James G. Blaine has contributed $100 to the Irish Fisheries Famine Fund, through Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*.

THE Provincial of the Dominicans, Very Rev. D. J. Meagher, O. P., has appointed Rev. J. R. Meagher, O. P., director of the Most Holy Rosary and Holy Name Societies.

CHARLES RUSSELL, ESQ., Attorney-General for Ireland, is the brother of the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., editor of that excellent and popular magazine, the *Irish Monthly*, and is married to a sister of Rosa Mulholland, the gifted Irish poet and novelist.

REV. J. B. COTTER, lecturer of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, has returned to his home at Winona, Minn., after an extended Eastern tour, during which he administered the total abstinence pledge to more than twenty thousand persons. After resting a few weeks Father Cotter will probably go South and make a lecture tour of the Southern States.

THE REV. THOMAS S. BYRNE, D. D., chaplain of the St. Joseph's Mother House, Delhi, O., has been appointed by Archbishop Elder, pastor of St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati, in the place of the Very Rev. W. J. Halley, deceased. Father Byrne (observes the *Catholic Telegraph*), who is held in high esteem by all who know him, will bring to the duties of his new post that great zeal, brilliant scholarship, and executive ability, for which he is distinguished.

THE Archbishop of Paris has addressed to M. Grévy a long letter protesting against the intolerance of the Republic towards the Catholic Church. Already its influence is felt on the government.

THE Holy Father has sent a special blessing to Commendatore Hickey, of New York, his family, and his colleagues on the *Catholic Review*. When will Boston come in for some of the honors which our Holy Father the Pope is lavishing on our publishers and the press?

THE Marchioness of Bute has been safely delivered of a son at Chiswick House, Chiswick. The infant was baptized in the domestic chapel of the mansion by his Eminence Cardinal Manning, assisted by the Rev. Reginald Tuke, of Turnham Green, Rev. Dr. Butler, O. S. C., and the Rev. Father McSwiney, S. J. The sole sponsor was Lord Edmund Talbot, brother to the Duke of Norfolk. The names given were *Edmund Colum*, the latter being in honor of St. Columcille of Iona, the evangelizer of Scotland.

THE Abbe Liszt has been the lion of the London season since his arrival in that city An enthusiastic welcome was accorded to him on reaching Penge by his warm-hearted compatriots, the Hungarians, and a lady in manifesting her admiration went so far as to strew his path with flowers. In the evening of that day a *soirée* was held at Westwood House in his honor and was attended by many musical and artistic notabilities. Since then, from day to day, his name has been in every mouth, and his portrait has been in every print-shop, whilst his fame and ability have been grateful themes for the pens of journalists. His "St. Elizabeth" was performed before a crowded audience in St. James Hall and the venerable composer had quite an ovation from the assemblage. The Abbe visited Windsor Castle at the invitation of the Queen. There need be no fear that his head will be turned by the brilliancy of his reception in England. Such a testimony of appreciation is not a new experience to him. From 1832 to 1842 he had a triumphal progress throughout almost every part of Europe, and elicited ebulitions of enthusiasm without parallel. The Abbe attended a concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, and was made the medium of presenting to Sir G. McFarren a cheque for a thousand pounds, which has been subscribed for the foundation of a Liszt scholarship. During the afternoon the Abbe seated himself at the piano, and played two pieces, to the great delight of his hearers.

AMONG the Jesuit scholastics who have just entered Georgetown (D. C.) College to make their final preparations for the priesthood are classmates William Sherman, eldest son of the General, and Mr. Kernan, son of ex-United States Senator Kernan, of New York.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

PROF. LYONS, of Notre Dame University, has issued "The Miser," by Molière. This celebrated comedy was written and performed in Paris, in 1670. It was an imitation of Plautus; but how superior to the Latin poet's play, with regard not only to the plot, but also to the excellence of the language! Plautus, in his comedy, represents a poor man who has found a treasure, and who is in a continual fear of being robbed; all the comic situations of the play are founded on this commonplace idea. But Molière pictures to us a rich man, who, of all his riches, knows nothing but the pleasure of keeping them for himself; and to his thirst for gold sacrifices the happiness of his daughter and son, and his own peace and honor; and when the miserable creature appears to the reader or spectator as an object of hatred to his children who abandon him, and to his servants who cheat him, an object of scorn to society, there is no one who will not say: *Served him right!* This is the triumph of genius and morality combined; the most salutary lesson ever taught to misers, and if such men do not profit by it, it is simply because their vice and meanness are beyond redemption. Molière was an accomplished writer in verse and prose; and his claim to excellence in this latter, has never been more effectually supported, and more victoriously vindicated than in this play. "The prose in the 'Miser,'" says Edward Mennechat, in his "French Literature," "is the pattern of all dramatic prose; so correct and so easy is the language, so terse and so natural, that there is only one word which can do it justice — perfect!" In a moral and literary point of view, there is no French play which better deserves translation, and which may become more acceptable, not only to young students, but to every friend of refined and moral literature.

THE April issue of "Catholic Historical Researches," edited by Rev. A. A. Lambing, A.M., contains interesting articles on various subjects — the most interesting of which is the Constitution of the United and Religious Liberty. We copy an article elsewhere from this interesting publication entitled "An Eccentric Scientist." The Magazine has for its motto, "Catholic parents, teach your children to take a special interest in the history of our own country. We should keep firm and solid the liberties of our country by keeping fresh the noble memories of the past." — *Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

The price of the Magazine is only $1 a year. Address Rev. A. A. Lambing, A.M., Wilkensburg, Alleghany Co., Pa.

MUSIC.

White, Smith, & Co.

Vocal: "You'll Sometimes Think of Me," words and music by Geo. W. Persley. "Through the Gates Into the City," Solo and Quartette, by C. P. Morrison. "Lift Up Your Heads, O ye Gates," Quartette, by H. Lutzel. "The Orphan's Prayer," Mixed Quartette, by Chas. McK. Trimmer. "To God give Glory and Honor," by Gounod, arranged by C. P. Morrison. "Battle Prayer," by Himmel. "The Young Recruit," Male Quartette, by Kucken.

Instrumental: "Don Cæsar," opera by Rudolph Dellinger. Potpourri from opera, "Don Cæsar March," from same. "Maritana Waltzes," from same. "Mikado Polka" and "Potpourri No. 2," from the "Mikado." "Sunset on the Alps," by Oester. "Royal Gavotte," by H. Reh. "Annie Laurie," arranged by Wm. Gooch. "March des Pompiers," for four hands, by Michael Watson. "La Clochette du Convent," Caprice, by G. Ludovic. "Skipping Through the Clover Polka," by Josephine Rand. "Dream Eyes Waltzes," by E. De Coen. "Dodelinette," by Gounod. "L'Aerienne," Valse by Reyloff. "See Saw" Waltzes, for four hands, by A. G. Crowe. "Carrie's Waltz," by H. Lichner. "Polka," by G. Lang. "La Confidence Schottische," by E. De Coen, arranged for orchestra, by E. N. Catlin. "Sailing" and "Marguerite," both arranged for guitar, by W. L. Hayden. "Blue Danube" Waltz, and "Genevieve Mazurka," for banjo, by Geo. C. Dobson. "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," for banjo, by Lansing.

Book: "May Day," a Cantata for Soprano, Solo, Chorus and Orchestra, written by John Oxenford, composed by G. A. Macfarren.

OBITUARY.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

RT. REV. JOHN FRANCIS JAMOT, D.D., consecrated bishop of Sarepta, and the Vicar Apostolic of Northern Canada, February 24, 1854, and translated to Peterborough, July 11, 1882, died at that place May 4, from inflammation of the lungs. He was fifty-eight years of age.

PRIESTS.

THE POET-PRIEST. — We give elsewhere some account of the death of the late Father Ryan. It is stated that he was born in Virginia. He was born in Ireland, about forty-five years ago, and he crossed the Atlantic as a baby in his mother's arms. The venerable old lady still survives, and resides in St. Louis. The obsequies were performed at the Cathedral in Mobile, on the 27th of April. Rt. Rev. Bishop Sullivan delivered the funeral discourse. The attendance was very large being composed of the most influential citizens of all denominations.

REV. MICHAEL F. HIGGINS, pastor of the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, died at the pastoral residence, corner of I and Fourth Streets, on Friday evening, May 7, after a few weeks' sickness of pneumonia. Father Higgins was a zealous and energetic priest, and did good work in the establishment of schools and for the welfare of his people. The deceased was born in the county Galway, Ireland, and came to this country in early life. His age was forty-two years. His funeral took place from Gate of Heaven Church, on Tuesday, May 11, and was attended by a large number of priests, sisters, children and the parishoners. The remains were interred in the family tomb at Amesbury, Mass.

THE REV. FATHER P. M. NOONAN, pastor of the Church of the Annunciation, died Thursday, April 15, at his late residence, No. 821 North Paulina Street, Chicago. He was born in county Galway, Ireland, January 16, 1840. He was ordained in Maynooth College, Dublin, and in 1867 came to America, landing in Chicago. At first he was attached to old St. Mary's Church, and was afterward sent to St. Louis Church, on old Sherman St. He had the distinction of building the First Catholic Church in the burnt district after the great fire.

REV. JAS. A. TWIGG, late of Arcola, diocese of Fort Wayne, Indiana, died at the home of his father 402 West Court Street, Cincinnati, on the 21st of April. Father Twigg was born in Toronto, Canada, about twenty-nine years ago. His father came to the United States when James was nine years old. Young James received his early education at our Cathedral schools, Cincinnati, then under the kindly care of the late very Rev. Vicar General Halley. He entered Mt. St. Mary's Seminary of that city in 1874, and pursued his classical studies there until its closing, 1879, finished philosophical and theological studies at St. Meinrad's, Ind., and Milwaukee, was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger in 1882.

REV. BERNARD A. MAGUIRE, one of the best known members of the Jesuit Order, died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia, Monday, April 24, in the 69th year of his age. A few Sundays ago he undertook to preach a mission in one of the Philadelphia churches; but although he was present at the opening services, his health failed him, and he was compelled to hand over the guidance of the mission to other hands, and retire to the hospital where he died. Father Maguire was born at Frederick, Md., Feb. 11, 1818, early entered the Jesuit Order, in which he held many important positions during his lifetime, having been stationed at different times in Boston, Worcester, Georgetown, Washington, besides filling other posts. Some years ago he was appointed by his superiors as head of the Jesuit missionaries in this vicinity, and there are few cities in New England where his forcible and eloquent sermons have not been heard. As a preacher Father Maguire had the rare faculty of accommodating himself to his audiences, so that the most learned congregations as well as the most simple ones were edified and charmed by his sermons. He was a singularly

well educated man, and an unassuming priest. He was compelled by failing health, a few years ago, to relinquish the superintendency of the missions in which he had been so long engaged, and to retire somewhat from the arduous labor of preaching. Latterly his days were spent with his brethren in Washington and vicinity; but, yielding to his desire and love for his old work, he repaired to Philadelphia a few weeks ago to engage again in missionary labor. That journey proved his last earthly one, and there was sorrow throughout the country when it was announced that the eloquent and undefatigable preacher was no more. Father Maguire entered the order of which he was at one time a provincial in 1837. His funeral took place from St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, D. C., where a solemn requiem for his repose was sung in the presence of a large and sorrowful congregation, among whom were many prominent individuals. When, some ten or eleven years ago, he was ordered on the missions by his superior, he remarked: "At my time of life the arduous and incessant labors of the missions will destroy what health and strength remain; but," he added, with a smile of resignation, "I shall go where obedience calls me."

BROTHERS.

THOMAS MCHUGH, known in religion as Brother Thomas, who was born in county Galway, Ireland, son of Patrick McHugh and Sarah Higgins, died at Gethsemani Abbey, in Nelson County, Ky., on April 3, 1886, of gangrene of the lung.

BROTHER SIMILIAN, a well-known member of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and the Treasurer and Administrator of Manhattan College, New York, died at the college, Eleventh Avenue and 131st Street, on the 27th of April. He came to Manhattan College in 1857 from St. Louis College, and for twelve years was professor in mathematics. He was sixty-eight years old.

SISTER.

MOTHER MARY ST. ROSE MCCABE, superioress of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, died on the 14th of March. Mother McCabe was born in Cavan County, Ireland, in the year 1839, of a good family and in prosperous circumstances. At an early age she felt drawn to a life of religion, and abandoning the world she entered the order of the Good Shepherd, and devoted herself to the duties of charity, which her profession enjoins. Her devotion made itself felt, and she rapidly rose in rank and in the esteem of her authorities of the sisterhood, so that in her twenty-seventh year she appeared in New Orleans with a few associates, where her great life's work was to be done. She died in the midst of her usefulness in the forty-eighth year of her age, and her works do follow her.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE death of M. Richard Hennessy, of Cognac, at the age of forty-nine, is announced. The Hennessy family left Ireland for France with the Brigade, and never forgot the land of their fathers. In 1880 the late distinguished gentleman sent a thousand francs to the committee for the relief of the victims of famine in Ireland, and his family contributed generously to the fund. When his father presented himself as a deputy some opposition was made to his election on the plea that he was a foreigner and born at sea; but his papers proved that he belonged to a family that from father to son fought for France, and the difficulty was removed.

MR. J. HOWARD, brother-in-law of Messrs. John and William Redmond, M. P., of Wexford was recently drowned, off Villa Franca, while yachting in the Mediterranean. Mrs. Howard, sister of the Messrs. Redmond, has been in a very prostrate condition since the fatal occurrence.

WILLIAM O'DONOVAN, brother of the famous London *Daily News* correspondent, died on Sunday, April 25, after a brief illness. He was himself a correspondent in Paris during the seige and the commune, and in Spain during the last Carlist war. When Mr. Forster suppressed *United Ireland* and arrested the Land League leaders, Mr. O'Donovan was associate editor of that paper, but escaped arrest, and has since been engaged in journalism in New York City.

ONE of those sudden and unexpected events which startle communities into wondering at the singular manner in which the shaft of man's Conqueror strikes down even the strongest of men, occurred in San Francisco, on Sunday, 25th April, when D. J. Oliver died. To

all outward appearances he was in that state of robust health which betokens length of years beyond the average life of man. He was comparatively free from the trials, cares and vexations of the every-day turmoil of life; he was surrounded with all the comforts which could tend to prolong his years — and his friends hoped that the sunshine of his genial disposition would continue to shed its lustre upon their society gatherings for many years to come. But "man proposes and God disposes." Death knows no discrimination, and in striking down D. J. Oliver, the grim tyrant has robbed the world of one of nature's noblemen, a grand Catholic character who was proud of, and practical in, his holy faith, and whose daily devotion to God was nobly seconded by his ardent love for the sainted Isle that gave him birth. May the rectitude of his good life, the munificence of his charity, and his steadfast practical sincerity for his holy faith, gain for his soul that immortal glory which Almighty God has promised to the good and faithful servant! Denis J. Oliver was born in the ancient Irish town of Galway, in the year 1823, where he spent his boyhood in receiving a solid Christian education, the fruits of which enabled him to raise himself to one of the highest dignities bestowed on laymen in the Catholic Church. After his retirement from business, Mr. Oliver invested his accumulated capital in city property which afterwards increased greatly in value and which enabled him not only to bestow open-handed charity upon every cause for which an appeal was made to him throughout life, but also to leave to his heirs more than a million dollars' worth of real and personal property.

Death of a Prominent Catholic.— Major George F. Emery died at his late residence in Roxbury, Mass., on the night of April 15. Major Emery was born in Portsmouth, N. H., and came to Boston when a boy and learned the printer's trade. He worked as compositor on the Boston *Post*, and afterwards became foreman of the composing-room. He was an inspector at the Custom House, and during President Pierce's administration was appraiser-general. At the breaking out of the war he entered the army as a paymaster, and it is a matter of history that he carried the largest sum of money to New Orleans ever intrusted to a paymaster. Major Emery was the founder of the Union Institution for Savings, and was its treasurer from its inception to the day of his death. He was for several years a member of the Boston School Board. He was attached to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum as president, director, etc. He became a convert to the church in his early days, and was a practical Catholic throughout. His death removes another link in the chain of the old Catholics of Boston, when it was very unpopular to profess Catholicity. But he fought it out on that line and never struck his colors to the force of anti-Catholic prejudices and persecution. As an acquaintance of ours for over half a century, we regret his death and honor his memory. But he lived to a grand old age, seventy-four years. The funeral services took place from the Cathedral. Solemn Requiem Mass was said with Archbishop Williams as Celebrant, the Rev. Fr. O'Toole as Assistant Priest, the Rev. Fathers Boland and Power, respectively Deacon and Sub-deacon of the Mass, the Rev. Fathers Patterson and Corcoran as Deacons of Honor, and the Rev. Fr. O'Sullivan as Master of Ceremonies. The pall-bearers were Hon. Hugh O'Brien, representing the Union Institution of Savings; Mr. Hugh Carey, representing the Catholic Union; Mr. Jos. Walker, representing St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, and Col. McClure of the Army. The church was well filled with relatives and friends of the deceased. The interment took place at Mt. Hope Cemetery. Grant to his soul eternal rest, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him!

Tea Adulteration.— Consul-General Warren Green of Yokohama, Japan, has sent to the State Department the resolutions adopted by the Central Tea Association of the Japanese empire looking to the prevention of adulterated teas being sent out of the country. These resolutions provide for the establishment of central depots at Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki, where all teas sent in from the producing districts will be carefully inspected. Brokers will be held responsible for the discovery of adulterated teas. The manner in which tea has been adulterated was also discussed and severely condemned. A committee will be dispatched to China to study and report upon the tea production of that country.